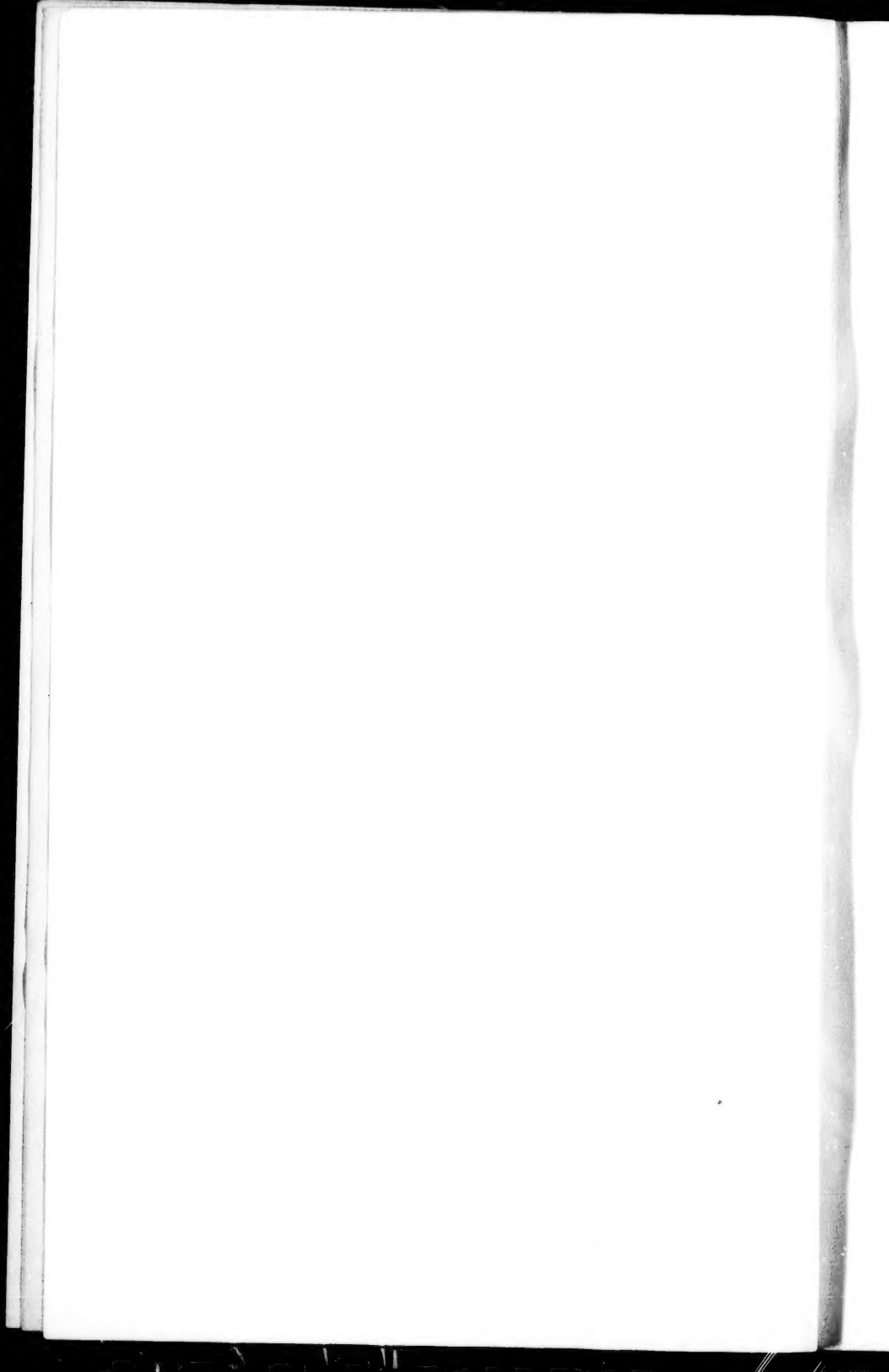
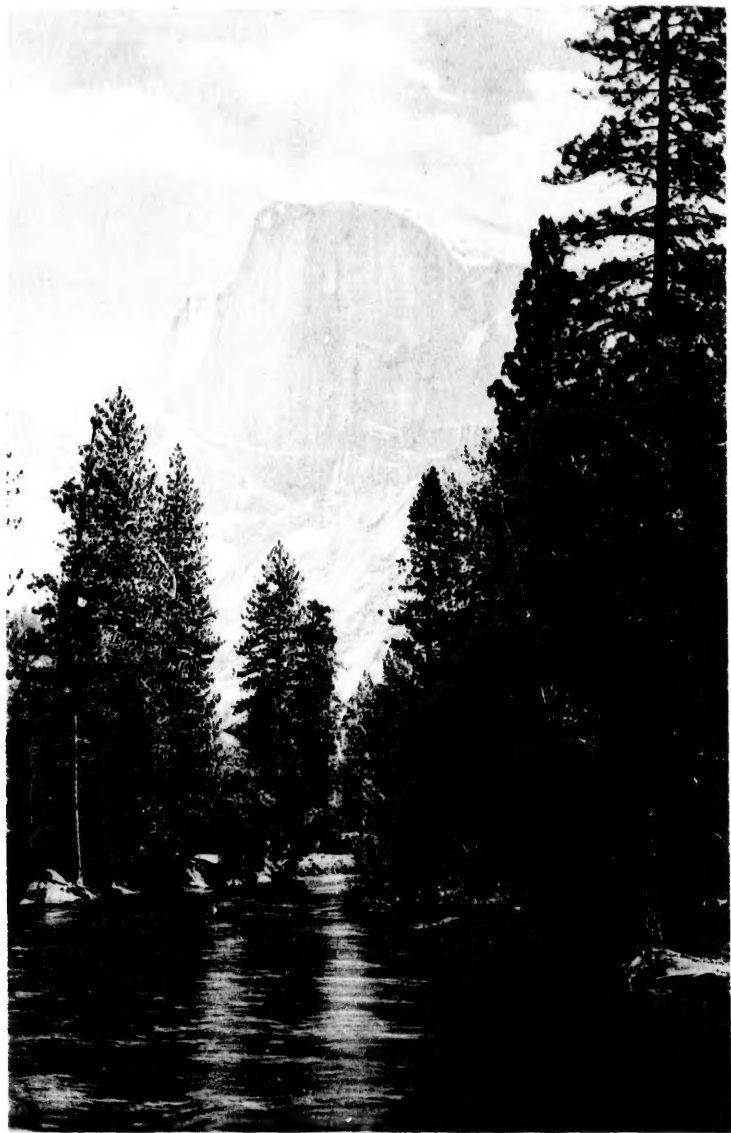


ROUND THE WORLD

BY

DOCTORS' ORDERS.





THE DOME, YOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

7,525 ft. above sea level.

ROUND THE WORLD

BY

DOCTORS' ORDERS.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF

*A YEAR'S TRAVEL IN JAPAN, CEYLON, AUSTRALIA,
CHINA, NEW ZEALAND, CANADA, THE
UNITED STATES, ETC., ETC.*

By JOHN DALE, J.P.

LONDON:

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.

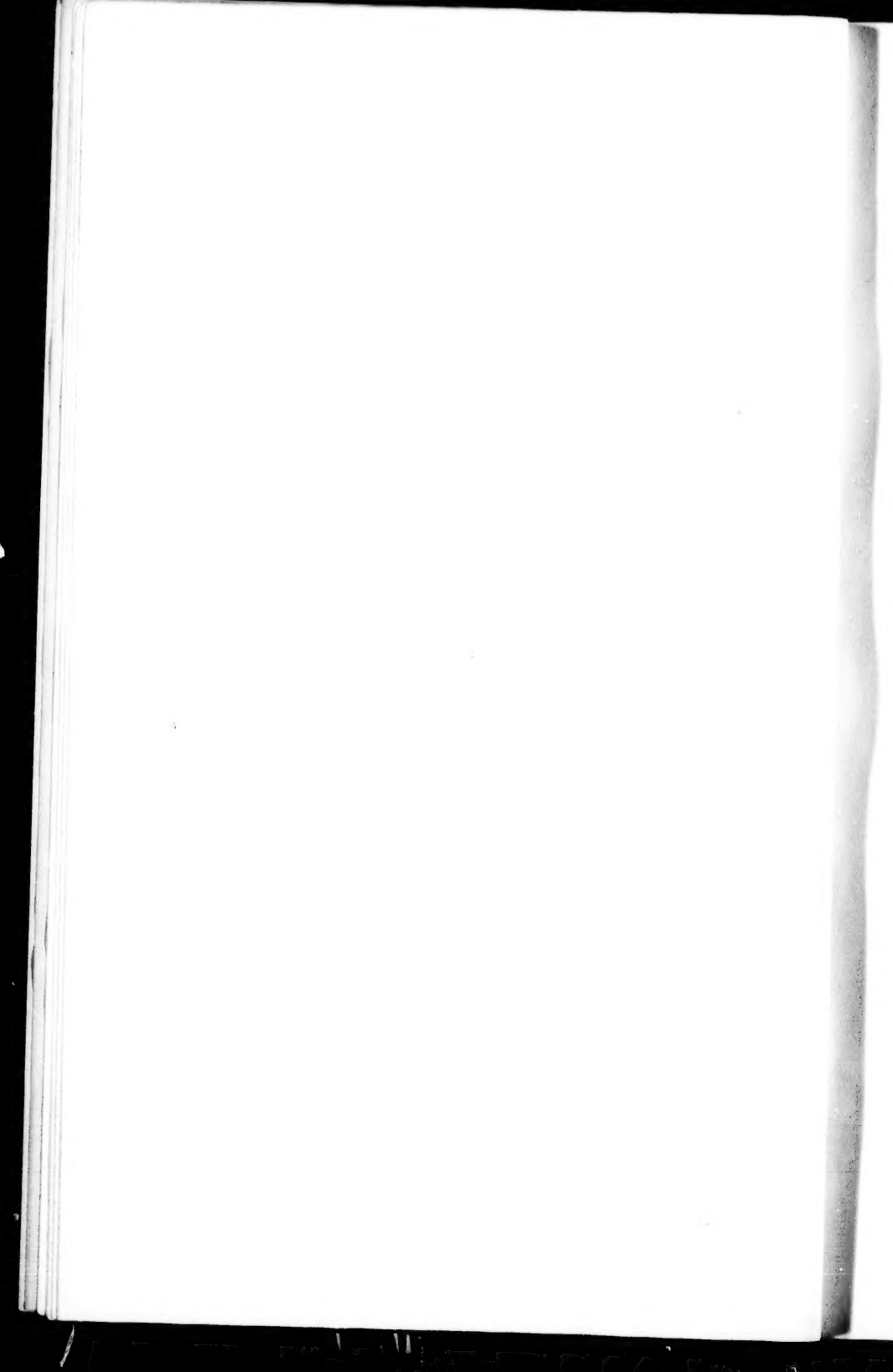
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P R E F A C E.

I N placing this book containing the history of a year's travels round the world before the public, the writer is following the advice and counsel of many friends. Whether they are wise or not in recommending such a proceeding is one of those things which the future only can show. The manuscript was written without any idea of publication, and did duty as a series of circular letters to fireside friends at home. The work pretends to no literary merit ; it is merely a description of the many scenes and incidents which, during the journey, presented themselves to the writer's notice. It is hoped that those who may be about to take a like tour will find this work a helping hand stretched out to assist them over the difficulties which always attend a journey such as is described, and which are apt to try the temper and spoil all true enjoyment, especially in a country not visited before. At the same time, it is trusted that the work will be found interesting and perhaps instructive to the general reader.



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I.

VOYAGE TO CEYLON.

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CHAPTER I.

VOYAGE TO CEYLON.

NOVEMBER 6th, 1891.—We left Charing Cross Hotel at 10 in the morning for Fenchurch Street Station, reaching it with some difficulty on account of the "blocks" in the streets. These were, however, nothing in comparison with the crowds at the station. There was a regular crush and push of passengers, with about double the number of friends seeing them off. A Bank Holiday was nothing to it. Two special trains were dispatched with about three thousand passengers, friends, and baggage, all mixed up in a manner most irritating to the mind and wearying to the body. Even as I am now writing, the next day, many people have not yet found their "petit baggage," and no wonder.

At Tilbury there were several "tenders" waiting to take the passengers to the ship *Ophir*, the scene on which was like a fair. People got on board and lost their friends, not to find them again, for this ship beats the "Maze" at Hampton Court. After half an hour, friends were warned for the shore; then commenced the process of "tears and tearing away," and long adieus. Those in the ship, as

passengers, were summoned to a sumptuous lunch in the splendid saloon, about twenty-five feet in height, decorated in a most elegant and artistic style. When the repast was finished we found the good ship *Ophir* had gone a considerable distance down the river, we being unaware a start had been made.

We arranged our cabin, and at 6.30 had a good and well-cooked dinner. The sea the first night was quite smooth, but on board all sorts of things were going on—workmen hammering, stewards cleaning, passengers snoring—one like a traction-engine—others walking about. All this could be plainly heard in the absence of the noise of the screw, for the fore end of the ship is as free from engine and screw noise as a sailing vessel.

November 7th.—A fine morning, smooth sea, very cold. We are going down the Channel to Plymouth, where we expect to take on board many more passengers. Letters have just been delivered, but how they came, or where from, I do not know, but so it is.

People still cannot find their way about, and it is quite common to hear the question asked, "Will you tell me the way to No. —?" and luggage hunting is also going on with vigour, but with little success. I am writing in the children's dining-room for want of a better place, because everybody is anticipating Plymouth, and busy with correspondence on every available table.

On arriving at Plymouth Harbour a steam tender brought letters and a large quantity of provisions, including about a thousand gallons of milk. Many small boats came alongside with all kinds of things for sale, from deck-chairs to ginger ale—the latter being credited as a sure preventative of sea-sickness.

A notice was posted on board, "Will sail at 4 o'clock,

sharp," consequently only two or three passengers went ashore.

At 4 o'clock the steam tender left, and there was every preparation made for starting, even to the "Hurrah!" which, to our minds, is something like a "prize-fighter's smile." We waited on deck to see the last of old England. The weather continued bitterly cold and the atmosphere quite hazy, so, leaving old England to take care of itself, we sought the comfort of "afternoon tea," when we learnt that the owners and engine makers had just decided to overhaul the engines and machinery, and that we might remain where we were many hours!

At 10 o'clock, these gentlemen, having satisfied their minds, departed, leaving us to do the same. Our first step was to get rid of the wind, and keep out the cold by closing the ventilators. The sea was smooth, and the night quiet, for the demons of unrest had departed, and the noise had ceased.

November 8th.—A grand morning, with bright sunshine, but still cold, sea smooth. At 6 A.M. we passed Ushant, and were in the "Bay," the ship sailing well, and the passengers, for the most part, looking cheerful. Being Sunday, there was a chance of learning something of the religious tendencies of this large number of people all thrown together. A Church of England service was held in the grand saloon, some sort of a dissenting one in the second-class saloon, and a Salvation Army one on the steerage deck, fore and aft, which appeared most vigorous, for there was a whole regiment, both of men and women, going to fight the "Evil One," in Australia. We have on board also the veiled nuns from a convent, and several Roman Catholic priests. The weather at sunset looked threatening, and, later on, the wind began to blow, working

up a "sea"; and yet although it was Sunday night the ship went in for "pitch and toss," which, in S—, is an offence under the Vagrant Act, so we shut our eyes and went to sleep.

November 9th.—Lord Mayor's Day, a wet morning, a slight sea on, the ship sailing splendidly. The wind is warm and balmy as we pass off the coast of Portugal, having made a good run. The Captain, with a frugal mind, has now gone in for saving coals, and is working the ship with one set of engines, which has reduced the speed to twelve miles an hour.

Ships, like other institutions, are subject to strikes. On board is a band of professors of music, engaged to play and amuse the people. They resolved themselves into a Band of Hope, hoping to get something not bargained for, and so "struck." However, "all's well that ends well," and the affair ended in an amicable arrangement this afternoon, and the artistes "struck" up a tune. Being a fine night the band again played, and the passengers promenaded, the electric light being very effective.

November 10th, Tuesday.—A fine morning, with bright sunshine, but a heavy swell on. We are still going half speed. We passed St. Vincent Head, and were in sight of land for some hours. The sunshine and warmth brought out the passengers, and great-coats and rugs were consigned to the cabins, making every one look much happier.

The ship is a wonder, but ought not to have been sent to sea for another month, the arrangements being as yet far from perfect, causing much discomfort. This morning, for instance, a pipe leaked somewhere near our cabin, resulting in a flooded floor; such a mess and disturbance. Then again, the hot-water apparatus for the baths is not

in working order; but, like the music, we live in hopes of better times.

November 11th, Wednesday.—A grand warm morning, with bright sunshine. About seven we passed Tangiers, and sailed into "Gib."—the mighty Gib.—about 8.30. Although this was our third visit, the impression of grandeur was none the less, and its busy port was as full of ships as ever. After breakfast we went ashore, and felt quite at home in the streets. Of course the markets were visited to see the fruit, vegetables, eggs, etc., and the Moorish market, with all kinds of live animals, birds, and vegetables unknown to us.

We took a carriage and drove over the neutral ground, then entered Spain, where we had to pass through the Customs House, and then enter the little town of San Felipe, where the bull fights take place, which are much patronised by the English from Gibraltar. These exhibitions take place on Sundays only. We returned to Gib., and then drove to Europa Point, through the gardens, which were profuse in all kinds of tropical flowers and plants. The tamarisk trees and palms, with undergrowth of prickly pears, gave one the idea of being much farther from home. Everything looked fresh, for there had been a heavy rain the previous Sunday, six and a half inches having fallen in twenty-four hours.

We returned to the *Ophir* in time for dinner, and expected to sail at once, but found a notice posted that we should sail at 10 the next morning. On inquiry, it transpired that the ship was again in the hands of workpeople, and the engines, including the boilers, which were empty, were undergoing another "overhaul" also. After dinner water barges came alongside and commenced pumping, which operation was continued all the night.

November 12th, Thursday.—A splendid morning with fine sunrise, giving much colour to Gib., with its brown rocks and varied vegetation, affording a temptation to an artist to ply his pencil, but for a notice on the ship that "any person sketching, drawing, or photographing is liable to be imprisoned for three months."

The sailing notice is posted: "Will sail at 1 P.M." No one seems to object, for it gives time to get the "house in order"; much confusion being still our lot, and the poor stewards have a hard time, because some folk complain, and say they have paid for order and attention, and object to the inconvenience. We learnt "self-help," and helped ourselves.

Soon after breakfast it began to rain, so few people went ashore, most of them being engaged in arranging cabins, etc.; 1 o'clock came, and then it was announced we should sail at 6 o'clock. At 7 we sailed, and saw the last of British soil for some time. It was a glorious night, with a cloudless sky and bright moonlight.

November 13th, Friday.—Bright sunshine, warm as summer, the ship sailing well, the band playing on deck, where all sorts of amusements are going on. In the afternoon all boxes were brought on deck, and it was amusing to see the eager dips made for hidden treasures, or wants which had arisen. Every one seems to have found a new life, and music of all sorts is to be heard from different parts of the ship. We have had a really idle day basking in the sun, and are going to bed tired.

November 14th, Saturday.—Another splendid day, the sun rising out of the sea. The passengers, dressed in light summer costumes, are walking about without head covers. The sea is smooth, and the ship so steady as to render locomotion as easy as strolling in the street.

There has been an auction sale of tickets for the run of

the ship, and this will now take place each day. Tickets in numbers of fifties, say from 350 to 400, are sold to any one for one shilling each, and afterwards resold by auction for whatever can be got. Anything above the first price is divided between the purchaser and the pool. This is repeated three times, and takes about an hour. At 12.30 the run comes out. To-day it was 367 miles in 24 hours, and 365 tickets won over £5.

To-night a "full-dress ball" is announced, and, from the discussion going on, there promises to be a good muster.

A great improvement in the arrangements is gradually taking place, and they will soon be perfect.

November 15th, Sunday.—The weather continues everything that could be wished, and the ship sails well. We have had the pleasure of again sailing into the Bay of Naples, where we cast anchor at 2.30. There was the greatest excitement. Hundreds of boats surround the ship with musicians, and divers who dive for and after coppers thrown into the water. All kinds of things were offered for sale.

The letters have just come, and every one is anxious to get his own—a regular scramble.

Sailing orders: "Remain here until Tuesday." We did not go ashore, there being plenty of amusement in the ship, where we remained on deck till very late. The full moon made Naples look charming.

The second batch of letters and papers arrived about ten. Some had to be answered by this mail, hence a late night.

November 16th, Monday.—A fine morning. Breakfast at 8 o'clock, which enabled us to land and start early. Some went to Capri, others to the Museum and Pompeii. We—myself and wife—seemed to be the only two who were bent upon going to Baiæ. After some trouble we

found a good horse and a nice carriage, with a driver who could speak English a little, and which added much to our pleasure. He was a most respectable man, a *rara avis* in Naples. Our route was along the Chiaia, then to Virgil's tomb, over the Hill of Posilipo to Pozzuoli, Salfatara Amphitheatre, Temple of Serapis, Caligula's Bridge, Armstrong's Works, Cicero's Villa, Monte Nurro, Lake Fusaro (devoted to the culture of oysters), Castle of Baia, Temples of Venus, Mercury, Diana, Julius Caesar's Palace, Nero's Palace, Baths, etc., Sybil's Cave, or Grotto Cavern, wherein is the river Styx, over which Charon will ferry you to look into the infernal regions. It is a dreadful place, curious it is true, but we were glad to get out of it again. This is on the banks of Lake d'Agnano, which is perfectly round. It is the mouth of an extinct volcano over three miles in circumference. We lunched at Fusaro, and were offered oysters from the lake. After a most enjoyable day we arrived at our floating hotel just in time for dinner, well tired. The round we went is about thirty miles.

November 7th, Tuesday.—Another grand day. We did not go ashore, being tired from our trip yesterday. We had, however, plenty of amusement on board, for the *Ophir* was quite a fair, with numbers of "swell" visitors from Naples. The amount of bargaining on deck was something wonderful until the order was given to clear the ship, when the pedlars took to boats, and with long bamboocanes, with bags at the ends to receive the money, handed up various articles. This continued for two hours, during which much business was done. Then there were musicians, flower-sellers, fruit vendors, who accepted a few pence in exchange for large "baskets" filled with pears, grapes, apples, and figs; divers who called out in the loudest tones,

"Munny, munny, gentlemen!" which, being thrown to them in the sea, they dived and brought up; we estimated one man had thirty pennies in his mouth besides silver. "Sorrento puzzle-boxes" had been freely sold during the day at 8s.; over the ship's side we offered 2s. 6d., and just as we were sailing the purchase was concluded at 3s. A large number of workmen left us here, and we sailed at 4.30, bidding adieu to Naples with some regret after so much enjoyment. We passed Capri in an hour, and had a pleasant evening listening to various adventures. The moonlight was again very bright, the sea perfectly smooth, the various amusements on board went on as usual, and were, we understand, kept up until a late—or early—hour. Of course we elderly people retired somewhat early.

November 18th, Wednesday.—A most magnificent day, a cloudless sky, and a smooth blue sea. The sun was very hot, and compelled retirement to the shade. We passed through the Straits of Messina about 5 o'clock in the morning; Etna was visible at daylight, as also was the Italian coast.

The ship has sailed well. In the 19½ hours up to 12 o'clock noon we had run 283 miles.

An amusement committee has been formed, and a collection made amounting, in a couple of hours, to over £50. The auction sale of the run took place as usual, and this afternoon a cricket match, which proved a great attraction, as there was some good play. The Captain is a first-rate bat. A company of acrobats, who are going to perform in Australia, gave a rehearsal, to keep their muscles in practice. It was great fun for all the youngsters and steerage people. This evening there is to be a full-dress ball, and another on Saturday—a tax on the wardrobes of the ladies.

November 19th, Thursday.—Another fine and cloudless day, with hot sun. We sailed past the island of Crete with its snow-capped mountains, and had some squalls of cold wind. When the dinner table was set, one of these squalls made the ship pitch and toss, transferring the cloth with etceteras to the floor, resulting in more pieces being picked up than went down. The table had to be reset with the "Fiddles," our first experience in this voyage of these useful appliances.

The cricket and auction sale took place as usual, and 350 won as the number of miles sailed.

The drawing-room amusements have had to be suspended, for some of the ladies—owing to various sensations—have thought it advisable to retire. This afternoon we had a "fire drill" at 4 o'clock. There was much excitement, for the men went through a regular training. All the bulkhead doors were closed, and the ship was divided into five separate parts for an hour.

November 20th, Friday.—Fine morning, strong wind, and a rough sea. We have had a bad night with a heavy beam sea, which has rolled this great mass of a ship like a pill-box, and prevented most people from sleeping, for it was not possible to lie still in the berths, and our boxes took short journeys on their own account. Everything was a little mixed this morning. Fortunately neither of us was ill, and both appeared at breakfast. There has been a considerable breakage of pots and glasses, and a corresponding amount of squaring-up.

It has been a fine day with a good breeze, and just sufficient sea not to be uncomfortable, yet affording ample excuse for idleness. About 6 o'clock we were evidently opposite the mouth of the Nile, for the water became muddy and discoloured. This continued until about 9,

when we sailed into Port Said, and entered the Suez Canal. Great preparations had been made for coaling. The carpets were either taken up or covered, and everything closed.

When we stopped opposite the only street it was a most remarkable sight. Of course the usual small boats and merchants came alongside, and also six or eight barges on each side of the ship, containing over a hundred tons of coal each. At either end of each barge was a large fire to give light, and on the coals were standing hordes of men,—Coolies, Arabs, Niggers, and people of all southern nations,—with bare feet and legs. They wore a kind of cloak, which they cast off when working. Now all these men had throats which they used to the fullest extent of their power in singing, or rather shouting a ditty; such was the noise you could not hear people speak. If the gates of the infernal regions had been opened you could not have seen a more remarkable sight, or heard a greater confusion of tongues.

The run was 325 miles. We are now 3,429 miles from London, and 14 days from the date of sailing.

November 21st, Saturday.—Rose early, and had the pleasure of seeing a gorgeous sunrise. The barges had just cast off after giving us 1,500 tons of coal, and a quantity of fresh water. We started at once, and got about five miles along the Canal, when we were stopped at a siding to let two steamers pass. Being a splendid morning, there was a good opportunity for comprehending what the Desert of Arabia means. Whichever way you look the sand meets the horizon, with thousands of birds, looking like white patches. To the east appears a "mirage," as of islands and ships, with an occasional Arab in a picturesque costume walking by the side of the Canal.

We passed a part of the Canal about noon where some important works were going on. The number of Arabs with bare legs, and wearing loose coats of blue, red, and other colours, contrasting with the sombre camels, of which it was estimated there were seventy or eighty carrying stones in panniers, was a truly wonderful sight for those who have never been in the East. Along the side of the Canal is an iron pipe, which conveys Nile water from Ismailia to Port Said. We are now drinking Nile water, which looks grey and thick, and not very tempting.

After a very pleasant day, with the brightest of sunshine and a refreshing cool breeze, we passed many objects of interest, such as houseboats, where the French, who are engaged in many duties here, live. They seem to have one or two females and a dog, and in the stern a hen-coop. Also there are the stations, which consist of a nice house and offices, with a flagstaff on which signals are exhibited.

The fresh-water Canal turns away to the west, and goes along the Lake of Goshen. We had a splendid sunset, which gave great colour, and produced fine effects on the Lake of Timsah. We are now steaming at a slow pace to Suez, where this will be posted.

The opportunity of seeing everything is great, for the ship only goes about four miles an hour, and is one of the largest which has ever passed through the Canal. We are now sailing by electric light, both sides of the Canal being perfectly illuminated.

After leaving Ismailia, where we remained only an hour, the electric projectors were again used, casting a light on both sides of the Canal.

November 22nd, Sunday.—We arrived at Suez at 3.30 A.M., and left at 4.30 A.M.; dispatched letters and two passengers. A splendid early morning, warm, with a

cloudless sky. Sailing down the Gulf of Suez, which has fine mountains both on the Egyptian and Arabian sides, it was a wonderful picture, with lights on the mountains and no shades, and sand or murrain at the bases looking red-hot. At 11 we had service according to the Church of England on the deck, sitting without hats, the congregation in the lightest clothing. The parson reminded us of our being in view of Mount Sinai, and read a chapter from Exodus, etc. It was most impressive. As usual, other services were held in different parts of the ship. In the evening there was the most wonderful sunset, the colours being magnificent and extraordinary because the sky was cloudless. This was quickly followed by the brightest starlight, there being no twilight, and the stars were visible and bright in the horizon like so many lighthouses.

November 23rd, Monday.—We are now in the Red Sea, with bright, hot sunshine. All the boxes were brought on deck. Some appeared in very light get ups at the sports, which took place at 2 o'clock; there was great fun, most of the people enjoyed seeing the young folks exhibiting their powers. About 4 o'clock a most wonderful display of lightning commenced, dancing round the ship almost continually; the stars were bright, and the illuminations displayed electric snakes running about the heavens. This continued all night. There was a dance on deck, the ladies appearing in elegant costumes. Run of the ship 362 miles.

November 24th, Tuesday.—It is very hot. The lightning still continues. About noon it began to thunder, but not in a gentle way. Then tropical rain came down in sheets, so much so that the ship was put to "dead slow," and the siren gave forth its howls and yells to warn any

approaching ships, as it was impossible to see. About sunset the weather cleared up after twenty-four hours of lightning.

Run of the ship 355 miles. Life on the *Ophir*—rise at 6.15, English time about 4 o'clock. Have a sea-bath, then rest half an hour. Tea served at 7 (don't have any). Then dress, and, to quote Yorkshire, "have a side up." A walk on deck until breakfast, at 8.30. After breakfast sit in deck chair for a couple of hours, or wander about talking to people; then an hour's work. Lunch at 12.30. Deck chairs again with "a short snooze." Sports or some sort of amusement at 2.30 until 4, when the great meal of the day commences, "afternoon tea," which lasts about an hour. Another walk, then dress for dinner. Now these meals are marvels when we consider that most of the things have been brought from London. The food is good, and there is plenty of variety, all being well cooked; but there is not much to be said for the drink in the form of water. We took a supply in at Naples, which was fairly good, and again at Port Said, "the sweet waters of the Nile," which is brought down in the iron pipes from Ismailia, and resembles very much suds made with brown soap. Our cabin bottle looks like a stone one, being quite opaque; this makes us appreciate apollinaris and ginger-ale.

November 25th, Wednesday.—The weather is brighter this morning and rather hot, over 90° in the shade. We are fairly in the tropics, but have not yet put on thin clothing; at the same time, most people complain of the heat. After luncheon we came in sight of land, and then sailed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, out of the Red Sea, having a head wind all the way through. The ventilation on board was well kept up.

We are now in the Gulf of Arabia, with fine weather and

a calm sea. The sports went on as usual this afternoon, and were great fun.

November 26th, Thursday.—We are sailing down the Gulf of Arabia, with a strong wind, which keeps the ship cool. We passed the large island of Tokotra, and the small ones—The Brothers—all appeared burnt up, without a vestige of vegetable life. Amusements as usual. Sailed 321 miles.

November 27th, Friday.—Another splendid day; very hot. Amusements as usual, with the additional attraction of a cricket match between females on board. Sailed 325 miles.

November 28th, Saturday.—Lat. $10^{\circ} 52' N.$, long. $59^{\circ} 18'$. Arabian Sea. Hot, with bright sky and smooth sea. There is great excitement among the ladies in preparing for a grand fancy dress ball. We have a shop on board, wherein are sold all kinds of things, from Eno's fruit salt to fancy work,—a sort of combination of Marshall and Snelgrove's; Nathan & Co., the costumiers; Truitt's, the hairdresser; with a little intermixture of deck shoes, fancy sweets, etc.

Dinner was ordered for 5.45, as the ball which was to commence at 8 was held on the upper deck, affording ample space for dancing with a crush. The decorations with flags, etc., were most artistic; the room was brilliantly illuminated with the electric light. The company assembled about 8 o'clock in the drawing-room saloon. Expressions of great surprise were made at the wonderful "get ups" of some of the characters portrayed, their elegance and costliness. Some were got up so as to defy recognition,—a Norwegian girl, Little Bo-peep, Night, a Country girl (represented by a handsome young man), Sunny Pink, Silver Bells and Cockle Shells, a Spanish

lady, a Greek girl, an Italian Beauty, a Venetian lady, a Gipsy, a Turkish beauty, Cards, Black Banjo, Bones, a Moor, a Jockey, Sailor, Master of Galway Hounds, an Irishman, a Chef, Officers of the Army and Navy, Officers of the Ship, etc., with many others, in all about 80. The dancing ended at 10.45 with a cotillion, which went off very well. An excellent champagne supper was then served in the grand saloon, after which there were speeches, and then all retired, at 11.45. At 8 bells, or 12, the ship was apparently deserted. During the whole of the evening the ship was so motionless that the most fastidious could not have found a suggestion to remind them they were on the sea. Ship's run 348 miles.

November 29th, Sunday.—Very hot, but magnificent weather, sea quite calm. We saw a large whale several times close to the ship. The flying-fish were most amusing to watch. They get up like birds in a field, a score or two at once, and go fifty or a hundred yards, and then alight on the sea again. Run of ship, 349 miles.

November 30th, Monday.—Arabian Sea, lat. $70^{\circ} 49' N.$, long. $85^{\circ} 37'$. Very hot, the wind has changed. Boxes on deck. Cricket during the day and dancing at night. Ship's run 345 miles. A magnificent tropical sunset.

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II. *CEYLON.*



CHAPTER II.

CEYLON.

DECEMBER 1st, Tuesday.—No wind. The sea is like a looking-glass. It is very hot, being so near to the equator—90 in the shade. We are anticipating our arrival at Colombo during the night, where passengers go ashore. About sixty passengers sleep on deck every night, their cabins being so hot and close. It is a curious sight, for they are “done up” in various ways, not to keep the cold out, but to prevent the heat getting in. There is a great run on the baths all day long. Some folks take in plenty of food as well as drinks, which increase their discomfort.

We have arrived at Colombo, having accomplished 6,918 miles in the most wonderful weather possible, having experienced but two rough seas, and that for a short time only. If the remaining 5,000 miles in the Southern hemisphere are as favourable, it will have been a record passage of good weather.

December 2nd, Wednesday.—Sailed into the green harbour of Colombo at daybreak, and saw the sun rise over the palm trees, which form a belt for many miles. It is

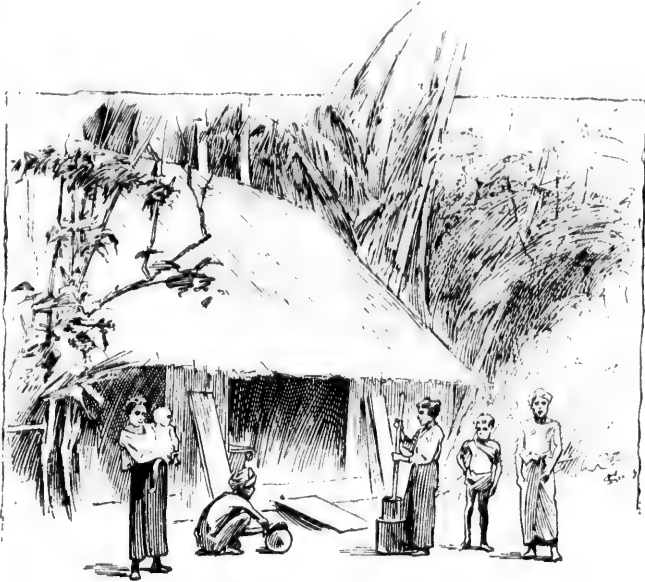
a fine harbour, and there were several large steamers as well as a considerable number of sailing vessels, one very large, with four masts; hundreds of "catamarans," with, for the most part, three dark brown Singalese or Tamils, some very scantily clad; a pocket-handkerchief of bright yellow and red seemed to be full-dress attire.

The catamarans are formed by three pieces of board, or of the trunk of a tree scooped out, about eighteen inches wide, and have an outrigger, formed of a portion of a tree, which prevents them upsetting. They are worked by two men with pieces of wood fastened to discs. These men dive for money, apples, potatoes—in fact, for almost anything that can be made to sink. They also take passengers for a sail who will venture into such frail craft.

As soon as the sailing order was posted we decided to go to Kandy, which is the capital of Buddhism and the Temple of the Tooth. There was little time to get ashore and drive to the station at 7.30. However, the question of breakfast was ignored, and as there was not a boat, we stepped into a catamaran, and trusted ourselves to the care of two brown nudes, who understood "sharp," and worked like niggers. In a quarter of an hour they landed us safely at the Customs House steps, with a feeling that a further sail would be a pleasure. We procured a carriage, which took us to the station, where we obtained our first impression of a tropical town, in passing through the streets, if that is the proper designation, for the whole place turns and twists round lagoons, some of fresh, others of salt water.

On arriving at the station we had only just time to procure tickets and take our places for the refreshment car, which arrived in an hour. The whole place is fringed with palms; the straight ones are areca-nut, and the crooked

cocoa-nut, some being of an immense height. The first part of the journey was through flat districts, mostly covered with water, being paddy (rice) fields, which are flooded from the rivers. In places the noses and horns of the buffalo could be seen just visible at the surface, and



SINGALESE DWELLING.

scantily clad natives bathing or fishing, while others were tilling the ground.

After going twenty-five miles without stopping, we were pulled up at a station surrounded by a large village, whose inhabitants turned out *en masse* to see the train. It was a most interesting sight, for all the dwellings were covered with palms and bananas, with undergrowth of most lovely flowers, orchids, and the lantana of Ceylon, which has

a beautiful orange flower. The people looked splendid, with their brown, shining skins and red or blue little bits of costume, and palm parasols. The children were most amusing, and stood up like men, the erect carriage of whom is most remarkable, giving evidence of being a well fed and happy race. Our breakfast, which was most acceptable, consisted of soup, fish, cold beef, chicken pie, grilled chicken, choice butter, marmalade, and coffee, for which we paid two rupees each.

At the end of forty miles the train commenced ascending the mountain, and turned and twisted up 1 in 40, until we reached Kandy, 1,700 feet above the valley. Some of the detractors of the Scarborough and Whitby railway should see this line, and how twelve saloon carriages are taken up. The coming down occupied half an hour longer, but in neither case was this any marvel; for the 104 miles first class we were only charged 12s. Arriving at Kandy about 11 o'clock, after a most interesting journey, we turned out of the train, and then the redskins were let out, who, with their friends, made a great crowd, giving a colouring to the masses of vegetation. We procured a carriage and drove to the market, where tropical fruits were exposed for sale. We then went round the lake to their "Dalada Malegawd," or Temple of the Great Tooth. (See *Encyclopædia*.)

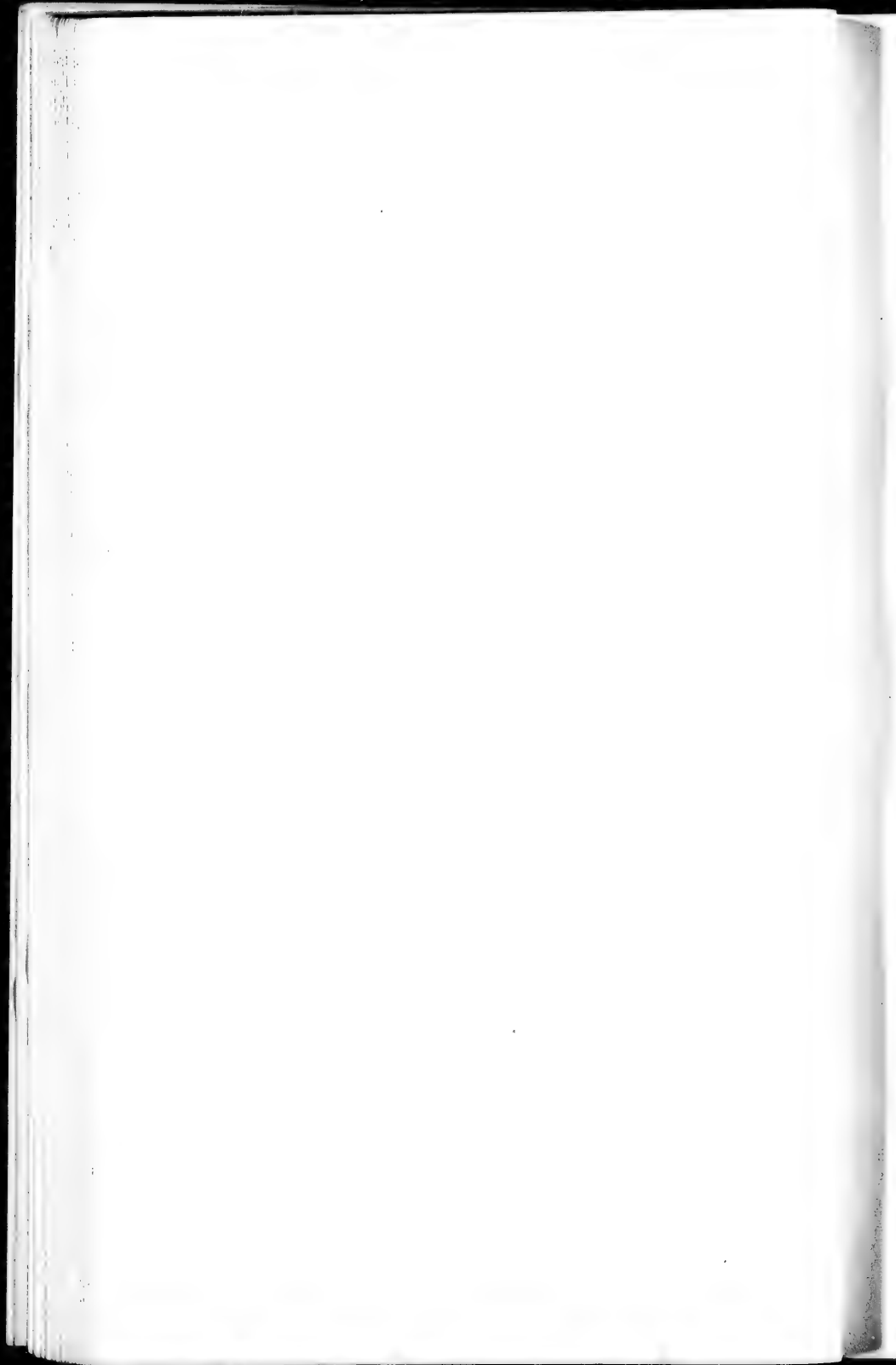
We saw the Governor's house and gardens, then visited the various streets of Tamils, Singalese, etc. Our next drive was to the gardens of Paradeniza, about two miles away, where there are specimens of every tree and plant that grows in Ceylon—cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, cinchona, coffee, cocoa, tea, and various spices. Unfortunately a heavy shower came down, which lasted half an hour; we had some shelter, but it was awful. Ten minutes after the

rain had ceased all was dried up—our clothes as well—and the ground appeared as if there had not been any rain for a month. We had a tropical lunch of fruit, washed down with cocoa-nut milk, which was cool and delicious. We then visited a tea plantation and factory, and saw the whole process from gathering to finishing. We joined the train at Paradeniza, and returned to Colombo, having afternoon tea. On the way we saw some elephants enjoying a bath in the river, and many carts drawn by bullocks.

We returned to the ship about 10.



SINGALESE BULLOCK WAGGON.



III.

VOYAGE TO VICTORIA.

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CHAPTER III.

VOYAGE TO VICTORIA.

DECEMBER 3rd, Thursday.—We remained here until 12 o'clock. The harbour was a wonderful sight, crowded with canoes, bum-boats, catamarans, etc.

The sail out of port was beautiful, and we kept close to the land for several hours. At 4 o'clock, when opposite the lighthouse, the ship was "swung,"—that is, made two semicircles for the purpose of testing the compasses.

December 4th, Friday.—Very hot, ship sailing well in a calm sea. Nothing of interest to-day. The run of the ship 309 miles; we are only two days from the equator. The sunset has been most remarkable and splendid; the new moon seemed transparent. It was strange to see the stars set in the horizon, at first looking like a ship's light, and then going below, leaving a glimmer on the water.

December 5th, Saturday.—Very fine, sea-smooth. About 8 this morning we crossed the line, but did not see anything of it. This was explained by some said to know. A Yankee knew for a fact that a firm in New York sent out a ship with an india-rubber bottom, which erased the line, and that it will never be seen again until Christopher

Columbus takes the trouble to re-draw it. The equator is very hot, but of course there is a wind ; the temperature in our cabin is 86° ; but it seems to agree with us both.

December 6th, Sunday.—Wind fresher, but hot. We had service on deck. The captain read the Prayers, and the purser the Lessons in good style. The parson sat and listened, and, maybe, took a cheap lesson. Run 331 miles ; lat. $2^{\circ} 41' S.$; long. $82^{\circ} 27'.$

December 7th, Monday.—Some wind. We are now in the south-east trade winds, and the ship is more lively. A few people upset again. A vessel has not been seen since Thursday. Ship's run 342 miles.

December 8th, Tuesday.—Weather still splendid, being much cooler. Nothing of interest. Ship's run 338 miles.

December 9th, Wednesday.—Fine weather, and again cooler. Everything going on as usual. Ship's run 336 miles.

December 10th, Thursday.—A ground swell, making the ship a little uneasy, and taking the dignity out of some of the passengers. Ship's run 359 miles

December 11th, Friday.—Fine weather. We are now 29 from the equator. It is rather cold. We have not seen a vessel since leaving Colombo, nor any birds or fishes, only the ocean, whichever way we looked, from night until morning, and from morning until night ; but still the days pass in a wonderful way. Ship's run 347 miles.

December 12th, Saturday.—Weather very fine, but cold, the passengers wearing dark and warm clothes. We are in Cape Leeuwin or Lioness, which equals the Bay of Biscay for fury ; but in our case, so far, the Lioness is asleep, and all goes well.

This afternoon the fire-bell rang with great fury, and the ship was immediately divided into five compartments, by

the iron doors being closed. The boats were all cleared ready for launching, and after a search had been made to find the part on fire, it was discovered to be a false alarm. All this does good, both to the passengers and the crew, because the "ropes" are thereby learnt.

In the morning we hope to be in Albany, and letters have to be posted to-night to catch the passing mail for England, as soon as we arrive.

So far, this has been a most wonderful passage, because it is seldom a ship is at sea five weeks without a storm. Next Friday it is most probable we shall arrive in Melbourne.

In the evening the wind freshened, we had a stormy night, and the ship was lively.

December 13th, Sunday.—A rough sea, with cold rain and squalls. We sailed down the coast of Australia, and passed through the Channel leading to Albany harbour, entering it safely soon after 11. The wind continued cold, and, with the squalls, was not pleasant; this did not give a favourable impression of Albany. It is situated in a vale between two hills, and looks pretty from the harbour.

After lunch we decided to go ashore.

Going ashore was a difficult operation, having to get into a small steam launch; then came the trouble, for it shipped seas, and we got a good wetting. The town is much spread about, and everything looks in a most unfinished state. It comprises a town hall, three banks, fairly good buildings, a few shops which were closed, it being Sunday, and four public-houses. The private houses, for the most part of one story, with a verandah, are stuck about on the face of both hills, with views of the harbour. Some had nice, tidy gardens, with flowers; others looked as though a wind had left them to be improved upon some time. There

is a fairly nice-looking church, with a square tower; and another is being built, with a tin roof. These seem sufficient provision for the religious requirements of the population. We walked through the town, but saw only about half a dozen people—two were Aborigines (blacks); we could only suppose the others were engaged with port wine and nuts. Of course we were unable to express an opinion as to the youth and beauty of the place, none being visible.

There is a railway to Perth, 206 miles off, and a through train once a week. The population is something under a thousand, equal to the number of souls we carry on our ship. We returned to the vessel in time for dinner, after coming to the conclusion that Albany was a city wanting population and the means of keeping it. The coaling of the *Ophir* was not finished until midnight, and we sailed at two in the morning.

December 14th, Monday.—Stormy weather, with very big sea running, the ship rolling like a cork. Many are indisposed; but there is little discomfort on board, except in not being able to walk about. The slaughter in glasses and crockery is wonderful, and we are getting short of teacups. What are left show signs of having suffered rough treatment.

December 15th, Tuesday.—The bad weather still continues. It is interesting to watch the big seas, and a large number of albatross which are following the ship. This part is called the Australian Bight, it is 1,022 miles across, and is the worst part of the sea in this hemisphere—an Australian Bay of Biscay.

December 16th, Wednesday.—The gale continues, and the ship is not too comfortable in consequence, even for good sailors; but "life on the ocean wave" still goes on. At the same time, most of us wish for less sea.

December 17th, Thursday.—At 5 o'clock we steamed into

Port Adelaide Bay, and as soon as the sailing order for 12 o'clock was out we went ashore, and enjoyed the change. It is a fine place, with plenty of business. The fruit shops were a great attraction. There was a great run upon them, for it was a novelty to find cherries ripe (and good ones, too), strawberries, splendid gooseberries, peaches, and apricots in abundance, also green peas and many other things, on December 17th. In an hour or two the place was cleared out with the hundred or two of customers, who all bought more or less.

At 3 o'clock the coaling was completed, and we sailed out of the bay, and were glad to find the sea in a smoother condition.

December 18th, Friday.—Packing up and preparing for our arrival in Melbourne was the order of the day, as well as many expressions of regret at the breaking up of pleasant parties. Some were going to Tasmania, some to New Zealand, others to Queensland, and not a few were going to remain in Melbourne.



IV.

VICTORIA.

CHAPTER IV.

VICTORIA.

DECEMBER 19th, Saturday.—At 4.30 in the morning we anchored in Melbourne Harbour, and at 5 o'clock we were asked to get up and pack our luggage, ready to be sent ashore. This occupied some time. At 8 o'clock we had breakfast, and soon after left in a tender for Sandwich Pier, where a special train was waiting to take us to the city. All this was a great scurry and rush, and a bitter disappointment to many who had friends wishing to meet them on board in the usual way. The reason was obvious, for the *Ophir* cleared out on Saturday night to complete the voyage to Sydney.

Six weeks and one day seem to have passed quickly, for we have seen much and had many new experiences.

Our baggage was taken to a railway shed in Bond No. 3, Jolivant, where we had to apply this afternoon, and undergo the Customs ordeal. It was a wonderful scramble, for everything was mixed up, and the luggage of two hundred and fifty people, all *en masse*, required some patience to find. Our eight packages, a small number compared to what some had—one gentleman, with his family, had fifty-two:

a year of weeks, or a pack of cards— took about three hours to find and get passed.

We took a room at the Federal Palace Hotel, which is conducted on the cash system, which we paid for till the morning to see if we liked the place. All meals are paid for as soon as eaten. Consequently there is a great saving in booking, and no bills when you leave. It is said the ground and building cost £250,000. We were immensely struck with the city, its wide streets and grand buildings. There is a perfect system of tramways. Already we have had several long rides to explore the city and suburbs.

December 21st, Melbourne, Sunday.—It takes much time to getting settled down in a strange and large city, but we began to feel fairly at home with the knowledge already gained by rides in tramcars. This system is marvellous in its completeness; it seems to permeate the whole city and suburbs with the means of a pleasant and frequent locomotion, and with a little knowledge it is easy to get anywhere for a few pence, without noise, smoke, or horses. The cars travel at a good pace, and are patronised by all sorts and conditions of people. Each end of the day special trams run at a nominal cost for workmen only. We have not been able to learn whether the system pays or not.

With regard to cabs, they, on the other hand, are just as objectionable, drivers uncivil and extortionate, and seem to be quite masters of the situation. If you get into a cab and state your destination cabby asks how much you are going to pay. The proper fare is 1s., and you suggest giving 1s. 6d. if he goes on at once; then the reply is, "Won't take you for less than 1s. each." Perhaps when you have gone a short distance some more passengers are taken up, and you are lucky if they are not delivered first. There are few of these harpies in consequence, but any number

of people who remove luggage. London cabbies are gentlemen in comparison.

The weather is getting very hot and dry, but the streets are crowded with people, and the shops are decorated for Christmas with holly and red berries, and some have Father Christmas in the window with his snowy locks. This all seems strange under a burning sun, with the temperature, in the shade, from 90° to 95° , ripe strawberries, peaches, nectarines, and gooseberries being in profusion.

December 22nd, Monday.—We could not eat our lunch, for the hot wind was "turned on," the temperature being 104° in the shade at the Observatory. Returning home the wind changed to the south, and the temperature in ten minutes fell over 40° , which seemed to chill us to the marrow, we being lightly clad. During the evening we went out again, but it was too cold to be pleasant. Such sudden changes cannot be good for health.

December 23rd, Tuesday.—Had a long and pleasant interview with Mr. Goldstein, Secretary to the Charity Organisation Society, who is well up in the work, and most energetic. There is a large field for the society's operations, and it is well supported by the most influential people, who reap the benefit in the distribution of their other charities. The working expenses are about £700 a year, for with such a large population it is requisite to have several officers to make inquiries. We are invited to have an interview with the president. The afternoon was devoted to making calls.

December 24th, Christmas Eve.—Very hot and dusty. Again went sight-seeing. The streets were crowded with holiday people and those bent on shopping; the display of fruit and flowers was most striking. A little before 4

we went to Spencer Street railway station, having procured tickets in the morning to go to Ballarat. The crowd was something appalling, but having little luggage, and with the aid of "palm oil," we managed to get into a Pullman Car, and found comfortable seats. Very soon it was crowded with many who had to stand all the way. The first part of the journey, as far as geology was concerned, was flat, cultivated country, with the corn standing in stacks, but all looked quite burnt up for want of rain. After leaving Geelong the line made an ascent, and wound round hills, through green valleys, until we got up 1,600 feet, and reached Ballarat, the "city of gold."

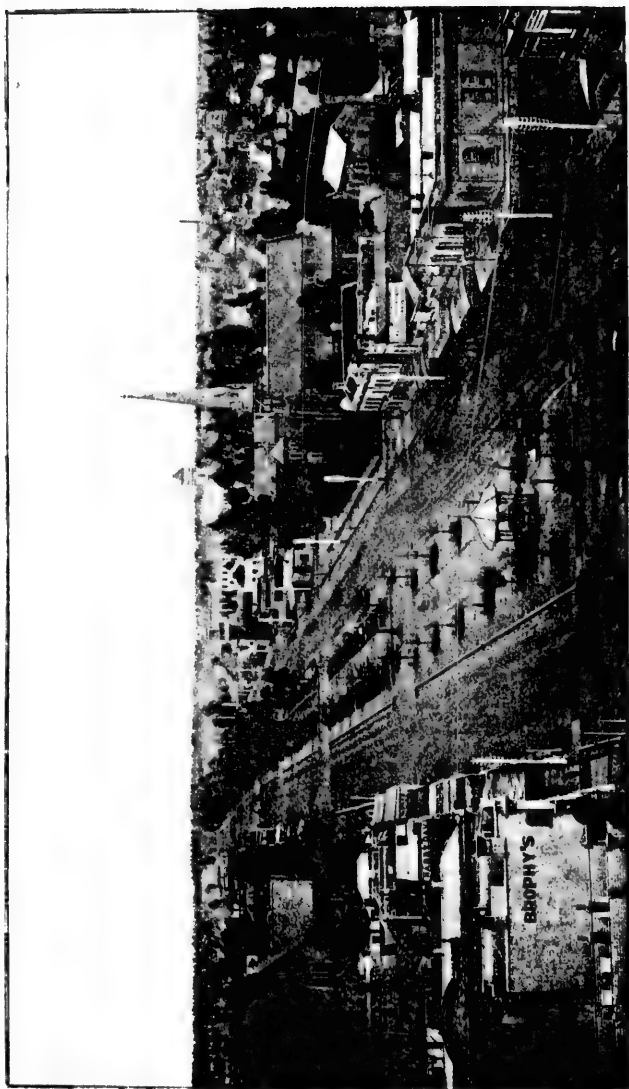
December 25th, Christmas Day.—It did not look much like Christmas, with ripe cornfields and fruit, everything bearing a midsummer aspect, and a hot sun.

This is a most peculiar city, having fine wide streets. Sturt Street is on the Continental plan—with a row, or rather a plantation, of trees up the middle with seats. In this street are the principal buildings, town hall, etc., large shops, and good hotels. Farther from the town are good private residences, showing evidence of great wealth; and a little more than a mile off is a fine lake, Windermere, one mile and one-eighth in diameter, surrounded with beautiful trees and walks. Steamers ply across this to the Botanical Gardens, which are prettily laid out with good specimen trees and aviaries of Australian birds, also statuary presented by rich citizens. All this is most attractive, and very creditable for so young a city, which is still prospering upon its gold, which constitutes the peculiarity; for wherever you go there are "claims," which means gold mining in some form or other. Some have pretentious machinery, with shafts going down 1,000 feet, while others seem to be digging near the surface.

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The wind became cold, so we returned home, and had our Christmas dinner of roast beef, roast goose, and plum pudding with fresh fruit. It became so cold that we sat over the "yule log," and talked about our friends at home, who would be enjoying their breakfasts about the same time, and no doubt talking of us.

December 26th.—A fine morning. We visited a large "claim," or gold mine, but the machinery was not at work. This gave an opportunity of a thorough explanation of the process, which is simple enough; the earth of a pale drab colour, and sand is brought up from different strata, and then ground by machinery, which, with the addition of water, reduces it to a pulp; this runs over flannel, leaving the fine gold and other metals, while the sand is carried away by the water. This process, with variations, is repeated several times, so that it seems impossible for any gold to escape. All the metals are collected and afterwards subjected to heat, which disposes of volatile metals like arsenic, then the whole is put into a cylinder with quicksilver, which absorbs all the other metals, and leaves the gold pure, worth £4 3s. 4d. per ounce. From this "claim" last year 77,000 ounces were sold. Sometimes nuggets are found, one quite recently, weighing 72 ounces. We visited another "claim" in full operation, but did not learn anything more, except that after all the science and skill adopted in extracting gold, there is sufficient left to have attracted a colony of Chinese, who pay a trifle to be allowed to operate upon the rejected mud. This they do by patient hand labour, and John Chinaman makes a living. They are said to work twenty-four hours a day, and smoke opium on Sunday, when gold business is prohibited.

We next visited China Town, and saw two "Jost Houses" (churches), and a large number of wooden boxes, which

did not look much like dwellings. In the main street there were Chinese shops and eating-houses. Some of the richer men have married white women, and you see curious children running about, dressed half Chinese and half European, with odd-shaped faces, some fat and round, with coarse mouths and two little slit eyes; others just the reverse, Chinese faces with large blue English eyes. What the next generation may be is a good question for speculation.

The College of Mines is a fine institution, which attracts students from all over the colony, and is presided over by many able men. A School of Art is just being opened, and a Mr. S. S——, from South Kensington, has got the appointment of headmaster. A new Infirmary is also going to be built forthwith on a large scale.

This being holiday time, we have not had a fair opportunity of judging the place in its natural everyday life. Nevertheless, there is every appearance of prosperity.

The eucalyptus, or blue gum, grows to an immense size, and is to be found in most of the streets. We had the opportunity of seeing it in full flower, which made it look quite gay. The flowers appear, when on the tree, something like chrysanthemums, but in the hand more like a flattened thistle. It again became quite cold, so we went "home."

December 27th, Sunday.—I was taken ill during the night with a sharp attack. Temperature up to 102°. Dr. L—— said it was typhoid fever. I did not think so, for the attack was too sudden and virulent. Lay in bed four days, taking only soda-water and milk.

December 31st.—Convalescent, but weak; had a change of diet.

January 1st, 1892, Friday.—Much better; had a drive round the outskirts of the city, which is very pretty. The country is hilly, well wooded, and interspersed with "claims." There are many nice, and some pretentious residences, with fine roads, in the style of London suburbs, broken now and again with old shanties, and remains of the original gold-digger.

January 2nd.—We left Ballarat and our friends this morning with regret, and with much gratitude for all kindnesses. Before leaving there was a sandstorm, which filled the atmosphere with sharp sand, until the whole place seemed obscured; then came a welcome rain. Any one who has not seen this cannot imagine the effect, for it is prodigious. It fills your pockets, and neither eyes nor mouth can escape its fury.

Arranged to start on Thursday for Tasmania, and from thence to New Zealand, returning to Australia about the 20th of January.

January 3rd, Sunday.—Went to St. Paul's Cathedral; a good service, and well filled with gaily dressed people. The familiar sounds made us feel almost at home again. In the afternoon we paid a visit to St. Kilda, which is a sea-side suburb with promenade and baths. There were crowds of people enjoying the fresh air, and everything looked "John Bull."

January 4th, Monday.—We were busy all the morning taking baths, and making arrangements for going to Tasmania, for the steamer sails on Thursday, and many people are travelling just now.

There is great excitement with reference to the International cricket match; every one seems to be going. We intend doing so to-morrow, all being well. There are so many things to see and places to visit, that time goes

much too fast, consequently writing has to suffer. It is something like being in London, "a never end."

The weather is not considered hot for the season ; it is most changeable. For some hours it is roasting, and in a few minutes it is quite cold, consequently very trying, especially to " new chums."

January 5th, Tuesday.—We again spent the day in visiting various places, although the weather was most depressing and unpleasant, a hot wind blowing, which means not only heat but clouds of dust, such as we never experience at home. In addition there was a plague of flies. These are neither modest nor retiring. They attack you to obtain moisture, the eyes being their favourite visiting point.

Taking into consideration that this city has only been in existence about fifty years, it is perfectly wonderful that so many institutions are flourishing and in splendid stone buildings. Many of them are charities well supported, in the absence of any Poor Law, by the rich having sympathy with those in need, there being no workhouses where the destitute may find shelter. When at the Charity Organisation Society's office this morning I learnt that General Booth's visit had been quite a failure, and that the Victorians will not be troubled much more with his scheme.

The Zoological Gardens are well laid out, and contain a goodly show of animals from all parts of the world, even to an English fox. We were most interested in the Australian birds and beasts.

There is a fine building in Swanston Street, answering the combined purposes of a free library, museum of art, technological treasures, curiosities, sculpture, and a gallery of paintings, under one roof. Here we saw many pictures which had been exhibited in our Royal Academy of Arts, including paintings by Long, Alma Tadema,

Orchardson, Waterhouse's "Ulysses and the Syrens," shown last year, a large water-colour presented by Walter Severn, and many others equally familiar.

Colonel Bull most politely showed us over the City Gaol, a fine building, with over five hundred inmates, male and female. All the executions and floggings are done here. The gallows is a permanent machine, in the main hall, always ready for use, but not observable. It requires so little preparation that in about two minutes all is ready, without knocking or fixing. Surely an advance on our system.

The labour question, as with us, is a difficulty. For men stone-breaking and oakum-picking, for women washing and rough sewing. Little food is given.

January 6th, Wednesday.—A splendid morning, with a pleasant, cool air, very refreshing after yesterday.

We visited Cole's Book Arcade, said to be the largest book-selling shop in the world. Over a million books, old and new, are offered for sale, in addition to stationery, picture prints, cards, albums, purses, and all kinds of porcelain and china vases. There is a library and free reading-room, with a lift up to each floor. It is a wonderful establishment, and well worth a visit, being free to every one, whether purchasers or not.



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TASMANIA.

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CHAPTER V.

TASMANIA.

JANUARY 7th, Thursday.—Another fine day, but rather hot.

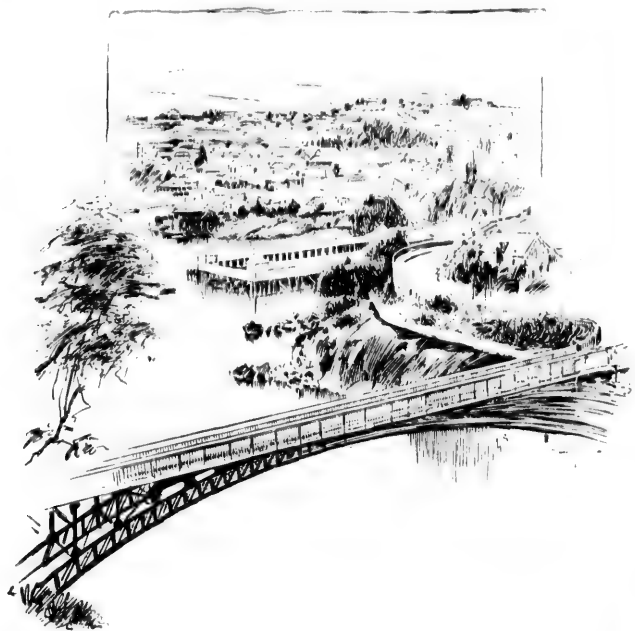
We spent the morning in arranging our luggage; for it was found requisite to reduce our impedimenta when visiting New Zealand, which, it appears, is much like Norway in the matter of being able to get about with luggage, so this awkward fact had to be faced, and the vision of dinner costumes, etc., abandoned for a small box and Gladstone bag. The heavier portion was sent on to Sydney, to await our arrival there in six weeks' time.

The feeling was akin to the man who buried his wife and then said, "I am glad she has gone," only with this difference, that in six weeks we shall meet our demon of trouble again.

After partaking of "afternoon tea" we started with our delightful little packages for the wharf, where we found crowds of people, and the usual bustle of a departing steamer. We soon got on board the *Rotomahana*, a fine steamer of the New Zealand Company, and found some four hundred fellow-passengers bound for Tasmania. Of

course, this steamer is not of the *Ophir* type, but like those which run from London to Glasgow, etc. We are expecting a good blow when out of the bay. The Heads are forty miles from Melbourne.

When in Melbourne we were advised to arrange with Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son for our trip through



LAUNCESTON.

Tasmania and New Zealand. Their agent, Mr. Harrison, we have to thank for his kindness and trouble in planning a six weeks' tour, which answered admirably. The railway and coach tickets commanded every attention, securing for us the best seats and preference in crowded places, as well as saving a large amount of trouble.

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Before leaving London we secured, through this eminent firm, letters of credit, which were available all round the world.

January 8th, Friday.—Have had a stormy night, and did not get much sleep, for the ship rolled a good deal.

About 9 o'clock we passed the lighthouses and entered the river Tamar, which is very fine, winding round hills clothed with trees down to the water's edge. In some places it is four or five miles wide, in other parts quite narrow, much resembling some of the "fiords" in Norway. At a place called Roscrear we had to tranship into a steam launch and continue our journey, arriving at Launceston at 3 o'clock. After securing rooms at the Hotel Brisbane, we went out for a walk, and found the town a most English-looking place, resembling Leamington, good streets and shops, with pretty surroundings, and villa residences. Near the town is a deep gorge, with a river and immense Serpentine rocks, just like Norway, and a winding walk to a fall at the end of this.

After dinner we went to the Exhibition, which is a most creditable affair for a small country like this. The mining and mineral department was most interesting, as also the various productions of the island, which gave a bird's-eye view of all the most important things to be seen, without travelling over all the country.

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A large model of the island was a great advantage. The climate is most delicious after Victoria, cool and moist, and the foliage and grass quite green. The flowers are exquisite and in great profusion, for *Suttons* seem to do a good business in seeds here, which grow to perfection, and do not seem knocked about with the wind. We start at 3 for Hobart on Saturday.

January 9th, Saturday.—Very fine. We had a most

delightful walk over Windmill Hill, which is studded with villas, and commands a fine view of the rivers South and North Esks, also the Tamar, and surrounding country, which is mountainous and thickly wooded. On the highest point is a cemetery.

On the outskirts are some fine buildings, notably the Hospital, which is large and well managed. Provision is made for paying patients, as it seems to be the custom to send all serious cases there. The asylum for lunatics is also a fine building. The public park is a pretty, well-kept place.

The town is a credit to the inhabitants, who, in so few years, have done so much.

At 3 o'clock we started in a very full train for Hobart, and travelled over 128 miles through the centre of the island. The first part was by the side of the South Esk, and through well-cultivated lands, where the farmers were busy with the harvest, which gave quite an autumnal effect, whereas it was only midsummer. After some miles the railway began to ascend in a zigzag, until we attained a considerable height, and passed through immense forests, wholly uncleared and without a trace of human life; then we came upon villages with a few houses of stone and wood, and generally a church. About 6 o'clock we stayed for about twenty minutes at Parattahy Junction, where, in a long room, a rough dinner was served, of meat and fruit pie, which seemed to be appreciated by many.

About 8 o'clock we came to a large lake, and then the town of Bridgewater. This lake is the origin of the fine river Derwent, which quite puts to shame our Derwent in Yorkshire. We travelled for an hour by the side of the river, and then reached Hobart, the capital of Tasmania. We had some difficulty in finding an hotel, for all the places

seemed to be full, in consequence of two or three great functions—a Science Congress, and the laying of the foundation stone of the tower of the Cathedral. However, we found a most comfortable place, Westelle, a little distance from the centre of the town. We then had a stroll to see the crowd of a Saturday night.

Some of the names of the villages are familiar; such as Jericho, Epping Forest, Cleveland, Brighton, Richmond, Jerusalem, Glenorchy, etc., not forgetting York Plains.

We are pleased with our hotel, which has attached to it a nice garden and lawn-tennis ground, from which there are fine views of the Harbour and Mount Wellington. It is thoroughly English in all respects, and the proprietor a native of Whitby; in fact, it might be said to be Yorkshire, for at our table were visitors from Heckmondwike, and at the next table some people from Bradford, and two from Bingley; consequently we were all very free, feeling quite at home. The climate here is warm, with an elastic, cool air, which pats you on the cheek.

January 10th, Sunday.—A most charming morning. We went to St. David's Cathedral for service at 11. A grand hymn was sung as the procession moved down to the west door to receive the Bishop of Tasmania (Dr. Montgomery) and the Bishop of New South Wales, with seven clergy. There was a fairly good service. Dr. Corlette preached from the text, "Can man live by bread alone?"

In the afternoon we walked to Newtown, a very pretty suburb, with fine views, and beautiful villas in well-kept grounds. Everywhere there are masses of geranium bushes eight or ten feet high, with a profusion of flowers of every description, and *trees* of honeysuckle, which are most striking.

January 11th, Monday.—Another splendid morning.

After breakfast we went for a walk over the Domain or public park of one thousand acres, which is on the side of a hill rising from the river Derwent. The river recalls Lake Windermere, and the situation of Hobart much resembles Ambleside, with the mountains behind and the lake-like river in front, with hills covered with foliage and studded with villas. At the end of the Domain is the Governor's house, in rising ground commanding a fine view of the river, and adjoining are the Botanical Gardens, which are well laid out, and kept in order by prisoners in their prison clothes, guarded by soldiers. Some were also employed in making a road.

In the afternoon we had a drive in a well-appointed carriage to Fern Tree Bower, which is situated about two thousand feet up the side of Mount Wellington. Some of the trees are of an immense size, and the foliage very fine, especially the tree ferns, which are a wonder to those who have not seen them before. We had a stroll of about two miles through a shady walk, and saw flocks of green parrots in their state of nature, the colour of their plumage being very beautiful. There were fine views of the coast and rivers, a perfect panorama of coast scenery.

January 12th, Tuesday.—We started early by the steamer *Monarch*, and sailed up the Derwent for twenty miles, which was like passing through a series of lakes, with wood-clad hills, rather than a river.

The first place of call was Bridgewater, and afterwards New Norfolk, a very pretty place with a good hotel, where we lunched. Near is a large salmon-breeding place. The river is full of fish, and there is good shooting.

On the steamer there was a large quantity of raspberries in casks going to the jam-makers; for it appears New Norfolk is a great fruit-growing place, and supplies many of the

apples we receive in England. On the wharves were piles of wood, sawn out into proper sizes for boxes to convey the apples. Besides the fruit orchards we saw many hop-gardens, with the bine in full flower, looking most healthy. We sailed back, and arrived in time for dinner.

January 13th, Wednesday.—We walked to Sandy Bay, and on our return saw the hospital, lunatic asylum, and prison. This place seems to suffer under the stigma of



FERN TREE BOWER.

formerly being a convict station, and in the neighbourhood the prisons still exist, especially at Norfolk. In the asylums there are convicts who became lunatics.

As you go along and see a fine house, on inquiring the name of the resident, the reply is frequently Mr. —, "a lag,"—that is, a former convict. There is a magnificent house overlooking the Harbour built by "a settler," who is said to be very rich.

To-morrow we sail in the *Te Aneau* for the Bluff, New

Zealand, 1,200 miles, a voyage of six days. The ship is small, being only 1,500 tons, and the passage generally rough; but we are getting to be good sailors.

January 14th, Thursday.—A wet day, the first we have experienced; so spent some time in the Museum and Aquarium, which are free and open every day. The building is of considerable dimensions and of fine yellow sandstone. The Museum is devoted to the Australias, Tasmania, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands; it is most interesting to visitors of these countries. The Aquarium is devoted to the fish of the Pacific, which are truly wonderful in shape and colour, but very few are good to eat. The principal one is the Trumpeter, and is plentiful.

The ship, in which we were to sail at 5, did not arrive, in consequence of rough weather outside, so had to stay another day. Some went to the theatre, whilst we spent a quiet evening.

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CHAPTER VI.

NEW ZEALAND.

JANUARY 15th, Friday.—The whole population were much shocked to hear of the death of Prince Albert Victor. The inhabitants showed their loyalty by hoisting flags half-mast high; minute bells were also tolled, and telegrams sent to the Queen, and to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Our ship having arrived, we came on board at 2 o'clock, and found a busy scene, many people seeing off friends.

It became evident the ship would not sail at 3; however, there was plenty of amusement provided in watching cargo come out and go in. A fox terrier standing before a case containing bananas from Brisbane suggested there must be either a rat or mouse near. After a little examination we saw a rat's tail amid the fruit, so directed an officer's attention to the fact. He decided to open the lid, when a fine rat jumped out. Another dog at once came on the scene, resulting in a fight with the terrier, during which Mr. Rat walked quietly away with thoughts of Dr. Watts' "Let dogs delight to bark and bite." However, another rat was found in the box, which met its fate in coming into contact with the victorious dog. There are plenty of these rats' relations

about ; but they do not trouble us, for there are hundreds of boxes of peaches, apricots, and cherries going from Hobart to New Zealand. Fruit-growing in Tasmania must be an important industry, and the people eat fruit at every meal.

At 5 o'clock the bell rang to clear the ship of those not going on. There were 120 passengers—far too many for such a ship, 40 being without berths.

The sail out of harbour occupied about an hour, and of the river two more. The scenery is splendid, and for two hours we had a view of Hobart and Mount Wellington, where we had spent such a pleasant week, and have left with delightful memories of kind people, beautiful scenery, and most genial climate.

We were fairly into the Pacific about 9, coming across the tail end of a storm with a heavy swell, and not much chance of a comfortable night.

January 16th, Saturday.—After a rough night, and not much sleep in the hardest possible berth, we got up with rather sore bones to find there was plenty of room, many having retired prematurely from the festive board. The swell continued all day with a cold wind, which was not enjoyable. We are told this is fair weather for the Pacific, which is a misnomer, for in these parts it is considered the roughest sea in the world.

January 17th, Sunday.—The wind has changed, and the sea gone down to some extent, but the swell continues, making the ship roll.

At 10.30 there was a Church of England service—two clergymen, one a Colonial, the other an Oxford Professor, but their names did not transpire. They could not between them raise a sermon. There was another service in the afternoon. Most people seem satisfied with the religious performances of the day.

Nothing but the vast expanse of the ocean with some albatross gracefully flying, the stormy petrel, and a flight of white swallows, has been seen all day.

January 18th, Monday.—The sea has increased with wind and rain, our comfort decreasing in like proportion, as well as the profit; for even with the fiddles on the tables glass and china go, not to Japan, but to pieces. Presentations could be done cheaply here, as pieces of plate are so plentiful they are thrown overboard.

The time has now reached $11\frac{1}{2}$ hours before Greenwich, so that, for the most part, we can calculate what is doing at home. When we are up, you are in bed, and *vice versa*.

There is a curious custom on this line of steamers on the last night of the voyage. Although dinner is only finished about 7.30, at 9.30 supper is served, consisting of red herrings, which come from Aberdeen in tins, mutton chops fried, and baked potatoes. It may be a gratification to the colonists, but the fumes all over the ship of red herrings are enough to upset the strongest stomach. This performance lasted till midnight.

January 19th, Tuesday.—About 8 o'clock we entered Bluff Harbour, and landed about 9, and were very glad to get out of the herring-stricken ship, for it was impossible to sleep in such an atmosphere.

A special train took us to Invercargill, a thriving agricultural town with streets 75 yards wide and avenues of trees. We dined at the Albion Hotel, built and kept by a lady from Hull.

At 4.30 we started for Lumsden, a little town in the mountains, and travelled through a fine agricultural country, well stocked with cattle, horses, and thousands of sheep, the grass and crops being most abundant, but the population very thin. We arrived at Lumsden soon after 8,

and found a village of about 300 people, situated on a large plain through which a river flows. The plain is surrounded by mountains, and looks much like some places in the Highlands of Scotland. We took up our quarters at the Elbow Hotel, a small but comfortable house kept by a Mr. Fletcher, late of London.



THE REMARKABLES (7,200 FEET HIGH).

which are from 4,000 to 9,000 feet high, and quite barren. The Remarkables, 7,200 feet, opposite Queenstown, look like polished slate, not having a vestige of vegetation. The lake resembles some of the Norwegian fiords, only the mountains are higher; the water is the bluest of the blue, and the whole presenting a magnificent spectacle.

January 21st, Thursday.—Spent the day in sailing on the lake and in walking to see sights.

January 20th, Wednesday.—A very fine morning; had a climb up one of the hills, from which there was a fine view. On returning dined off roast sirloin of beef, etc., and afterwards went to the gardens to eat ripe gooseberries. At 4 we left for Kingston, a nice ride through beautiful country, and came to "Wakatipu Lake," where we embarked on a steamer and sailed for Queenstown, a pretty little town situated about the middle of the lake—52 miles long—where there is an opening in the mountains,



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January 22nd, Friday.—Started at 6, and sailed on the lake, breakfasting on board, and much enjoying the trout. On landing we went by train, which was little better than a tramway, only going about 12 miles an hour. We passed through a fine agricultural district, where there are large sheep stations. It being the shearing season great activity prevailed. On some of the stations there are 100,000 sheep, and each year about 20,000 lambs. Crowds of men go from station to station to shear, like the Irish do in our harvests. By practice they can shear from 100 to 150 sheep each in a day of ten hours. It seems almost incredible, but we have it on the best authority. After a pleasant day we arrived in Dunedin about 7.

January 23rd, Saturday.—Another grand day. We breakfasted early, and then had a look round the town, which is most beautifully placed, being in the spurs of several hills surrounding an arm of the sea, coming between two heads forming a deep bay. There are many fine buildings of stone and brick, banks and warehouses, which would not disgrace either Manchester or Glasgow. The Grand Hotel, where we are staying, is said to be the finest hotel in New Zealand. We met a friend who took us to his warehouse; and as we had passed the stations, where he has 80,000 sheep and 15,000 lambs, he asked us to visit Rosslynville Mills, which are in a beautiful valley 3 miles from here, kindly taking us in his carriage. We saw the process of manufacture from the sheep's fleece to woollen goods of all descriptions—the finest dress pieces, splendid rugs, Scotch tweeds, and all kinds of worsted fingering and wool for fancy work, Jaeger's stockinette, natural wool and most splendid socks. One thing struck us much. All the machinery bore the names of English makers—Platts, Manchester, Prince Smith & Son, Keighley, and some Leeds

names. It reminded us of a visit to the Armenian monastery in the Lido at Venice, where there is a printing press of Dawson's, Otley, Yorkshire. Wages are 40 per cent. higher than in England; but this is more than compensated for, as the freight of wool is saved, also the return freight of manufactured goods and shippers' profits; with the result of an increasing demand for New Zealand manufactures, which are said to be of superior quality, consequently new mills are springing up to the detriment of British trade.

We had a splendid drive in the peninsula overlooking the bay and harbour of Port Chalmers, and saw the market gardens which supply the town. Afterwards we drove through some of the principal streets, and went to the Botanical Gardens, and through the Belt—a portion of the old bush which has not been cleared, and now forms a belt of trees round the upper part of the town.

We are quite charmed with the prosperity of New Zealand, with its fertile lands, cattle, horses, sheep, and minerals, and the happy condition of the people, not having seen a beggar yet, or a poor-looking person.

January 24th, Sunday.—A beautiful day, and not too hot. We went to the pro-cathedral and heard the archdeacon. It is a modest building, for the Church is at a discount here. The Scotch Presbyterian churches are much finer buildings, because the population is for the most part of Scotch origin.

January 25th, Monday.—Our visit to Dunedin has been most interesting; it is the Edinburgh of New Zealand combined with Leith, and manufacturing; it is also one of the principal ports for the shipment of frozen mutton. The sheep are slaughtered by thousands a little distance out of the city, and then brought to the freezing houses to await shipment. The killing and dressing is carried out with great care and dispatch, and the sheep suffer much less than

in our Christian country. An instrument called the "cane" is inserted into the ear, which produces immediate stupor; and then the knife is used to separate the head from the body. Another industry is dairy factories, which seem quite numerous, and are a great success. Butter is splendid, and beyond what is produced in England or sold in a general way. This is now being sent to England, and it remains to be seen whether the venture will pay. In connection with these factories are large pig-breeding and feeding establishments, so that nothing is wasted.

We left by the railway, which follows the shore of the bay and then the sea coast for many miles, sometimes close to the water, at others two or three hundred feet above; and in some places the thick bush still exists, with its splendid trees and fine undergrowth, and then through what are known here as fern gullies, where the fern tree, so much prized in conservatories, abounds in thousands. We passed the Lunatic Asylum, built on high ground with splendid stone, and bush extending down to the sea, with pretty walks made by the patients. We passed Port Chalmers, where all the shipping used to be done for Dunedin, until a deep channel was made to the city. About twenty miles from Dunedin the railway skirts a lake which is much frequented by black swans. We saw an immense number, some flying away, while others remained to protect their families of white cygnets. The numbers were not in keeping with "*Rara avis in terris, nigroque simile cygno.*"

After passing Oamaru station we left Otago and entered Canterbury, and traversed the rich agricultural plains which reach to Christchurch.

On arriving at Christchurch we took up our quarters at Coker's Hotel, kept by Mr. Popham. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stanley were staying there. In the evening he gave a lecture.

January 26th, Tuesday.—Another splendid day. We were obliged to rise early to complete our visit to Christchurch, as the coaches only run twice a week, which cut short the time at this, the most English-looking town in New Zealand, with its cathedral, and streets laid out like the lines on a chessboard, and the pretty river Avon. This is the home of the English Church and retired colonists who have made a little pile, and where society revolves in small circles.

We went by railway to Springfield, where three coaches were waiting to take passengers to the Bealey and through the Oteira gorge. Fortifying the inner man and getting packed in the box-seats of an American coach did not occupy long. The coach was of the same pattern as that used in the Exhibition of the Far West, and constructed to sustain any amount of wear and tear. The springs are of leather, and the wheels and axles more like a stone waggon than a coach. At 12.30 we started with fifteen passengers, all told, drawn by five horses. It was called "The Royal Mail," having half a ton of mail-bags to deliver before the coach completed its journey to a place called Hokitika, on the west coast. The driver, a Yorkshireman, shouted "All aboard?" and with a crack of the whip sent the horses off at a rattling pace, which was continued for 10 miles, until the arrival at Ponter's Pass, constructed like a corkscrew on the face of a mountain, where the speed was reduced to 2 miles an hour. Many of us walked and enjoyed the bracing air until the saddle* of the pass was reached, 3,000 feet high. Here a fine view was obtained of mountains and Lake Lyndin, to which we descended. The roads are cut in the face of the mountains, and are only sufficiently wide for the coach; and, as there is no protection, the wheels are frequently within a few inches of the edge of the precipice of

* A mountain pass.

hundreds of feet, with a roaring river at the bottom, or huge rocks, which would on contact perforate your skull, if anything should happen to the horses or to the wheels of the coach. After crossing several rivers with beds of stones half a mile wide, there being no bridges, we reached Cloudesley Accommodation House, and changed horses at 4 o'clock. Here afternoon tea was provided, with scones which are celebrated all over New Zealand. Mrs. Cloudesley quarrelled with us because we cut one with a knife, saying it was "no canny." This tea was much enjoyed, and the conversation was upon the dangers of such a road, 150 miles costing the Government £300,000, to make a communication from the east coast to the west with its goldfields. Starting again with a fresh team we passed several lakes, one called Grassmere, and then came to the Waimakarin river, which is from one to two miles wide. Here the road, if worthy of being so called, was for some distance in the bed of the river, and "rattled our bones over the stones" with such internal concussions (read infernal), that we concluded our mortal clay must be well baked or it would have gone to pieces. At Cragieburn another change of horses, and still continuing along the Waimakarin river, sometimes hundreds of feet above, and at others going along the bed of stones. The mountains increased in height and grandeur with snow-caps and glaciers. By practice our nerves became harder; and although we were in more dangerous places, our hearts were not so frequently in our mouths. About 8.30, after seeing the sun set with various effects, we arrived just before dark at the Bealey Accommodation House—a bungalow, with bedrooms like ships' cabins. On entering we found a most acceptable and large wood fire, also a good supper. Coaches coming from the other side met here; and fortunately we arrived

first, and had the choice of bedrooms. The choice, however, consisted in a small one, or none at all. About fifty people were in the house with twelve bedrooms, consequently many had to do without; but they were as well off as those with beds as far as sleep went, because there was such an amount of talking and laughing that it was impossible to sleep. All the anecdotes from Balaam and his ass to the "Maori queen's stockings" were related, and were heard by those in bed.

January 27th, Wednesday.—Soon after 3 A.M. there seemed to be a general move. Some went to the river for a bath, others used buckets of water in the road. A little after 4 breakfast was served, and at 5 o'clock we were in our seats on the coach, and were introduced to our driver, a Welshman—Arthur Davis—the best whip in New Zealand; a short, stout man, with a round, merry face and a pair of laughing eyes, dressed in a Norfolk jacket, and crowned with a bandit's hat. He called out "Hall aboard?" and with a shrill whistle and a crack of his long whip the horses, five in number, started, after a few jumps and kicks, at full gallop, cheered by his "Coey!"

After going for half a mile we descended and crossed the Waimakarin river by a winding ford over its rough bed a distance of a mile or more; and again our "bones rattled over the stones," preparing us for a long, steep walk.

Our course now followed another river, until we reached what seemed an impassable place—a *cul de sac*. Here our coachman stopped and addressed his passengers: "Ladies and gentlemen, when the Prince of Wales was here he said, 'The road we are now going is much better for the horses if the passengers walk, and in fact we cannot get to the top without,' so I suggest you should all follow the example of the Prince of Wales" (who never was there). So out we

turned, and walked up in the fresh, cold air, and admired Mount Rolleston, which formed one side of the zigzag (8,000 feet), and got our nearest view of the glacier. After a long and heart-trying walk we arrived on the saddle, 3,020 feet (or the same height as Skiddaw), from which there was a fine view down the Oteira, and backwards down the Bealey, being surrounded by snow-capped mountains.

Our driver now with great care examined the harness of each horse, as also their feet, then the wheels and brake, giving the impression that some more than ordinary road had to be travelled. Our journey has been so far on the



SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS.

east side of the mountain Rolleston, with little or no foliage, the mountains being quite bare; but now, looking down on the western side, the trees and foliage are of the richest description, the lower range of mountains being clothed with huge trees. A large proportion are the Rata, just now in full bloom with flowers of the brightest scarlet, and the ribbon tree, with white flowers, mixed with the New Zealand birch, having foliage more like our myrtle, giving the richest hue to the Oteira Gorge. "Driver, how deep is the valley just beneath where we are standing?" "Nearly 2,000 feet," was the reply. "Have we to get down there?" "Yes." "But how?" "If you are

patient for an hour you will see." We soon found out ; for there is a narrow, winding road on the face of the mountain, down which the coach-and-five went ; and many times, when turning acute angles, we were only a few inches from the shortest way to the bottom. If the narrow road down which we travelled had given way, or one of the horses had fallen, or a wheel had come off, or a trace had broken, our chances would have had to be calculated. Some of the turns were so sharp that the leaders disappeared from sight. The horses were sent round at a good speed, or the coach would not have turned in such a small space. The effect on the coach was something like a ship when struck by a heavy sea. It groaned, and seemed to shake from end to end, an ordeal that struck terror into most of the passengers ; and when the coach stopped opposite the Oteira Hotel every one looked awe-stricken, and "gladly sorry and horribly glad it was over." Davis, the driver, coolly remarked, "After that you will be ready for some mutton chops, which are provided by Mrs. Charles O'Malley." Many, however, were unable to eat, being still in a state of "funk."

The scenery is magnificent, but the road cannot, we think, be equalled for its nerve-trying features. After our second breakfast, and with a fresh team, we had another stage of 15 miles to "Jacks" through some wonderful scenery. From Jacks we entered what is called the Twelve Miles Avenue—a road through a forest of huge trees with undergrowth of tree ferns from 2 feet to 25 feet, umbrella ferns, and other kinds, only grown under glass in England. It was a wonderful change from the former scenery, and superbly beautiful. In all our travels we never saw a road through such scenery ; it quite surpassed that of Norway or Switzerland, and I think there is not such a coach drive of 150 miles. We arrived at Kinnard about 3 o'clock—a

gold-mining village, and very ugly, and there availed ourselves of a tram to go to Greymouth. Now this is an original construction of wood, and goes through the bush for 8 miles. The car is a wooden box, holding eight people; and is drawn by a horse. Halfway we came to a river about a quarter of a mile wide, with banks 50 feet deep; across which a wire is stretched, and on this travels a cage holding six persons. It was a curious sensation being



CROSSING A RIVER.

suspended over this large river; but we landed on the other side all right, and found another tramcar which took us to Greymouth, our resting-place for the night—a welcome rest, too, for we were tired.

January 28th, Thursday.—Spent the morning in Greymouth, a pretty little seaport on the west coast, and in the afternoon went to Reefton by rail and coach, passing a colliery village called "Wallsend." The line and coach followed a river, some parts of which are very pretty, and in the others the original bush still remains. Arriving at

Reefton, a prosperous-looking mining town, where, for the most part, all the men are gold diggers, we took up our quarters at Stephenson's Hotel, and were called upon by Mr. Lewis, manager of the New Zealand Banking Company, who told us, among other things, that the excitement of a digger's life is greater than that of horse-racing or gambling.

January 29th, Friday.—It rained hard all night, but fortunately cleared in the morning, and became a splendid day without dust; this was encouraging, for our coach drive was to be over 60 miles. We started at 8.30 with a fine team of four horses, and occupied the box-seat. The first 15 miles were through the bush, with scarcely a house or a human being or an animal of any kind in sight; only huge trees, with an abundant undergrowth of ferns of all kinds. Then we forded several creeks. In some places the water was rather deep, and the large stones at the bottom gave the coach some awful jumps. A lady was thrown from her seat, because she was too proud to hold on. Fortunately for her she was not much the worse, but it might have proved serious. It quite took the pride out of her, and she held tight the remainder of the way. After the 15 miles we came to the "Inarghua," a fine and picturesque river, which had to be crossed by the coach, horses, and passengers in a boat at a deep place. The sensation was curious, sitting on a coach, sailing in a boat. For this luxury each person had to pay 6*d.*, and the coach and horses 5*s.* The river continued to flow and wind its way through a thickly wooded gorge, with the road sometimes on the same level, and at others 400 or 500 feet above. In the woods we got some lovely views. On nearing Lyell the river runs into the Buller, forming a mighty stream. At the junction there is a house where we dined, and then continued for 30 miles through the cele-

brated Buller Gorge, and at 8 o'clock arrived at Longford, a solitary house in the bush, where we spent the night.

January 30th. Saturday.—We rose soon after 5, and started at 6.30 for another 60 miles' drive, the first 12 miles being still in the Buller Gorge, until arriving at "Hope Junction," when we turned to the left and followed that river for 15 miles, and then ascended the "Hope Saddle," 2,000 feet, which had to be walked for the most part. How horses could pull up a coach over such a road is a wonder; but the teams are first-rate, and would not discredit Rotten Row. We descended into the valley of Manikupitu, and found our dining-place at 2.30,—a public-house standing quite alone, with its solitary proprietor, a good-looking Bushman, who lost his wife, and now lives without a companion or servant. He has to look after eight coach horses and a couple of cows, make the butter, cook a dinner three times a week for the coach passengers, serve his customers with drinks, etc., etc. When we arrived he took the horses out of the coach, invited the ladies to a room, served a dinner for seventeen, consisting of a fine piece of ribs of beef and sago pudding, a cup of tea each, and then put four fresh horses into the coach in 25 minutes! We gave him credit for being a wonderful man, and hope he may soon find a helpmate.

Another 2 hours' spin over a saddle from which a fine view was obtained brought us to Bellgrave, a pretty village, with hop gardens and fruit orchards reminding us of Kent. Here we took a train through a fertile valley with corn-fields in the midst of harvest, and hops and fruit in abundance, a few hours later reaching the prosperous city of Nelson, where no one is in a hurry—it has earned the name of "Sleepy Hollow." Being the eve of its jubilee, which commences to-morrow, although the city is full, or

rather crowded with people, we secured a bedroom through some influence, but only for one night, so arranged to depart by a steamer in the morning.

A walk round the city, including a visit to the Cathedral, which, like Noah's Ark, is built of wood, filled up the evening with the aid of seeing shops ; some were very large and elegant and well-lighted. The streets were crowded with well-dressed young men and women evidently bent on pleasure. In front of the Cathedral, which stands upon a hill at the end of the main street, was an illumination, "Jubilee."

January 31st, Sunday.—We had another look round the pretty city surrounded by mountains, and at the head of a bay nearly circular, with an outlet to the sea. At 10 o'clock we started in the *Managana* for Picton, and enjoyed a most charming sail along the coast until we reached the French pass, a small opening between the mainland and an island about 30 yards wide, with a tide rushing through ; it was like shooting a rapid. We then entered Queen Charlotte and Pectoris Sounds, which much resembled the Soigne Fiord in Norway ; at the end of this sound we became quite landlocked, and then found the sheltered and secluded town of Picton, called "Picton the Beautiful." It is a busy little place, being the market town for a large district, where much fruit and flowers are grown. At 6 o'clock we sailed again for Wellington, and went through another sound into Cook's Straits, separating the South from the North Islands, where there is a strong tide, with a good roll. At 12 o'clock we landed at Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, and found the Masonic Hotel. Our trip through the South or Cold Island was most successful and enjoyable, the weather being perfect, and the climate fit for the gods.

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VII.

*NEW ZEALAND—NORTH ISLAND—MAORI
COUNTRY.*

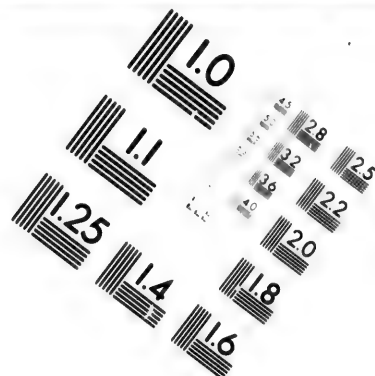
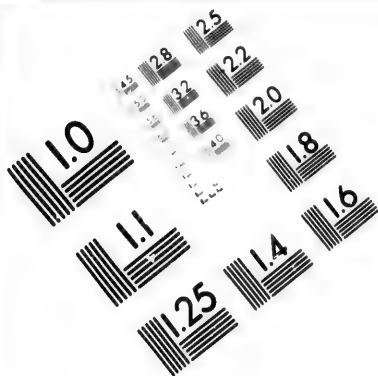
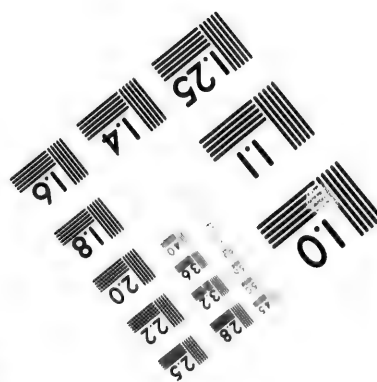
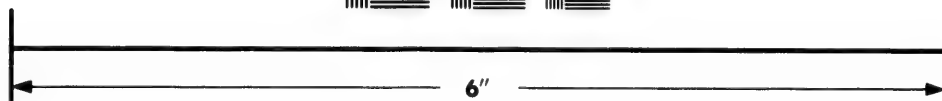
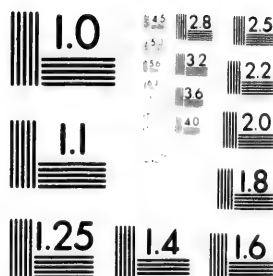


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CHAPTER VII.

NEW ZEALAND—NORTH ISLAND—MAORI COUNTRY.

WE were much struck with the magnificent harbour. It is completely landlocked, forming an immense basin surrounded by high hills, and is calculated to hold all the fleets of the world. The "Empire City," as it is called, occupies the side farthest from Cook's Straits. The wharves are extensive ; and on account of the deep water, the largest ship can moor alongside. The warehouses for wool, flax, and grain, the Custom Houses, Post Office, and two long business streets occupy the flat portion of the city, while the residences of the inhabitants are studded about the hills and gullies. There is a fine Hospital, Lunatic Asylum, and some churches belonging to different denominations. Government House is not a striking place, and the Parliament buildings are only poor ; but when it is considered that these are, for the most part, of wood and plaster, there is not much with which to find fault.

The most striking object is a new prison, being built of red brick on the top of a hill by the prisoners. It is

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a conspicuous object, suggesting that when a man descends to crime, he is exalted to prison.

This city is well up in all the improvements of the age, the town being lighted by the electric light, and the telephone being general.

There are all kinds of amusements, for with the short hours of labour the people have much spare time. In summer cricket and football are indulged in, and in winter theatres and other places of amusement are provided.



WELLINGTON.

Most people work from 8 until 5 o'clock, with an hour for dinner, and the shops close at 6 o'clock.

This afternoon we saw for the first time two Maori ladies. They wore garments like opera-cloaks, of thick wool, large red and yellow check about 2 inches square, and red stockings. They had dark, restless eyes, with the glitter of a rattlesnake; their mouths were capacious, like a codfish or a coalscuttle; their lips as thick as a penny roll, covered with lines and patterns from the nose to the

chin, and as blue as turquoise. This tattoo colour is obtained from a shell-fish, but as Maori girls and boys do not kiss it is of little consequence.

We visited a Maori "Antica" shop, which is principally patronised by Maoris who sell and others who buy. The prices seem exorbitant: an old rug 80*l.*, and a green stone, about 12 inches long, 250*l.* We saw one which two daughters claimed; and as it was impossible to satisfy



MAORI MEN AND WOMEN.

both, they had it cut down the centre at a considerable cost. The keeper of the shop is Mr. D——, from Sheffield, who related some strange tales about these people. We bought some fruit—peaches and nectarines at 4*d.* per pound—for our journey to-morrow.

February 2nd, Tuesday.—We were up at 5 o'clock and walked to the station—the train starting at 6.30—for cabs are unreliable so early. The train wound its way through mountains and over some desperate-looking places, which

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were nothing to our now tutored nerves. About 7.30 we retired to the feeding car and had a good solid breakfast of mutton chops, tea, and marmalade.

Our way for many miles was through the bush, some being cleared, some partly so, and some remained in its pristine beauty. All the stations bore Maori names; on the platforms were Maoris of all sizes, from men 6 feet in height to babies 15 inches, and Maori women selling fruit which they do not grow. Many of them were hideous-looking, with their naturally ugly faces and tattoos. Most of the women were as fat as pigs, with greater diameter than height, and mouths looking powerful enough to worry anything, even each other, which they did some years ago, when white folk could not be found. Not knowing the use of salt, when a victim turned up he or she had to be consumed, so nature provided a great capacity. This is continued, for they won't now use a grain of salt, not even the *cum grano salis*. A family thinks nothing of eating a sheep in one day, and not much cooked, either.

Mr. D—— asked an old man if he knew anything about a man named Flinton. He replied, "I did a little, for I ate him." These strange people don't like work, but many are fond of whiskey and tobacco, and will soon improve themselves off the face of this fine country,—and the sooner the better.

A journey through the bush is not exhilarating. Sometimes you see miles of dead trees, brought about by cutting a ring in the bark; in other places immense fires smoke like a battle-field, while in others the trees have been blown down, and are lying in the greatest confusion, with here and there a bush house, in which bushmen and their families live, many of them sons of English gentlemen.

At a station in these districts a most elegant young married woman, with a little boy, got into the train. She must have been an inhabitant of one of these log houses, for there were no others. Her costume was of the latest fashion, being quite up to Rotten Row, with a smart bonnet covering a Grecian blonde face, primrose kid gloves, and a white parasol. She got out at the market town of Palmerston North, with a long list for purchases, and had a return ticket.

We passed through the Manawattu gorge, where is splendid river scenery, and a tribute to engineering skill. Farther on our journey we came into more fertile and cultivated country, with large sheep stations, good horses, and everything pointing to prosperity. We arrived at Napier soon after 6 o'clock, feeling rather tired with our 200 miles' journey, but quite ready for a good dinner at the Masonic Hotel.

February 3rd, Wednesday.—After a good night's rest we saw a most perfect sunrise at 5 o'clock from our bedroom window. The sun rose out of the sea into a cloudless sky with great colour and striking effect. In front of our window was a fine balcony the whole length of the house, 12 feet wide, fitted up with chairs and tables, and facing the sea, which has been a great delight during two or three of the hottest hours in the middle of the day. Napier is a most charming place, with splendid shops, warehouses, banks, and other fine buildings, including a very pretty Cathedral built of red brick and stone, from a good design, and one that would do credit to any community. These are built on a level facing the sea, while the residences, which for the most part are very pretty, with well-kept gardens, stand on the hills and gullies. In the front of the town, and facing the sea, is a fine promenade,

nearly two miles long, built by prison labour, which is not yet completed, as the prisoners were at work.

During the morning we visited a wool sale, which was a most spirited affair, and found some buyers from Bradford and Keighley. About two miles from here is the Spit Hawk's Bay, the shipping port, with large warehouses and good quays. This is considered the best agricultural district of New Zealand, and seems in all particulars a prosperous place. Fruit is much grown, and is very cheap—peaches, apricots, nectarines, figs, greengages, and plums, all in perfection.

We have spent a most pleasant day, and cannot speak too highly of the Masonic Hotel and its host.

February 4th, Thursday.—Rose at 5 o'clock and again saw the sun rise; had breakfast at 6 o'clock, and started for a long drive on a coach, 54 miles, to Taraweed. It was a light coach with four horses, holding five persons, each restricted to 20 lb. of luggage. The first part of the journey was round the "Spit," and over a bridge 600 yards long, then by the side of Hawk's Bay for 6 miles until we reached a river. Then came a new experience, for our "trac" was up the bed of the river, sometimes in the water, and at others going over large stones and rocks, shaking our insides, until we felt something must give way. We crossed and re-crossed 47 times in 10 miles, and had the water frequently up to the bottom of the coach. The sides of the river are high banks, with, in many places, beautiful weeping willow trees, and in others high rocks. The mountains seem to overhang the river, forming a close gorge. At the head of the river the "trac" was up the face of a mountain to a saddle 2,900 feet in height. It was a hard pull up, but from the top there was a splendid view. Although we had travelled 30 miles, Napier and Hawk's

Bay could be seen, as it were, at our feet, and over the plains for long distances. Descending we came upon a lake, and a flock of 4,000 sheep being moved to another run by four men on horseback and twelve dogs, who had them in charge. It was a most interesting sight.

We continued in the wildest mountain scenery all day, with the exception of twenty minutes for lunch at a solitary house. We overtook a cavalcade of horses laden with sacks of corn, in the charge of Maori men, with their brown faces and gay clothes. It suggested Joseph and his brethren, who, of course, were brown. A little farther on we saw some of the ladies on horseback with their gaudy cloaks; one had a child in front. They did not use side-saddles, because these ladies ride after the same fashion as men.

After climbing two more saddles nearly as high as the first, and descending into the valleys, we reached Taraweed, a decent sort of stopping place in a most picturesque situation, but without any luxuries.

February 5th, Friday.—Soon after 5 o'clock we were astir, and rain was just "blowing up," as the people say in the mountains. At 7 o'clock the coach started without other passengers, so we had the pleasure of a private conveyance; the sun had broken out, and everything looked charming and felt fresh.

The first ten miles were through the mountains—sometimes crossing high passes, and at others through deep valleys full of ferns and quick-running rivers. After crossing the last pass, we descended to a plain, on the opposite side of which we expected to find Lake Taupo. It was an arid and desolate-looking country, composed of grey sand and pumice stone, with very little traces of vegetation, only patches of Minuka tree, which is regarded as a weed.

The prospect of thirty miles of this did not seem inviting, but had to be got over ; fortunately there was not any dust. With one exception, we saw neither man, house, nor animal of any kind ; the only living thing being an occasional bird. The exception was when about half-way across we came to a river and a station for changing horses and taking in a little lunch. Here were a few animals, both human and otherwise. Having a few minutes to spare, we adjourned to the river, into which a stone was thrown, giving us the first Antipodean experience. It is said cherry stones grow on the outside of the fruit, etc., in this country ; and in England we say "sink" like a stone. Here this did not happen, for the stone came to the top and floated away. We tried some very large ones with the same result, and then had stone races in the stream. Needless to say this is pumice stone.

Another 15 miles of most interesting driving brought us to the hills again, and after a sharp ascent we obtained a good view of Lake Taupo. Another hour of up and down hill landed us at the Terrace Hotel, from which we had a splendid view of Lake Taupo, 15 miles wide and 24 long. On the opposite shore are two active volcanoes, Tongariro and Ngawriho.

This hotel is built with two fronts. At the one farthest from the lake there is a gorge about 100 feet deep, from which arises steam. A footpath soon introduces you to the first of the many wonders to be seen in this neighbourhood. On reaching the bottom we saw some terraces of all colours—pink, green, red, and white, from which boiling hot water was running, having been emitted from thirty different orifices ; the flow is continuous, and a large volume of steam is given off. Two baths about 15 feet square have been erected, and the water allowed to

cool. We were not long in availing ourselves of these hot baths for refreshment before dinner.

The sunset over the lake was very effective, and later the moonlight gave another picture, making us feel, like Mr. Middlewick's son, that all had been turned on for us to-day.

February 6th, Saturday.—Rose early, and with the rest of the household considered the question of baths, as some difficulty was experienced when a dozen people wanted to have a bath at one time.

After breakfast we went to see a Maori pah, or village, by the side of the lake. All the wharrys, that is houses, stood on legs about 6 feet high; some already in the water, and canoes for use when required. A walk of 2 miles brought us to the township of Taupo, with its hotel, post-office, and store. We saw three young Maori girls on horseback,—of course without side-saddles,—and met them afterwards in the post-office, when they had fastened their gaudy skirts round the neck, and exhibited some good understandings with shoes and stockings. We learnt that all single women ride on horseback astride, but when married they are expected to use side-saddles, and that they frequently marry very young; also that a man may have several wives if he can keep them.

After lunch we took a carriage and visited the place where the river Waikato leaves the lake, and, following its banks, came to the rapids, where the river rushes between confined rocks, and then falls about 50 feet. It reminded us of Lerfoss in Norway. The river is particularly grand, there being fine views from an elevated road of the Huka falls.

About 3 miles farther brought us to Wairakei, which is renowned for its hot springs, geysers, mud holes, blue

lake, etc. It is a place with some trees and grass, and the hotel is a one-story Maori wharry," now divided by reeds into four rooms, and a dining-room in the centre; the roof and sides are constructed of flax, which makes it look like a haystack with windows.



A GEYSER.

There are some other buildings, one containing a drawing-room and nine bedrooms. On arrival all were invited to take a hot bath, which is in the garden,—the ladies went there; and we had a hot natural waterfall bath,—quite a new sensation to stand under a waterfall of real hot water coming down a small river.

During the evening we went out to witness the transit of Jupiter and Venus. A Yankee said it was 1,600 years since the performance took place, and he calculated we won't see it again in a hurry.

February 7th, Sunday.—

Being some miles away from a church or chapel, and six from the nearest house, there was left to us the admiration of nature and God's wonderful works only, on one of the finest possible days, with a cloudless sky. The proceedings commenced with baths, breakfast at 8.30, and at 9 o'clock we went to the top of a hill to see a volcano in active operation; then we walked through a valley to see the "Great Champagne Caldron," a turbulent and active geyser in a constant state of ebullition. Presenting the appearance of new champagne, it gave off

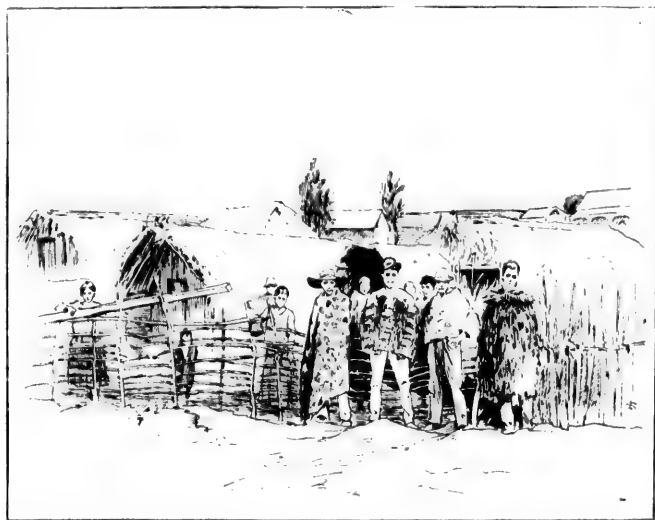
a rich bouquet of sulphurous steam, frequently so hot that we had to retire. The brand was "Satanic"! Near this place is a mud geyser where, eighteen months ago, a Maori horse with two packs of flour and a bag of sugar on its back was walking, when the ground gave way and all disappeared.

Our next sights were the great Wairakei in eruption every seven minutes, rising to a height of 50 feet; the Donkey Engine, a steam hole, making a noise like an engine; the Fairies' Baths, three hot pools of delicate tints, all different though quite close together; the Cascade Geyser, or dragon's mouth, so called from its formation of pink scinto, its boiling waters flowing over pink encrusted rocks, forming cascades; the Lightning pool has the appearance of flashes of lightning in rapid succession coming up through the boiling water; the Black Geyser, so called from the scinto formation of manganese mineral deposit; mud geysers of various tints and delicate hues; the Blue Lake, the only coloured boiling lake said to exist, resembling that on the White Terrace of Rotomana, now extinct; the Oil Bath, or Muddy Pool, with an oily substance floating on its surface; the Eagles' Nest, an active geyser playing up through petrified sticks; the Devil's Punch Bowl; the Boilers; the Prince of Wales' Feathers; the Mirror; the Twin Geysers, two beautiful geysers playing alternately every five or six minutes, the water flowing over a unique specimen of terrace formation; the Coral Geyser, a deep red formation; the Green Pool; the Terekereke Geyser, a turbulent active geyser with much steam.

All these geysers are boiling, and emit a large volume of steam which can be seen for miles, and smelt also. They are far too hot to approach closely. Words fail to describe

these sights, so awfully grand and awe-inspiring; the mind cannot help thinking what may happen any day.

Last night we heard there was a slight earthquake, but our slumbers were undisturbed. We returned to our wharry about 1 o'clock, and had a good dinner, after resting till 4, when it became cooler; and, having partaken of afternoon tea, which much refreshed us, we started for the



A MAORI PAH, OR VILLAGE.

Great Blowhole, or Devil's Trumpet, 3 miles west from here. It has been calculated that the emission of steam is at a pressure of 180 lb. to the square inch, through an aperture of 12 inches, and is the safety valve of this district. We threw in stones and sticks, which were immediately sent up into the air; also a parasol, which rose up like a balloon.

February 8th, Monday.—Rose early, had another waterfall

bath, and prepared for starting at 8 o'clock for a coach ride of 54 miles.

What we saw yesterday has much impressed us, and given a good idea of what a volcanic country means in the Southern Hemisphere. All this emission of boiling water forms a river which runs into the Green hot lakes, and then, after cooling a little, forms another river running into the Waikato, and finds its way to the sea.

A gentleman on the coach, who had come from near the eruption in Dong, told us that the earthquake was rather severe, and the outburst was large, sending sand and pumice-stone over 20 miles.

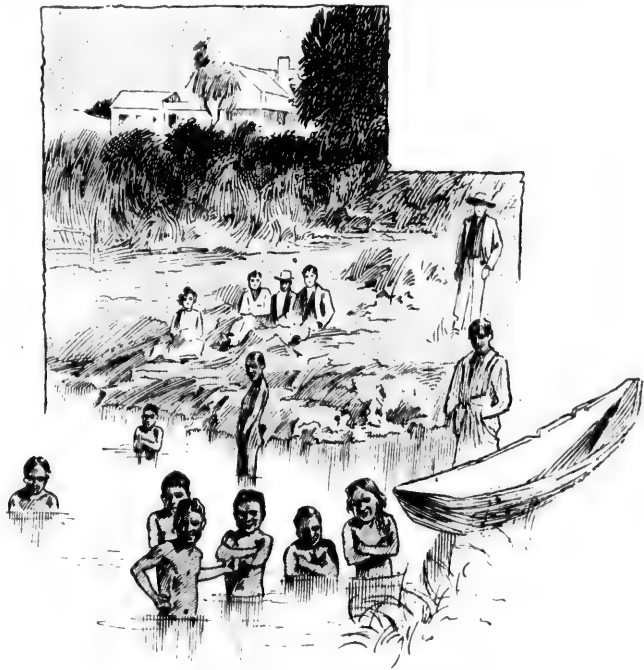
We left Wairakei with some regret, having been comfortable and very much interested. Our drive was through a desolate, mountainous country, without houses or cattle for many miles, until we came upon a Maori pah, where the prophet lives. We saw his wife, a tall, stout old woman, dressed in white, but with such a face!

On the hill opposite is the Maori cemetery, with graves railed round, painted white. About half-way was the station, for changing horses and taking in refreshment on the banks of the Waikato. Continuing a rather uninteresting ride without passing a soul or an animal, we arrived at this place Rotorua about 5.30, and found a most comfortable home in the Lake Hotel. A natural hot bath and dinner were most acceptable.

This is a Maori village on the shores of Lake Rotorua, and is known here as Ohinemutu. It is a most picturesque place, but its surroundings do not commend to your mind so close a proximity to the (infernal) internal arrangements.

All over the village are active geysers from which steam and boiling water issue. Anywhere you can establish your own geyser by working with a stick for five minutes.

A lady and gentleman recounted to us the effects of the earthquake, which destroyed the terraces on the other side of the lake, and killed Mr. Bainbridge, of Newcastle, as well as doing many other dreadful things, working up the imagination and nervous system to a high tension, when a storm



OHINEMUTU AND LAKE ROTORUA.

of lightning, thunder, rain, and wind broke over us : a real one that made all shake, and brought a fit of terror upon us, because the great eruptions always commence with thunderstorms. Fatigue, however, sent us to bed, with the expectation of being, like a Cockle's pill, swallowed before morning.

February 9th, Tuesday.—Not much sleep during the night, for the noise and rain, but we were still on the upper crust. About 9 o'clock the rain cleared off, and we started to investigate the place.

It appears this is all Maori property, the population for the most part being Maori, with houses planted in or near geysers, which are used by the occupants for cooking; and in winter, instead of sitting by the fire, a mud-hole is resorted to. It seems quite comical the way in which the people sit with only their heads out of the ground.

By the side of the lake we met some girls; one said she spoke English, and entertained us. Their costumes were rather gay, one having a pink Garibaldi. The question was asked them whether there were any fish in the lake. The reply was, "Yes, gold-fish; me get one." Without any ceremony the English-speaking damsel quickly denuded herself of her clothes, and jumped into the lake; the venture was, however, unsuccessful, as far as the fish went, but threepence rewarded her efforts.

We saw several groups of men and women playing at pitch-and-toss for money. All were smoking either pipes or cigarettes. This is a common occupation, as work is not part of their calling.

We were amused to see a woman boiling her kettle in a geyser, and cooking potatoes in a hole in the ground, where also the bread is baked, if such a name can be given to the compound.

On a peninsula going out into the lake is a rather pretty wooden church, and behind it is a cemetery, now closed on account of the fevers which arose, for the dead were laid just under the surface; some had steam blowholes through the graves. There are headstones railed round, and the steam blowing out produces a curious effect.

Marriage is, it appears, a simple process here, little more than providing for the wife, who may be 12 or 13 years old; but to get a divorce is more difficult, for the whole tribe has to pay a fine to the nearest tribe, and the offending husband or wife is expected to contribute a substantial part of it.

To-day we drove to Tikitere, on the opposite side of the lake, to see some wonderful boiling alum springs and a hot waterfall; also some mud geysers, one specially active. Then we ascended a hill where there is a fine view of two lakes—one cold, blue, and the other hot, green. Returning we called at a burying-place in the wild scrub, which consists of sweet-briar, rose trees, and ferns, to see the resting-place of some who were killed in the eruption of 1886. There is an obelisk erected to the memory of Edwin Bainbridge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who was killed. The landlord of the hotel—"The Lake"—was close to him at the awful moment when the house fell, and Joseph McRae lost his house and property worth £6,000, but had his life spared. In his present house he runs the risk of another earthquake, being surrounded by hot springs.

Although the scenery from his house is so lovely, there is a strong smell of the infernal regions, in the shape of sulphur, pervading the whole district.

February 10th, Wednesday.—An early bath, and a start soon after 7 o'clock, with a carriage and a pair of willing horses, on a fine morning, is not depressing; but a ride through a mountainous country devoid of vegetation and life becomes tiring after 20 miles. About 11 o'clock we arrived at Waiotapu, and were met by the Maori proprietor, who showed us boiling pools, mud pools, volcanoes, green, blue, and many-coloured lakes.

Near here is a long rift with earth about 100 feet deep

and 200 or 300 wide, with pure white alum cliffs and incipient terraces. One is now becoming considerable, and gives some idea of the formation of the celebrated white and pink terraces destroyed in 1886. There are also fine specimens of sulphur crystallisations of various colours. This place also suffered at the time of the 1886 eruptions. It is sad to see the effect of such destruction.

Our guide gave us some account of the awful night of 1886. He and his brother and sisters were in the house when the eruption commenced, and in their fear ran away. One of the sisters crossed upon unsafe ground, and fell through; three weeks afterwards the brother found her head above the ground, but her body had gone. He also lost two or three

children. This guide, his brother, and sister are splendid-looking people, about 6 feet in height.

After hearing these sad accounts, and seeing so many wonders, we lunched in the guide's house, a most picturesque-looking structure, and then started to visit the place where the terraces were supposed to have stood. With our nerves well strung up we proceeded on the way, passing blowholes, "Hell's Gate," and all sorts of awful-looking places, when a vivid flash of lightning and a clap of thunder suggested



A MAORI CHIEF.

something horrible, so we determined to return to Ohinemutu. The discomfort of wet clothes during a four hours' ride quite restored the nerves and prepared us for the "cure all" of this place—a native hot bath and dry clothes.

The inhabitants of Ohinemutu are fond of amusements. A ball was announced for the evening, to which we went ; but on arrival found it to be a roller-skate carnival, followed a week afterwards by a ball. These functions are held in a spacious wooden building with an excellent floor. There was a gathering of all the Maori youth and beauty, dressed in the loudest colours. Most of the girls were smoking cigarettes, for pipes on their festive occasions are not permitted. Every girl and boy had skates on ; many were quite proficient in the art. We were invited to join in the sport, but being the only whites present, modesty, combined with a little consideration for age, prevented our accepting the offer. The sight was novel in the extreme, to see such brown faces and gaudy costumes ; however, the greatest decorum prevailed, as the master of the ceremonies did his duty.

We were specially favoured with moonlight. The moon rose on the opposite side of the lake, and shone brightly on the still waters.

February 11th, Thursday.—After breakfast we visited the Government Sanatorium, established for the administration of the thermal waters of this district. The building is very pretty and most convenient, and can provide for twenty-one patients. Dr. Ginders was not at home ; but the matron, Miss Birch, showed us all over the place. The grounds cover a good many acres, and contain natural springs of hot waters of various kinds as well as geysers and mud-holes. In former times the invalid pitched his tent, and

found out the most suitable spring for his particular complaint. The names of the principal baths are taken from these pioneers—for instance, the Cameron's Bath, McHugh Baths, Mackenzie's Bath, and the Priest's Bath; which remind one of the fact that when Christopher Columbus discovered America he found a Scotchman there.

The Sanatorium Baths are splendidly arranged into a series of large swimming baths and smaller private ones, as the quantity of boiling water is unlimited, and has to be exposed for cooling. There is also a natural sulphur vapour bath, which is over a sulphur blowhole, in the form of a box with the lid off; inside it is thickly coated with sulphur deposited by the vapour. In a separate building is a bath which attracts patronage—Rachel's Bath, or "Beautiful for ever." In the description we find the following: "The delicious sense of the *bien être* produced by bathing in this water, with the soft satiny feeling it communicates to the skin, must be felt to be appreciated." It removes freckles, wrinkles, sunburn, and all traces of decaying nature; in fact, these baths are the marvel of the world. A few days' sojourn here gives an idea of the value of the baths in local estimation. Some of them re-liver, others put rheumatism and sciatica to flight; while some would, if you had faith, restore the circulation in a wooden leg. A gentleman who had come from London, with whom we had sailed, expected a cure for paralysis, but had to leave this week because the place did not suit him.

In the afternoon we went to Whakarewarema river—such a nice name!—to see some wonderful geysers sending up boiling water 50 feet, and a white terrace with blowholes, etc. The river is a mountain stream flowing quickly over rocks, and at a point runs into a considerable pool, which

would not attract attention but from the fact that every fifteen minutes there is a blow up of about a ton of black earth from the bottom to 10 feet above the surface, which in two minutes is repeated, and then rests a quarter of an hour. This show place is the property of the Maoris, who live in considerable numbers on the ground. We saw them boiling potatoes in a geyser and cooking meat in a blowhole.



A MAORI WHARRY OR HOUSE.

Our guide was a swell young married woman with gaudy clothes, bare feet, and elaborate tattoos. She spoke a little English.

Bullock-waggons are much used in these districts; we saw one with splendid bullocks. It was a fine sight. The animals seemed quite docile, and did not object to the work. The driver rode on horseback, and directed the bullocks with a long whip. At night they are turned loose, and the driver sleeps under the waggon.

When in the bush we overtook a party of fourteen Maoris—ladies and gentlemen—on horseback, on pleasure bent. They were dressed in European style, with many colours, their dark faces being in good contrast to white tulle hats. Evidently these people are rich, and enjoy themselves, but they smoke too much. We also saw one of the Maori nabobs at Rotorua; his costume was comical. To begin at his "pate": he wore a very high, old-fashioned, narrow-brimmed hat, a black dress-coat and vest, without a shirt or collar, then a large check black-and-white woollen shawl pinned round his waist, with neither shoes nor stockings upon his peduncular extensions. Height over 6 feet; estimated weight 25 stone; colour nearly black.

February 12th, Friday.—We rose early and prepared for a long journey, starting in a buggy with a pair of horses at 8 o'clock. We soon got out of "hot water," and at the end of 10 miles were in the bush—splendid trees and ferns, with a great deal of sweet-briar bushes, about 10 feet high, covered with red berries, and giving, in the cool morning air, a delicious fragrance. We continued in the bush for 8 miles, and then got into what is known as the Oxford Forest. The road is on a ridge about 700 or 800 feet above the valley on each side, and in some places is very narrow. One side of this valley is quite barren, while the other is filled with stately trees, with a river at the bottom. This continues for about 10 miles, and is awfully grand. Descending to the valley and crossing the river brought us to Oxford, which does not resemble in any particular our university city; except there was at the hotel a black parson, who was going to hold a service on Sunday in the dining-room. The town boasts of one hotel and five houses, and about a mile away a railway station. We dined at the hotel at 2 o'clock, then left for Auckland

by an especially slow train, which goes three times a week, passing Cambridge, which is even smaller than Oxford.

For some distance we travelled along the banks of the Waikato river, said to be the finest in New Zealand. About 8.30 we reached Auckland, well tired.

February 13th, Saturday.—We are now located in the Grand Hotel, Auckland, which is built of brick and stone, and have spent some time in arranging our luggage, which met us here like an old friend. Wooden houses and little encumbrance have been our portion lately.

February 14th, Sunday.—We found our way to St. Matthew's Church, where there is a good service, and then had a walk through the park, which commands a fine view of this beautiful city and harbour. The parson said he was going to read a sermon preached by a learned English divine on the Epistle of the day, and did not wish to claim it as his own. Would that others would follow his example!

February 15th, Monday.—We visited the free library and museum: both of these institutions contain many valuable contributions by a former governor, Sir George Grey, who has left his mark in New Zealand. The collection of Maori curiosities is most interesting, and will be more so in consequence of these people abandoning their former mode of life, and becoming Anglicised, even to drinking whiskey. There are also many things from the South Sea Islands, Fiji and Sandwich Islands, and others quite unique.

Auckland is the finest city in New Zealand, with a population of 60,000. It has wide streets, and buildings of brick and stone, giving an idea of more solidity and finish when compared with any of the other cities.

With the intention of seeing as much as possible in a short time, we ascended Mount Eden, about 1,000 feet in

height, a volcanic elevation with an extinct crater at its apex, in a very perfect condition. From its highest point there is an unequalled panorama stretching from the sea on the east to the sea on the west. On the east is the city with its harbour, covering many miles, presenting the appearance of an inland lake, surrounded by hills, with an outlet to the sea, protected by Barrier Island standing across the entrance. There are many handsome villa residences, with stately trees and shrubs adorning the banks: this, with the blue water, gives the idea of a fancy picture. Turning to the west is the harbour of Onehunga, spreading over a large expanse, with some of its arms nearly joining those of Auckland. One day, no doubt, the work of uniting them will be accomplished, when money is more plentiful, because it will effect a saving of 100 miles to Sydney, and 200 to west-coast ports. Both on the north and on the south are plains with mountains in the back ground.

We were delighted with this natural panorama, and were loth to leave it. One conspicuous object in the landscape was the hospital, a very large building upon the knoll of a hill.

For the most part people do not live in the city proper, but in villas in the suburbs. Many of these villas are in creeks running from the harbour, with very beautiful gardens, where all kinds of fruit and tropical plants and shrubs seem to flourish: in fact, the place is a paradise.

February 16th, Tuesday.—We started early for Lake Takapima in a steamer, crossing the harbour to the village of Devonport, where is the signal station for ships, then went in a coach 5 miles to the lake, passing many pretty places and seeing views. The lake is circular with high banks covered with trees and shrubs, being about a mile

in diameter, and is an extinct crater. There are a fine hotel and many pretty residences. Although only about 100 yards from the sea, the water is fresh, and though at a lower level, has a higher temperature, due, no doubt, to volcanic influences.

Having packed up our baggage and dined, we went to the steamer to sail for Sydney, 1,200 miles, regretting very much leaving New Zealand, where we had so much pleasure.

The head waiter at the Grand Hotel, hearing us speaking of Scarborough, asked permission to make a few inquiries, as he was brought up at Hutton Buscel, and knew many persons in Scarborough and the district. He was delighted to hear of people he knew, but was afraid, after an absence of thirty years, few would remember him.

The steamer *Wairarapa*, with the number of people on board, was like a penny show at a fair, and became quite overpowering, as the visitors were not rung off till 10 o'clock—an hour late. The sky was cloudless with a full moon; the spectacle was very pretty. There being so many passengers and no opposition to the Union Steam Company, the managers do as they please. Four were packed in a small cabin intended for two, and hot as an oven. This we did not like, but there being no alternative, matters were soon settled; for all the cabin lights were put out at 11 o'clock—everything being carried out with a high hand—port holes were closed, skylights shut, all fresh air was excluded, and the passengers left to “stew in their own juice.”

VIII.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

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CHAPTER VIII.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

FEBRUARY 17th, Wednesday.—We rose early after an uncomfortable night, still living, at the same time not relishing the idea of four more such nights. Fortunately it is the last voyage in this company's ships. Both the ships and the monopoly are overcrowded; yet, strange to say, the New Zealanders are proud of this line, which they consider the finest in the world.

The weather was most charming; but the sea, with a rather heavy ground swell, was disturbing in its effects upon the "innards" of those not educated, reducing considerably the number of promenaders.

We have been sailing along the coast of the North Island all day, and passed the town of Russell, the last on the North, also the North Cape with its lighthouses, and now have left behind a cluster of thirteen islands, called the "Three Kings"—the last we shall see of New Zealand, a country to be remembered with much pleasure. Several sharks have been visible during the day, looking out, it is supposed, for any one dropping overboard. One called forth some sympathy, poor thing, being, like Caesar, dead!

It had died or been killed, and, like Shespeare's beetle, would realise whether "the sense of death is most in apprehension." Nobody seemed afraid, though within a few yards of this monster of the deep!

February 18th, Thursday.—We are getting used to our hot cabins, taking to them as a cucumber to a frame. It is a splendid day, with a swell on the sea. Nothing of interest occurred, except the sight of passing a vessel under full sail.

February 19th, Friday.—

"A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep.
Where the scattered waters rave.
And the winds their revels keep."

This is quite in accordance with the present (Pacific) ocean. On board is the Reverend Canon C——, who has raised the ire of many of the passengers, in consequence of the time he occupies the bath—three-quarters of an hour!—keeping every one waiting. We told him that if his sermons were as long as his bath, his congregation indeed deserved pity. We don't know how he stood the amount of chaff received this morning. To-morrow it may get beyond a joke, for he is in danger of being dubbed a K.C.B. by being kept there.

In our cabin of four we have a Frenchman who cannot speak a word of English. Poor man! the situation does not suit his tastes. He reminds us of an old French friend, with his antics, and bothered us much with his impedimenta, having sundry bags and flimsy packages: one a green bag containing about a dozen new shirts, which seems a white elephant to him. It occupies a place in his berth, and when he gets in, it is a question where to stow it; sometimes he places it at his feet, sometimes at his back, and so on. Then he has a brown-holland bag hanging on a hook, swinging

with the ship, which, in the dark, looks like some one moving about, tempting one to call out, "Who's there?" It was wicked, but we were tempted to examine the contents of this tormentor, finding what we least expected—six grand *chapeaux*. What a brain it must be to require six such coverings—a large green helmet, a pith hat with a brim wide enough to cover a whole family, a Panama straw, a felt, an opera, a regular "gibus," and another. Perhaps he has escaped from New Caledonia, as many do, and come this way. About 5.30 in the morning, seeing some one pass (for the door is obliged to be left open), he called out, "Garçon, cup ta"; to which the reply was, "No tea until half-past six." Of course that was not understood. Shortly after the demand was repeated, with the same answer; so we explained. At the appointed time the "cup ta" arrived, and was duly handed in to the bottom berth, and found too hot; in a few minutes he bolted out of the berth, for the "cup ta" had upset, making his quarters too warm, even for a Frenchman, whose exclamations, etc., we fail to record.

This afternoon the ship had a fairly good roll, just the kind to reduce the profits, in the way of broken plates, glasses, etc. From the writing-table a large-sized ink bottle migrated to a seat, discharging its contents thereon. Presently a nice young man sat on it, but nothing happened to him beyond the trademark of the liquid.

February 20th, Saturday.—A dead calm with a cloudless sky, and very hot. Turned out early to avoid the fate of dissolving into a grease spot.

The learned canon did not patronise the baths this morning, being afraid of his installation as K.C.B. Nothing of interest transpired during the day.

February 21st, Sunday.—We arrived in Sydney at 6

o'clock, and left the ship after breakfast for the Hotel Métropole, where we found very comfortable quarters, but were unable to get our luggage, it being Sunday. We spent the morning in the Botanical Gardens. In the afternoon we went by train to Cogee, nearly an hour's ride through the National Park and suburbs. It is a very pretty place; a bay, with high cliffs; and there is a fine aquarium. After tea we went to St. Philip's Church, hearing a good sermon from the Rev. — Langley, delivered with great vigour to a large congregation.

Sydney Harbour is one of the wonders of the world, and must have been a great freak of nature—volcanic, no doubt—in emptying such a large area. It is like an octopus, its many arms stretching for miles inland, and of great depth, even close to the shores, where large ships can be moored. These shores are for the most part hilly; some clad with beautiful trees and foliage, while others are stern, hard rocks. On these shores the city is built, and on the hills beautiful villas, with subtropical trees, shrubs, and flowers, all denoting great wealth and luxury. In a general aspect it far exceeds any city we have ever seen, and impresses the mind as a fancy picture.

In the city proper there are fine stone buildings, amongst others the Cathedral, Government offices, and Land and Post offices. To the latter is attached a high tower, from which signals are exhibited when letters from mails arrive, in the day by flags, and at night by electric lights in various forms. The tower has a large illuminated clock, without the usual figures, and can be seen from most parts of the city, on account of the clearness of its faces. It chimes on splendid bells, cast by Taylor of Loughborough, and is the most imposing post-office in Her Majesty's colonies.

The streets are not like Melbourne, but much after the irregular style of London. George Street, King Street, Pitt Street, etc., are fashionable ones for shopping, having several arcades with fine shops, especially for fancy work and millinery.

The great drapery concerns are quite as large as the best in London, where all the novelties of the season are exhibited. Of course we patronised them.

The flower and fruit shops are great attractions, especially the former; for the flowers are magnificent, with the rarest orchids and blooms of the most striking colours. The fruit shops secured our frequent patronage, because with splendid fresh grapes at 2*d.* and 3*d.* per lb., good weight, peaches as large as the biggest oranges $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*, 1*d.*, and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* each, passion fruit, apricots, nectarines, etc., equally cheap, we did not wish to lose our opportunities.

In most shops goods seem to be quite as cheap as at home. We noticed corsets of the latest fashion, warranted to improve the figure, at 1*s.* 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.*; complete suits of the newest patterns of tweed, made to measure, 70*s.*, with an extra pair of trousers given in. Grocers, with all kinds of novelties, from kangaroo tongue to preserved bamboo. Splendid "flesh" shops, with meat as cheap as you could desire,—a 9 lb. leg of mutton, finest quality, 2*s.* 6*d.*; half a lamb for the same amount; beef from 2*d.* to 4*d.* per lb.; best rump-steak, without bone, 6*d.* per lb.; sheep's kidneys, 3*d.* per dozen—a plentiful commodity, for 60,000 sheep are killed every week, to go to England after being frozen. This accounts for the eating of meat at each meal, there being nothing cheaper. Dogs in consequence suffer, and are in a chronic state of mange.

A Chinaman, rejoicing in the name of Quorn Tart, has several establishments for the sale of tea, and provides

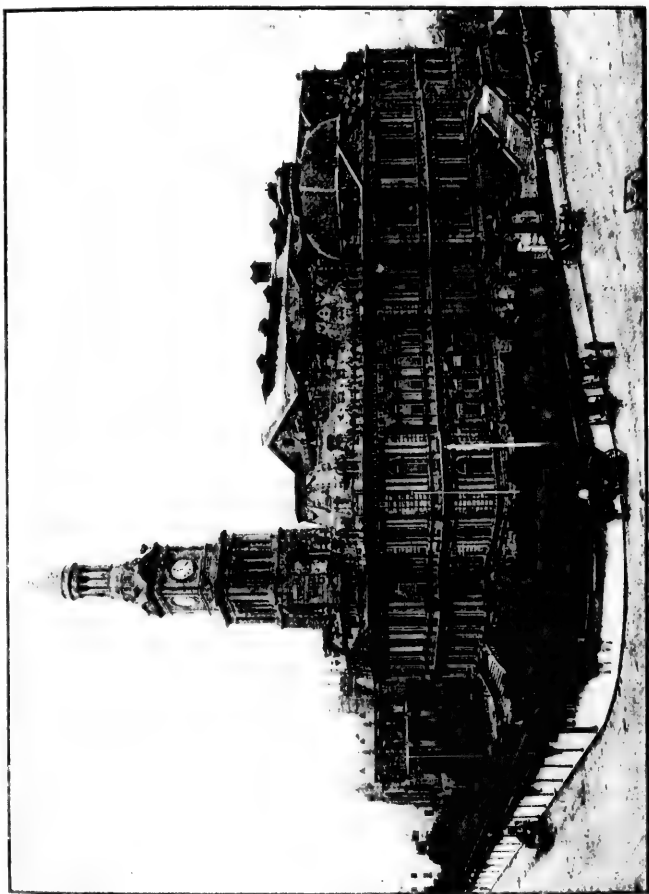
afternoon tea of fine flavour, with delicious cakes, hot and well buttered. The *élite* patronise him in crowds. Of course we went more than once. This Chinaman has made and is making lots of money, and out of his abundance does many charitable works, not only to his own countrymen, but also to the heathen Saxon. There are many Chinese shops of all kinds, and many Chinese following various occupations; they are for the most part peaceable citizens. We saw, however, a great fight among them consequent on a decision in the police-court. Bamboo canes were freely used, and with much spilling of blood, the noise was like a regiment of tom-cats. The police soon restored order.

The Town Hall is a splendid stone building, with a Centennial Hall, seating 6,000 persons. It contains an organ, built by Hill & Sons, of London, said to be the largest in the world. The organist, M. Auguste Wiegand, of Brussels, receives a salary of £600 a year. We went to a recital, and were much gratified. The *Vox Humana* stop was used with marvellous effect in the Sicilian Hymn. The air sounded like voices in the distance accompanied by a full band.

On Sunday the service at the Cathedral was feeble, with the exception of a good, sensible sermon from the Dean, who is upwards of eighty years of age.

One day we visited the Arts Gallery, which includes a good collection of English masters both in oil and water-colours. Foreign artists, however, were not well represented. We recognised many Academy pictures, and one good cattle piece by E. Hargitt. Our colonial friends are evidently good customers of R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s. But they leave outsiders to earn a name.

The Museum is a large building, and contains many



SYDNEY TOWN HALL AND CENTENNIAL HALL.

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curiosities. The Free Library is also a handsome structure. The Hospital is very large, and another wing is about to be added to it, to which the Government has contributed £25,000. It struck us on seeing such grand public buildings that people are more generous here than at home in the old country ; but it appears that the Government provides most of the cost of the buildings on the understanding that the public maintain them.

The Charity Organisation Society's work is carried out on an extensive scale ; one-third of the income is given away, the other two-thirds being spent in necessary expenses ; for all charitable institutions make use of the society's information, and, as there are no poor laws, private subscriptions help the many who are now out of work, or they would starve. The depression in trade is said to be the outcome of the late strikes, about a year ago. The workmen are stupid to be so deluded by trade-unionist agitators.

Many excursions can be made from Sydney ; and in arranging a trip two or three weeks should be allowed beyond the time spent in the city. This we unfortunately did not know, so had to make the best use of our time. About 50 miles away, and passing Botany Bay, of convict renown, after traversing the National Park, containing about 30 miles of land reserved for public use, we came to the colliery districts of Clifton, where thousands of tons of good coals are obtained, and either shipped or sent by rail. Beyond this is Bulli, beautifully situated on the coast, with a view of Sydney Heads. With the aid of a carriage we ascended upwards of 1,000 feet through the Bulli gorge to the Loddon waterfalls, which are very pretty and curious ; for after the first fall there is a second into a round basin, without any apparent outlet, and the river is not seen again for five miles.

Another trip was up the Paramatta river, a continuation of the harbour for about 20 miles, through scenery much like some parts of the Clyde, with well-wooded banks studded with fine residences, having parks down to the water, with bathing and boathouses. In some places the river is three miles wide, while in others quite narrow,



NATIVES, NEW SOUTH WALES.

looking more like a series of lakes than a river. Landing, we secured seats in a tram for the three miles to the town of Paramatta, a pretty place, with beautiful gardens, sub-tropical shrubs and plants, and extensive orangeries. This seems to be the garden of Sydney, for the whole district is laid out in market gardens and fruit orchards.

Another day we went to the north shore in a steamer, then by tram a couple of miles, and afterwards by a coach

10 miles on high ground above the harbour ; then descended to a ferry, where coach and horses went over, and on to Manley, a beautiful seaside resort behind the north head of the entrance to the harbour. There is a gap in the cliff, with low land, and on the side near the sea is a fine promenade called the Stayne. On the other side, facing the harbour, is another gap, with extensive baths for ladies and gentlemen. The town lies between, nicely planted with trees.

This beautiful place and district is not without its drawbacks ; many find it too hot, but we did not find the heat oppressive. The mosquitoes were our bugbear, and seemed to like a little new blood. Curtains to the bed were provided ; but we, being greenhorns, had to purchase our experience by much discomfort, having neglected to hunt inside them before extinguishing the light. Four real professors, old hands evidently, had a "go" at us the first night ; consequently for a day or two we looked like escaped small-pox patients.

We leave Sydney with great regret, having had a most enjoyable visit, and hope some time to return here for a longer sojourn. Now for preparations for our long voyage to China on the way home.

IX.

VOYAGE TO CHINA.

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CHAPTER IX.

VOYAGE TO CHINA.

*M*ARCH 2nd, Wednesday.—We sailed at 1.15 in the steamship *Airlie* for Hong Kong. The ship is one of the Eastern and Australian line, about 2,000 tons, of the old type, with the cabins in the stern, and lighted dimly with oil lamps. The captain (Ellis) and officers are English, but the crew are of several nations, certainly not white men. The stewards are all Chinese, dressed in native costume. The "stewardess" is also a Chinaman, with a pigtail, who looks very modest when attending upon the ladies in their cabins.

Passing out between the Heads, with their splendid light-houses, we found a rough sea, quite upsetting several of the passengers, who had to retire.

Our dinner-table was thinly attended, and the good dinner provided had to go begging, for the "highways and byeways could not supply guests."

March 3rd, Thursday.—We have had a north-east gale all night with a rough sea, and the ship rolling very much, not adding comfort to those already sick. The gale has increased during the day, and big green seas have struck

the ship, sending tons of water from end to end. We are running close in shore, and have the advantage of seeing the country, which appears in some places to be well cultivated; also we have passed the mouths of several large rivers, where there are towns of considerable size. Our six Chinese stewards look strange to us with costumes, bare arms and pigtailed; one has a fine crop, for when plaited it reaches within 6 inches of the ground.

March 4th, Friday.—We had another rough night, with heavy seas continuing until we reached Moreton Bay, about 7 o'clock, when the ship got into smooth water. What an electrical effect a calm has upon the appetites of the people! The breakfast-table was well attended, and justice done to the very ample provision, when "all went as merry as a marriage bell"; then it was like sailing down a lake, with land on both sides, but not any signs of population.

About 1 o'clock we anchored in the Brisbane river; but much to our disappointment were unable to go up to the city, for we had expected a turn on shore. After a time a steam tug came alongside, bringing many passengers, chiefly Chinese. One family excited a good deal of attention—China Pa, China Ma, and six piccaninnies, one about eight months old, all dressed in Oriental costumes and looking like a royal family. The lady had earrings about the size of half a crown, jade stone and gold, and large pins in her head-dress to match. We shall see more of them, but perhaps not the grand costumes. Another Chinaman, of less pretensions, brought his wife and family to see them off. The parting between the father and the youngest child was most affecting.

Lunch was delayed nearly an hour, waiting patiently for the Earl of —, who was expected to arrive in a Govern-

ment launch; but as he did not come we had our meal, and then the arrival took place. A smart steamer drew in sight, and salutes were made and exchanged. Then it came up alongside, giving us the opportunity of witnessing the leavetaking between Lord O—— and the Governor of Queensland, the Prime Minister, and lots of other State dignitaries, who formed a procession on to our ship, even to the Derby dog. But this dog returned, being wiser than one who came on board at Sydney; for the Sydney dog had either been made into a "Chinaman's pie" or had a long swim, for he disappeared.

After more formalities these grand folk cleared out, and we resumed our voyage at 2.45. What an effect a little aristocracy has! All the officers wore full dress, the sailors being in white jackets and trousers; and the decks were washed twice and rubbed with white sand, which we believe did not call forth any remark from the visitors.

On leaving Moreton Bay the ship again responded to the roll; and many faces became once more elongated, and the dinner-table was neglected.

March 5th, Saturday.—During the night the sea settled down, and became quite smooth, with a burning sun and cloudless sky, making the sea azure blue and the atmosphere very hot, although all devices possible were used to keep cool—port holes with "wind scoops," "punkas" worked by Chinamen, and awnings set—but the sun shone all the same. Fish of all kinds were most abundant, and sea monsters disported themselves alongside the ship; particularly porpoise, who seemed to enjoy steeple-chases, while dolphin went lazily along.

About 6 o'clock we got well within the Barrier Reef, said to be constructed by "coral insects," and extending over 1,200 miles of the course we were going, giving the assurance

of a smooth sea, being like a lake. After sunset the new moon rose in a cloudless sky, and the whole was a perfect scene of repose, except the water sent up by the steamer's screw, being full of noctiluca, or phosphorescence of the sea.

March 6th, Sunday.—We rose at daylight to find a picture of perfect loveliness, for the sun rose on the Northumberland Islands,—a number of small islands uninhabited, with the exception of one, Percy Island, where a solitary man lives, *per se*, quite on the lines of Robinson Crusoe. We passed the Richmond Islands, and should have landed on one of them, but were a day late, and it was Sunday.

Sailing close to the mainland, the whole scene forcibly reminded us of a sail from Oban to the Isle of Skye, but with a different atmosphere ; this is called the "Inland sea of Queensland."

The dog-watches were most amusing on the fore-castle, all the Chinese firemen and sailors dining with the steerage passengers. They sat in rings of about a dozen, without chairs or stools, but on their haunches. In the centre of the deck was a large tin containing pieces of meat curried ; each man had two chopsticks in his right hand, and a basin of rice in his left ; with the chopsticks he secured a morsel of curry, and then some of the rice, repeating the operation until filled.

The Eastern men said a prayer with their foreheads on the deck, then knelt round a bucket of rice, and with chopsticks in each hand kept up a stream of rice until satisfied ; then said another prayer with their foreheads on the deck. The next performance was either smoking small pipes or cigarettes, and playing at cards.

There was a splendid sunset at 6.10, with much colour, and the night was fine, hot, and calm.

March 7th, Monday.—We went on deck early, and saw the sun rise at 5.50. It was a beautiful sight, for we were just sailing into a bay ; at 6 a.m. the anchor was dropped opposite the North Queensland capital, "Townsville," which has a population of about 15,000. The town is built at the foot of a rough rocky hill, and has a harbour enclosed by two breakwaters of considerable length, but with the disadvantage of shallow water.

After breakfast about twenty passengers went ashore in a steam launch ; we found it very hot, moist heat. The first operation was posting letters ; and then, after looking round the town, and deciding there was nothing to be bought except "Beetle paste" and "Keating's insect powder," chartered some carriages for a drive. The main street, Flinders Street, is wide, and has good shops, with two or three public buildings. Just outside the town a river is crossed to a village, where all the houses are on legs from 4 to 6 feet above the ground, in consequence of floods ; and farther along there are some pretty places with most luxuriant foliage.

At the end of four miles we arrived at "Acacia Gardens," where bananas and pineapples are grown in fields like turnips. The pines average 2*d.* per dozen, and bananas are about the same price. Custard apples are most delicious, and lots of other tropical fruits are very abundant. The trees, shrubs, and flowers, also orchids, are in the greatest perfection, and many very immense. Some are the same as grown in our hottest houses as small plants, while here they are trees.

The proprietor was most kind in giving us fruit and flowers, and showed us some wonderful Queensland birds. He also regaled us with ginger-ale, a most acceptable drink in such a hot place. Mosquitoes of a large size were

most energetic in their attentions to the visitors. We suggested they should be chained up, but the rejoinder was, "You should be here to-night."

At 3 o'clock the launch took us on board again, in time for that bewitching institution, "afternoon tea."

The sunset was very fine, and the moon rose, giving quite another effect to the islands we were sailing amongst.

March 8th, Tuesday.—At 4.45 the anchor was dropped about a mile from "Frankland Isle," an uninhabited island just inside the Barrier Reef, covered with tropical trees, cocoa-nut palms, and orchids. Soon after 5 o'clock ten of us left the ship in a boat, four armed with guns to shoot pigeons. It soon became evident that the birds were on the look-out, for we saw flocks of hundreds leaving the trees. Landing in a small cove, the shooters went in quest of prey, and by the reports must have found plenty of sport. We had a walk in the thick jungle, and started up a wild turkey which went away, as we had left our guns in England. Orchids were in profusion, and large tropical flowers hung from the trees; the shores were one mass of coral and wonderful shells. A good deal of coral was collected, but the finest was obtained by the "Malay sailors" diving and breaking it off with a hammer, and was afterwards boiled to kill the coral insects, and to make it white.

We returned to the ship at 8 o'clock, and resumed the voyage, after four hours of great excitement, with good appetites for breakfast.

About 11 o'clock we anchored off Cairns, a small town inhabited by fishermen of various nations—Chinese, Malay, and some English.

A large quantity of *bêche-de-mer*, or trepang, an im-

portant food luxury among the Chinese, is caught and prepared here ; it consists of several species of echinoderms or sea-snails, which frequent the coral reefs, and is often called sea-cucumber, having a body from 6 to 15 inches long.

The preparation is simple, for after being caught they are boiled for about twenty minutes, and then split up and made ready for drying. This is effected by their being kept open with three pieces of stick. We took on board six tons to convey to China, where the value is about £100 per ton. We must say the smell is strong, and not like rose-water ; however, the captain promised some for dinner the next day.

Tropical rain is curious in its action. Several times we have seen a cloud settle upon an island and drench it with rain, while all around was quite fine and bright.

During the afternoon we passed a large waterfall, plainly visible in a range of mountains on the mainland, marked on the chart as from 2,000 to 5,000 feet. No doubt there are many such waterfalls in these high ranges. About 8 o'clock we steamed into Cookstown Bay, and anchored off the township. A large fishing-boat came out to us, as there is no steam launch, and brought ten tons of *bêche-de-mer*, which was added to the cargo for China, also a plentiful supply of pineapples and melons for ship's use. Soon after tea we started again, and steamed along the coast for two hours by the light of the moon ; then cast anchor, because it is not practicable to navigate this coral sea in the dark.

March 9th, Wednesday.—A most beautiful day, without a ripple on the water, and we are sailing through coral reefs and islands. For the most part the reefs are covered with water, while others show above, being only masses

of coral. In many places the channels through which we have to pass are quite narrow, and require the greatest care; while some of the islands are huge rocks 500 or 600 feet high, without the least sign of vegetation; others are covered with tropical trees, palms, and ferns. The sea is quite clear, and a long distance down can be seen where there are objects to attract the sight. This coral sea is truly a marvel; for fresh wonders of the deep are frequently to be met with. "Cockroaches" are rather prolific in the cabins, so we have hunts, and often after a good "run" get a "kill," but nobody wants the brush. Our investment in beetle paste may, we hope, prove effectual; but that can only happen when the ship is cleared, because these animals, about 2 inches long, can and do fly, and are active on their many legs.

We came across a lightship stationed in these little frequented seas; it was painted red, and of course attracted attention. A signal was made to send out a boat, when a collection of books, periodicals, and newspapers was packed in a chest with a fresh leg of mutton and sundry other things, much like sending a schoolboy's box. The ship did not stop, and the boat was too small to come alongside, so the present was cast into the sea and picked up with acknowledgments of gratitude.

Before 3 o'clock the ship anchored opposite Claremont Island. The boats were lowered, and a large party went to the island to shoot and investigate. The shooters had good sport, killing ninety-six pigeons besides many other birds. The investigators found tropical trees, shrubs, flowers, palms, etc.; and the beach of this wonderful little island, less than a mile in length, was prolific in shells, as well as fish. *Bêche-de-mer*, crabs, and oysters were abundant, and a goodly stock found its way to the ship for con-

sumption. Pelicans and blue stork were busy in their occupation of fishing, and had a different aspect from those in the Zoo.

At sunset (6 o'clock) the ship's "siren" sounded, when the boats were manned and all returned to their old quarters after a most enjoyable afternoon.

Soon after dinner a heavy rain came on and obscured the moon. As the navigation was intricate, the captain ordered the ship to be anchored for the night; and the "anchor watch" was set, liberating not a few from duty. Chinamen, always having an eye for the production of food, commenced fishing; and not for sprats, but sharks, as these are more solid flesh, and the "fins" are accounted a great *bon bouche*. After one or two bites there was great excitement, as a monster about 9 feet long was firmly hooked. Then a black sailor was let down to hitch a rope to its tail. When all was in order the process of hauling up was commenced, with Chinaman's vision of fresh fish, and the satisfaction of others who like a change of diet. Suddenly the haulers were nearly thrown down; then came a great splash, and Mr. Shark was free to announce the adventure to his brother-sharks.

March 10th, Thursday.—We sailed soon after 5 o'clock, with a fine morning, but very hot; shade temperature from 90° to 100°. Navigation most intricate for eighty miles, going through narrow reef channels and small islands.

Soon after 2 o'clock the ship anchored opposite Bind Island, and the boats were lowered. The first one took the shooting party and the second the exploring people. Landing was rather difficult on account of the ridges of coral preventing the boat getting near the shore. The beach was one mass of coral and shells of all kinds, some clam shells being 3 feet wide. Crossing a narrow

tongue we came to the lagoons, miles and miles in extent, and quite shallow, with patches of mangrove trees growing in the water on the coral, the roots being projected from the trunk, and branches forming, as it were, stilts for the tree to stand upon, as the roots do not go into the coral very far, and would be upset by the wind if it were not for these supports. These lagoons contain all kinds of fish, *bêche-de-mer*, young sharks, growing sponges, and many interesting objects only to be found in tropical and coral seas. We were surrounded by lagoons and islands as far as the eye could see, and the wonder is how a ship can be navigated. We came across a fishing-boat on the shore with eight men ; only one seemed to be English, the others being a collection of all nations,—Malay, Chinese, Japanese, and niggers. They were collecting pearl shells, sponges, *bêche-de-mer*, and anything else of value ; they hailed from Albany Pass, and are in the employ of Mr. Frank Jardine. It was quite refreshing to hear birds sing ; many of the finch tribe, and they had a nice song. There were several kingfishers hopping about the ship, without any fear of being molested.

The captain resolved to remain at anchor until daylight, so after dinner there were various amusements on the ship. Many of the passengers busy cleaning shells and arranging other curiosities. Fishing for sharks was to the fore with the heathen Chinese, but it only ended in a few bites and loss of pork.

March 11th, Friday.—All the ship was astir at 5 o'clock, when the sail through dozens of small islands was quite exciting, and there were speculations as to which was the way. In two hours we came to Albany Pass, through which the tide runs like a mill race. On the mainland side is the settlement of Mr. Frank Jardine, who

has a beautiful house ; but his visitors must arrive by sea, consequently neighbours cannot trouble him much. He has a fleet of fishing-boats and some cattle, and takes his produce to Thursday Island.

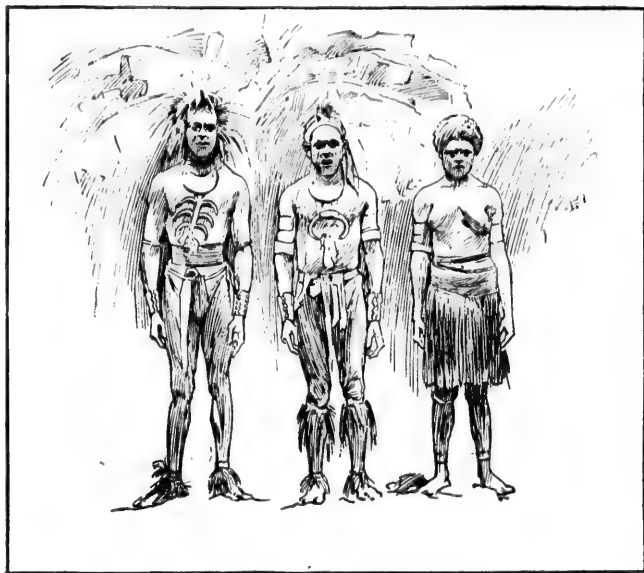
On the land are immense ant hills, some of them 10 and 20 feet high, looking like cairns. On the island opposite are the graves of missionaries who were murdered by the natives. We passed, among many others, Monday Island, Tuesday and Wednesday Islands, and also saw the melancholy sight of a shipwreck. The masts of a large full-rigged ship were standing out of the sea, while the hull was on a reef ; no lives were lost. Sailing through a narrow strait we came into a large sea lake surrounded by islands, and on one of these is the settlement of Thursday Island, a prosperous place, where the pearl fishing and coral people bring their catches for sale, and take away stores. Landing in shore boats we visited all the shops and had great fun. Some of our party met old friends who had just come from New Guinea. We were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. C., the celebrated missionaries, who have lived among the New Guinea savages for twenty years ; they are most interesting people, and were on their way to England.

The population is about 1,050. Six hundred of these are Malays, Javanese, South Sea Islanders, Singalese, Papuan, and other dark-skinned races, while the Europeans are of various nationalities. The settlement is expected to increase, being the nearest port to New Guinea, and only separated by the Torres Straits. The Singalese always have an eye to business. They brought out of their pockets little parcels of pearls, asking a few shillings for some, and for others £40 to £50 ; but we were not tempted. We daresay some people would have purchased their wonderful teeth,

being whiter than pearls, while others in their admiration inquired as to the nature of the tooth powder used.

At four o'clock we set sail and wound our way out into the open sea. The evening was spent in discussing shore experiences.

March 12th, Saturday.—We were sailing across the Gulf



NATIVES.

of Carpentaria, 760 miles to Port Darwin. The sea was smooth, and in the absence of wind very hot. This Saturday afternoon is a sort of holiday with the Chinese, so we went to see how the time is spent. About a dozen sat in a row while two used the lather brush a'' over the face and forehead, also the back of the neck; then two operated with rather large razors. The next performance was brushing and plaiting the pigtail, then washing a few

clothes. A pipe and a sleep concluded the holiday. The Chinese seem to do everything in companies of about twelve.

March 13th, Sunday.—From the forecastle we saw in the calm sea a splendid "Portuguese man-of-war," or Nautilus. It looked about a yard long, and exhibited magnificent colours when using its propeller. We were then in the Aradura Sea, and sighted land, where a thunderstorm was going on, whereas the sea was calm and the full moon gave all sorts of beautiful effects.

March 14th, Monday.—It was a fine sight to see the moon setting in the west and the sun rising in the east at the same time. The moonset was as warm in colour as a good English sunset. The sun rose blood red, and the glow in the sea was wonderful from both. We sailed through Dundas Strait, between Melvill Island and the mainland. Melvill Island is in the sole occupation of the aborigines, who live by hunting buffalo and eating coconuts and other palm-tree produce. There was great preparation, for eight of our passengers were to leave at Port Darwin, where we expect to land at 1 o'clock.

We reached Port Darwin in due course, and had a warm reception, for several of the passengers had friends there. The Government steam launch with the temporary governor on board, and some officials, came out to meet us. The port is prettily situated on a promontory in a deep bay, and the township of "Palmerston" is on high ground behind. The settlement consists of large blocks of corrugated iron houses all painted white, the English being on one side and the Chinese on the other. There are 1,300 inhabitants; about 1,000 are Chinese and other nations, while 300 are English. On arriving at the pier we were much struck with the collection of aborigines who were in a state of nudity

with the exception of a strip of Turkey red, provided by the Governor, who insists on its being worn when there is a steamer in the harbour. These people are quite black, and have bows and arrows, spears, and other warlike implements. The men are for the most part tall and athletic, with black hair, black eyes, large flat noses, painted yellow,



QUEENSLAND ABORIGINE.

through which a round bone 6 inches long is inserted ; underneath is a most capacious mouth filled with large white regular teeth, protruding over the chin, giving a most ferocious aspect. The body is supple, and covered with large tattoos and marks of wounds—the limbs are long and thick, with the finest ankles, about as thin as a good walking-stick ; the whole skin is embellished with paint, some like tigers. The females rather shocked our ideas

of propriety with their want of costumes. Many of them sat upon the edge of the pier, with their legs dangling down, smoking their pipes, which when not in use, and for the want of pockets, were stuck under "bangles" made of plaited grass, worn on the arm just below the shoulder.

On an invitation to *dive* these ladies discarded the turkey red and swam round the ship. Sixpences were thrown into the water, for which they dived, and sometimes remained long under water. "Shark" was suddenly called, and there was a regular stampede to the steps of the pier. Some of the women had little black babies, a few weeks old, and there were other children of all ages.

In the afternoon we visited the Settlement and saw Government House and also the Telegraph Station, quite an important place; for the submarine cable ends here, and there are twelve operators with their families, who are relieved every five years.

The Governor and this little colony are the *élite* of the place. They have a tennis-court and horses and carriages provided for their amusement. There ought to be many more diversions in such a place and climate, for the heat is prodigious.

We then visited the Chinese part, where all the shops are, and saw many funny things.

After dinner we went to the Government part to witness a "Corroborree," but shall fail in giving any adequate description of so wonderful a sight. Portions of three tribes were assembled, the largest being the "Emús," living in the immediate neighbourhood; the next the "Alligators," from the Alligator River, a few miles away; and the others the "Larikins." It was estimated about six hundred were present. The ground (cricket ground) was prepared by erecting three large bamboo canes firmly in the earth

near which each tribe had its "band," consisting of women and children. Some blew through bamboos of different lengths, making a trumpeting sound, while others tapped with sticks upon pieces of wood, keeping good dancing time. Opposite each tribe was a large fire made of sticks, and well supplied with paraffin.

The Emu tribe were got up to represent the emu bird, having head-dresses two feet high to imitate the "comb and hackle." The body was painted the same colour, with striped legs, and a bunch of feathers behind to take the place of the bird's tail. When the music arose with "voluptuous swell," these "Emu warriors" issued from the darkness with the gait of the bird, and making a similar cry. Then commenced the Emu dance, never losing sight of the birds' movements, even to one ascending the bamboo and perching on the top. The "Alligators" were got up like tigers and other wild animals, and came out of the darkness roaring and yelling. They danced, if it might be so called, to the wild strains of their music.

This lasted until nearly 11 o'clock, when a tropical thunderstorm sent the people to their homes, and the natives into the thick jungle, but the rain did not spoil their clothes; not even the turkey-red, for they had none.

These exhibitions are infrequent, and only called together by the Governor upon special occasions, because sometimes the tribes get money and purchase rum, which ends in fighting.

The reward is generally a few sacks of flour, just now a great boon, for the jungle is very thick with the rain, making hunting most difficult.

March 15th, Tuesday.—We were astir early, having arranged to leave the ship at 8 o'clock for a drive. The morning was very hot, and it was pleasant to get into the



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jungle out of the sun, where the grass was about 6 feet high, and where grew lovely wild tropical flowers and splendid trees.

We passed several groups of natives who had taken up their temporary quarters under the trees. After an hour's drive we arrived at Sandy Point, on the edge of the bay. Here a native and his wife emerged from the jungle with their dog. They had been hunting, and killed an "opossum" for dinner.

Our ladies purchased the wife's bangles, made of grass, which were difficult to get off her arms. We gave them some tobacco, and filled the wife's pipe, contributing to her pleasure. The man gave us an exhibition of the use of his arrows and spear in killing animals, in return. Mr. R—— did some conjuring tricks with money, astonishing these simple people, who asked frequent *encores* and uttered yells of delight. They were so pleased that they came to see the ship off, and bid us good-bye.

We next visited the prison in the jungle, near the bay, where punishment is tempered with mercy, and prisoners well fed,—a pound of meat with a pound of potatoes each day for dinner, and a quarter of an ounce of tobacco afterwards, with other luxuries. The labour punishment is very little, for the climate is too hot. We found it cool there with 95°.

A short drive brought us to the Botanical Gardens, where everything that can be grown is exhibited. A good deal of sugar-cane and tobacco is cultivated, and all kinds of tropical fruit.

We returned to the ship, and as the hour of departure drew near there was a large gathering of people, not the least interesting sight being the Chinamen bringing back the washing. All the ship's linen was washed in

24 hours, and many passengers had goodly quantities. It was satisfactorily done where instructions had been given for "washing, starching, and ironing"; but it was comical to see the faces of those who had sent shirts to be "washed," as the instructions were carried out to the letter, leaving the garments unfit for wear.

When walking near Palmerston we had a conversation, under difficulties, with the king of the Emu tribe. He is a fine old man, about 6 feet 2 inches, with a graceful carriage. He introduced us to his two brothers, who are equally fine men. We inquired about the queen, but could not see her. These tribes are fast dying out, having small families, and as cultivation increases wild animals disappear, and with them the natives.

The ship left at 5 o'clock, accompanied by a steam yacht, amidst the strains of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

During the evening we had a tropical thunderstorm, with deluges of rain. The lightning continued for several hours.

March 16th, Wednesday.—A splendid day after the rain. Everybody tired with the excitement of yesterday.

March 17th, Thursday.—Soon after daylight we came in sight of the Island of Timor, a mountainous country, with foliage to the tops of the hills, and sailed close to the land until 10 o'clock, when we arrived at Deilli, a Portuguese settlement upon a tongue of land covered with palm and other fine trees.

Our steamer anchored about a hundred yards from the shore. All the passengers landed, and found a very pretty place with an avenue of trees about a mile long, and houses here and there on each side of the road. Government House, barracks, post-office, and a covered market are the

principal buildings, all in a dilapidated condition. A large number of natives met us at the landing place, and eyed us with the same curiosity as we did them. Some of our ladies had visions of "curio shops," with wonderful native baskets, and home-spun garments, etc., so invaded all the stores; but they had to retire without making any purchases, as not a word of understandable language was spoken. The next attack was upon the nearly nude natives, who are a small race, with protruding mouths and little black teeth, from the effect of "betel nuts," one of which is kept under the upper lip, over the teeth, giving a dirty effect. Bangles were seen on the arms and ankles. But there came a difficulty, for the natives did not appreciate English money, and change had to be found. Bamboo combs of the rudest construction were purchased, and a large rough knife in a sheath. We got together a crowd of niggers, male and female, as well as children, and Mr. C—— fixed up his camera; but as soon as it was observed there was a regular stampede, and we were left in possession of the road. A camera would disperse an army of natives, such is their superstition.

This place has little communication with the outer world, and not much trade. Coffee is grown in the mountains, but is not considered good. The trees on the beach are splendid, some of the trunks having a girth of 60 feet.

The island is much neglected by the Portuguese, who lose money upon its retention. The length is about 300 miles, and the width 60. The highest mountain is 7,000 feet, with valleys capable of growing anything. Splendid wheat and potatoes have been produced, but the natives are idle, and the Portuguese bad colonists. In the hands of a few Scotchmen it would soon become a valuable island. We were to have sailed at 5 o'clock, but

the governor could not finish his despatches ; so we had to settle down for the night, with the hope of starting at daybreak.

March 18th, Friday.—We were up at daylight, but there were no signs of the inhabitants of the town being awake, and the despatches had not arrived ; so the Captain woke up the place with the ship's siren, which echoed through the hills, and brought out the native blacks in crowds. Then a message was sent giving notice of the ship's departure, "despatches or no despatches." The anchor was got up, and the shore rope taken in. Of course, just as we were starting the despatches arrived, and very small affairs they were too.

Our sail out was beautiful, and the island looked charming in the morning light.

We had an addition of twenty-one passengers besides children, consisting of Portuguese, Malays, and Papuans, as well as some mongrels, mixtures of these races. These people are not an acquisition, on account of their habits differing much from Europeans. As a study of human nature they are most interesting, and exemplify the few wants of people in the tropics. They require little food ; rice is the staple, with fruit.

Clothes do not cost them much consideration or money. Their beds are only a mat put down anywhere, and they do not use either chairs or tables. Ice is unknown to them, and seemed to alarm a big fellow, who had a piece given to him.

We have been sailing all day in the Banda Sea, which seems alive with flying fish and porpoise. It is rather rougher than usual, for many passengers could not "show up" at dinner—a great disappointment, being "ice cream day."

March 19th, Saturday.—At daybreak we sighted Bero Island, with its mountain 9,000 feet high, and in the middle of the morning came close upon it. It is a fine island, 200 or 300 miles long, and about 100 wide, and is a Dutch possession, very thinly populated with Malays, and has only two small settlements, and a small production of coffee. After tiffin, one of the Banda Sea storms came on,—squalls with deluges of rain; such rain is never seen out of the tropics. It has been estimated that an inch an hour comes down. The ship has either to stop or go dead slow, because it is impossible to see. The squalls continued at intervals, so all amusements had to cease except quoits under the awning.

March 20th, Sunday.—The sun rose at 6 o'clock in a cloudless sky, with a smooth sea. About 8 o'clock we crossed the Equator, always a great event on a ship. Neptune did not visit us, as it is said this Banda Sea is too deep.

About noon we passed some small islands with mountains of volcanic origin, and entered the Molucca Straits, where there is a good roll from the Northern Pacific, which thinned our Sunday dinner-table, and lessened the demand on the "ice creams."

In the second dog-watch we, as usual, visited the fore-castle, and saw the Sunday games. Some of the native soldiers from Timor were amusing themselves with parrots and other beautiful birds. We have not yet spoken of our farm on the fore end of the ship, which was well stocked when we left Sydney,—two milch cows with each a calf, twenty-four sheep, six lambs, a number of turkeys, geese, ducks, and chickens, and, last but not least, twelve pigs for the Chinamen, and a farm servant to take care of this large family. When we got out to sea it was found that the

farmer could not milk the cows. So Captain G——, a passenger, volunteered to do so, and we all gave a helping hand. The farmer had to be taught under the penalty of being put ashore. We had' fresh milk twice a day to feed the dozen or more babies, and the calves got the remainder.

Before sunset we sailed close to the Celebes, a very large mountainous island, belonging to the Dutch ; then entered the Celebes Sea, which was rather lumpy all night.

March 21st, Monday.—A fine morning in the Celebes Sea. In the afternoon we got under the lee of the Philippine Islands, giving us smooth water. A smoking concert, with Lord O—— in the chair, went off very well. The Hon. W. J. T—— gave a most interesting lecture on Australia, which called forth some discussion.

March 22nd, Tuesday.—We were up before daybreak, to see the Island of Mindanao, which is a Spanish possession. It is volcanic, mountainous, and well wooded. If in English hands it would be productive. Sugar, fruit, tobacco, etc., are grown ; but there is no capital or energy. The island is about 200 miles long and 70 or 80 wide, with most beautiful mountains and long valleys. We sailed in some places within half a mile of the beach, admiring the huge trees, cocoa-nut palms, and abundant tropical foliage. We saw the natives moving about ; at one place they lighted a fire and came out in a canoe, but the captain did not stop the ship. The rising sun gave a good effect to the scenery ; it tipped the hills with gold. On the other side of the ship we passed the Palawan Island. It was like sailing up a lake with beautiful scenery always changing.

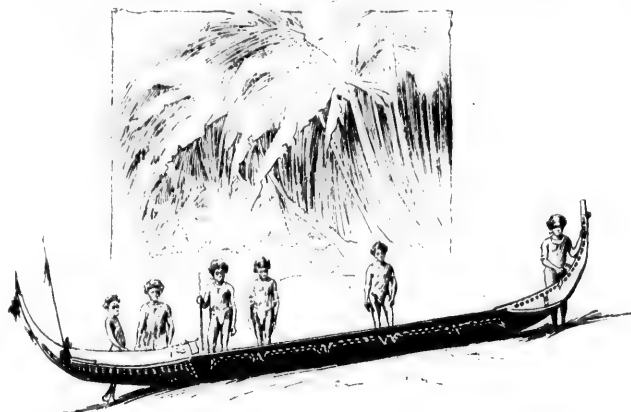
We made the Negro Islands and the Island of Panay in bright, hot weather.

March 23rd, Wednesday.—Early in the morning we sighted Mindoro Island, and sailed close to it most of the

day. It is most beautiful, and looks very attractive ; but a white man cannot live there ; it is said, twenty-four hours always produce fever and death.

Passing through the Mindoro Straits, we came to the Island of Luzon, with Manilla for its capital. Manilla Bay is very fine, but the captain would not call on account of the "dues." So smokers had to do without the celebrated cheroots.

March 24th, Thursday.—A splendid morning in the



NATIVES AND CANOE.

China Sea disappointed many, for there had been great preparations on the ship for stormy weather, the China Sea having a bad reputation.

March 25th, Friday.—About 10 o'clock last night we got into the storm—a N.E. monsoon—and had a sleepless night, for the noise of the wind and sea, the clashing of doors, breaking of crockery, and things rolling about, made a perfect Bedlam. Our cabin in the morning was a sight, for everything was on the floor, and our boxes moved about like live things. The storm continued all day.

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CHAPTER X.

CHINA.

MARCH 26th, Saturday.—Sailed into Hong Kong at sunrise.

After a stormy crossing in the China Sea we passed through a series of islands, and then entered the "Sulphur Passage," which is very narrow, and has a small fishing village on both sides. Coming through the islands we saw large fleets of "fishing junks" with elevated sterns, looking as if they were sailing wrong end first to oblige their curious-looking sails. On emerging from the channel the sun sent forth his rays and lighted up the vast expanse of water forming the harbour, 10 miles in diameter, surrounded by rugged rocks, the highest being 1,800 feet. This harbour is the rendezvous for a large fleet, both naval and mercantile, there being many fine English steamers as well as sailing vessels, giving an air of great prosperity. On landing we found a fine and beautiful city, with great, massive buildings fronting the harbour, and comfortable-looking residences studded about on the hills, also miles of Chinese streets and shops gaily painted and decorated. We took up our quarters at the Hong Kong Hotel, being

a delightful change after nearly a month on the ship ; and as the hotel proved to be first-class, it gave us much pleasure.

The first operation was the changing of money, to commence a campaign in the novelty of Chinese shops, where several hours were spent in inspecting the curios, from pottery ware (beg its pardon, china ware) to food shops, where sausages are sold on strings—that is to say, the meat is threaded. Ducks and chickens are sold in joints as small as the purchaser wishes, besides many other things quite indescribable, suggesting that either a Chinaman's wants are very small, or his means limited.

In the afternoon we went in *jinrickshas* to the Funicular Tramway, which ascends two-thirds of the height of the Peak, 1,800 feet above the harbour. It is a most wonderful structure, with the terminus three times higher than from the sands to the top of Oliver's Mount, and steeper than the South Cliff tram, at Scarborough. The remainder of the way has to be walked. On the top are two large hotels, patronised in hot weather, a branch Government House, several private dwellings, and the apex is crowned with an observatory. Fortunately it was one of those pearly days which infuse life into old bones and adorn Nature with brightness and glory. The view of the harbour and surrounding hills was perfection, exhibiting one of the finest panoramic views in the world. The colouring of the blue water, bronze rocks, and the spring green of the trees, shrubs, and flowers, produced a picture to be remembered.

Turning round to the other side are a vast number of small islands, which operate as breakwaters to the waves of the rough China Sea, and give strength to this important naval station, at the same time lending a charm to so wonderful a seascape. From this position most of the Island of Hong Kong is visible. It lies off the coast of

Kwangtung province at the mouth of the Canton River. It consists of rugged mountain ridges, with peaks, alternating with sandy beaches and perpendicular cliffs. Its greatest length is about 10 miles, with a breadth of 2 to 4 miles, and has a circumference of some 30 miles. A narrow strait separates it from the mountainous mainland, the "Ly-ee-mom"

Pass being only half a mile wide.

Another pretty object is the lake-like reservoir of the water supply of the city, with its arched aqueducts winding round the hills something like Amalfi. We regretted leaving this wonderful sight, but having other places to visit retraced our steps to the valley.

The streets of Hong Kong being unsuitable for carriages

and carts, the whole of the traffic is performed by manual labour, giving employment to some thousands of coolies. *Jinrickshas* are mostly used in the more level portions of the city. These conveyances are on two wheels, and drawn by a coolie, who can travel at 6 or 7 miles an hour. But the great Chinese institution is the "sedan chair," most families of repute having their own, and their coolies are dressed in white, bound with red or some other



PALANQUIN OR SEDAN CHAIR.

colour, whereas the others are not troubled with much clothing. The first experience is novel on being perched upon the shoulders of two or four coolies. We had four, on account of the weight of our British bodies, which caused the chair to swing from side to side, in time with the rapid steps of our bearers. It is all very well uphill, but when the coolies bear one down a steep street at a swift pace, one clings to the side of the chair with a firm grip, expecting to be launched into space, and requiring great control over the powers of the tongue. Horses and carts are conspicuous by their absence, the heavy goods being moved by coolies, who have long and strong bamboos on their shoulders, with the burden suspended by cords. Sometimes as many as twenty carry one package.

At the tramway station we chartered *jinrickshas*; and as there were over a dozen of us, the excitement was great, as the coolies are fond of racing. We passed some fine buildings, the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, the Public Hall, etc., and through a long avenue of banyan trees we came to the racecourse, prettily situated on the side of the hill. On the right is the celebrated Happy Valley, where the remains of all who have finished their race are deposited. The cemetery is beautifully laid out and well kept, nature having done much in providing natural knolls, nooks, and corners, with fine trees, tropical shrubs and plants, with flowers in the greatest profusion. The resting-places of many soldiers and sailors are well noted on handsome monuments and tombstones.

Returning, we passed through an industrial portion of the city, where all kinds of things are manufactured. Some of the signs over the places are in English, striking us with their peculiarity: "Cock Eye, Contractor for Coffins," "Sat

Singe, Chair Maker," "Yon Sun, Careful Washerman," "A Man, Tailor and Mender," "Cheap Jack & Son sells best boots." The Chinese signs are most picturesque, and give good effect in colour. We paid our coolies for the long ride, and for waiting, equal to eightpence each, then gave an extra copper, pleasing them very much.

On Sunday morning we attended garrison drill, and saw our boy soldiers—Shropshire Regiment, Royal Artillery, Marines, and others—then we went to the service in the Cathedral, which is rather a plain building, in a beautiful situation. Afterwards we spent some time in the Botanical Gardens, which are situated on the side of the mount, with terraced walks, bridges, and ravines. There are many rare trees and plants; the palms are especially noteworthy—to wit, the *Pamusa*. The Australian fern trees also seem to do well.

A fine specimen of "*Ficus Relusa Religiosa Hong Kong*" struck us much, with its natural supports grown from the branches to the ground, some about six inches in diameter, and perfectly perpendicular. Many euphorbias are fine, also several Norfolk Island palms. Large rhododendrons and azaleas are in flower, with many others we do not know. On the other side of the Gardens we came to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, a large building, with some architectural pretensions, but a very shabby inside, having an altar with a few tin virgins, and daubs of pictures.

We came across another church in our rambles, built in the Italian style, giving, in a prominent situation, a very pretty effect.

We may mention that these rambles gave amusement and astonishment to the Chinese; for they are not used to seeing people walk, and they don't like the invasion of

foreigners. All the same, we walked and used our eyes for observation.

The Prazza, or Esplanade, facing the harbour, about two miles long, is most interesting, not only for the loading and unloading of junks, and bringing goods to and from the harbour, but also for the trade with other towns and villages. But there are many other attractions, such as the Fish Market—a long, narrow building, divided into compartments of about 9 feet, in each of which the vendor and his family live and carry on business. If poultry trade is combined, then a large portion of the space is taken up with chicken baskets. Small pieces of fowl are sold, as well as cuts of fish. In one place you see lobsters boiling, and cut in pieces for sale; in another, periwinkles being extracted and placed on a plate; in another, live fish swimming about in tubs, for which “you pay your money and take your choice.”

Smells are not charged for; and as a little goes a long way, we were not greedy, and did not go in for a wholesale quantity.

The sampans, or house-boats, provide for a considerable population, extending to some thousands. They vary in size from the smallest boats to junks. On some of them live two or three generations of families; the only covering is a mat stretched over bamboos. The men work on shore, or fish, or pick up anything they can, while the women do all sorts of work—cook, wash, row and sail the boat—at the same time not forgetting their religious duties. In nearly every boat there is a shrine.

In one we patronised there were twelve inhabitants, and the females were sailors—one, a nice-looking girl, with pretty, bare feet, and smart ankles adorned with silver bangles. Dogs, cats, birds, etc., form a portion of the

household. On one boat we saw five clean little educated pigs. The "missey" makes them run round the boat, and jump the spaces. She rewarded them with a little orange peel.

Some of the junks are propelled by paddle wheels at the



QUEEN'S ROAD, HONG KONG.

stern by coolies, on the principle of the treadmill, with twenty in one junk.

Hong Kong has an advantage over many cities, having suffered partial demolition by typhoons and fires, and being rebuilt on improved systems. Queen's Road is the one which has had these advantages. The houses are all built of

stone, and of the same height, with verandahs, each shop having twelve or fifteen feet frontage, and about twenty feet deep, with a road twenty feet in width. There are fittings in accordance with the business, and for the most part there are little carved black-wood tables, holding a small tea service, or half a dozen water pipes, for the refreshment of customers or visitors. The proprietors are very pleased if you will have a cup of tea or smoke with them. In the centre of the back of the shop a little lamp is kept burning before a small image, surrounded by paper flowers, or a few plants, such as the favourite narcissus, or the dwarf orange.

The coloured scrolls hung on the walls of the shops, some with painted devices, others covered with Chinese characters in bright tints, give a gay appearance, and, with the exhibited wares, are most attractive to the "outer barbarians." We also saw curtains, elegant embroideries on silk and satin, delicately carved ivories, ornaments, jewel boxes, chessmen, walking-sticks of ebony, horn, ivory, bamboos with embossed silver knobs. Other shops contain all kinds of highly wrought silver and gold—bangles, rings, tea services, etc.—while in others the wares are too numerous to mention. The whole has, with so much colour, a most attractive effect, and beguiled us into spending a good many hours, going from shop to shop to examine "curios"; it all ended in spending money, for our purses got lighter and our portmanteaus heavier.

The Chinamen shopkeeper takes life easily, and does not seem to care whether his patron buys or not. He greets you with "Chin, chin," whatever that may mean, and is then content for you to find out your own requirements.

We were amused with the costermonger class, who abound here as well as in London. Their business is gener-

ally fruit, of which there seems an abundant supply from both tropical and temperate zones.

"The itinerant barber seems to be a man of some importance. The customer squats upon his haunches in the street, and has his head shaved, ears cleaned out, cyclids scraped, and any obtruding hairs removed from his nose ; then comes the important operation of narrowing the eyebrows to suit the face. Should the customer require any medical assistance the barber is consulted, and the medicine produced out of the same box in which he carries his instruments.

"Next comes the letter-writer, who has the confidence of his customers. He sits at the corners of the streets, and is supposed to be well versed in the black art, and can give his customers trustworthy information as to the future. In writing a letter the party dictating generally consults the writer as to the probable success of his missive, whereupon the learned scribe requests his customer to shake a tin box full of small bamboo sticks until one falls out. These sticks are all numbered, and refer to a tablet on which a list of good and evil fortune is inscribed. Should the omen be bad, a repetition is requested."

Our observations lead to the conclusion that the Chinese are industrious people, living frugally ; but they are great gamblers and frequenters of opium-smoking houses.

One afternoon we secured a sleeping place on the *Hankow* steamer, a large flat-bottomed boat built on the principle of an American river steamer. The upper deck is set aside for Europeans, and the lower for Chinese, who have not many provisions for comfort on account of the cheap rate at which they are carried—10 cents each, equal to about 3½*d.* There were over fifteen hundred on board. These people were guarded by policemen with loaded firearms ;

for about two years ago an attempt was made to seize the ship. On another line a short time ago the English were murdered, with the result that thirteen pirates had their heads cut off, after being tortured. The first part of the voyage was through the harbour, then past some islands to the mouth of the Pearl, or Canton River, which for a time is narrow, and then opens out into an estuary with many islands. At 7.30 the anchor was dropped for the night, and the dinner-bell rang. They gave us quite a banquet, and we spent a very jolly evening.

At daybreak the anchor was weighed, and after a time the shore on each side of the river became most interesting—passing vast plains of rice, or paddy fields belted with orange and lychee trees; then by the sides of hills clustered with tea-trees and plants; on again through vast orchards of mulberry trees and the useful and curious tallow-plant, interspersed with plantations of bamboo, which we are told is the “inseparable companion of John Chinaman from his birth to the grave. It receives the infant, corrects the boy, is the means of living for the man, and entwines the corpse.” Several villages and small towns were passed, each with its prominent square brick building, which is provided in every town, and worked by the Chinese Government as a pawnshop. These are very much used by the rich as well as the poor; the name in Chinese is the same as we use—“uncle.” It is quite common for people in summer to pawn their winter clothes and other valuables, for safety.

About 8 o'clock we approached the city of Canton, 90 miles from Hong Kong, and were much struck by the number of boats, the river being literally filled with flotillas of junks and sampans, each having its family on board. Some had bamboos and earth sufficient to form a

garden for flowers, etc. It is estimated this river population numbers 300,000. These people not having homes on shore, are forbidden to land without permission from the Governor. The largest portion is moored in long lines on the side of the river opposite Canton, and forms quite a city of boats.

Our guide, Ah Kum, Oriental Hotel, arrived just as we were sitting down to breakfast. He said, "English must have tiffin and then start." We mustered twelve strong, and went ashore in the sampan of Missey Cock Eye, a wonderful woman with one eye and a large small family. She and her daughter did all the work, for there was not a man visible.

We landed at the Shameen, a small island conceded to the British. Of course it is covered with good houses and fine buildings, and nicely laid out with trees and shrubs. Here we found a troop of coolies with palanquins, or chairs, provided for us by the guide.

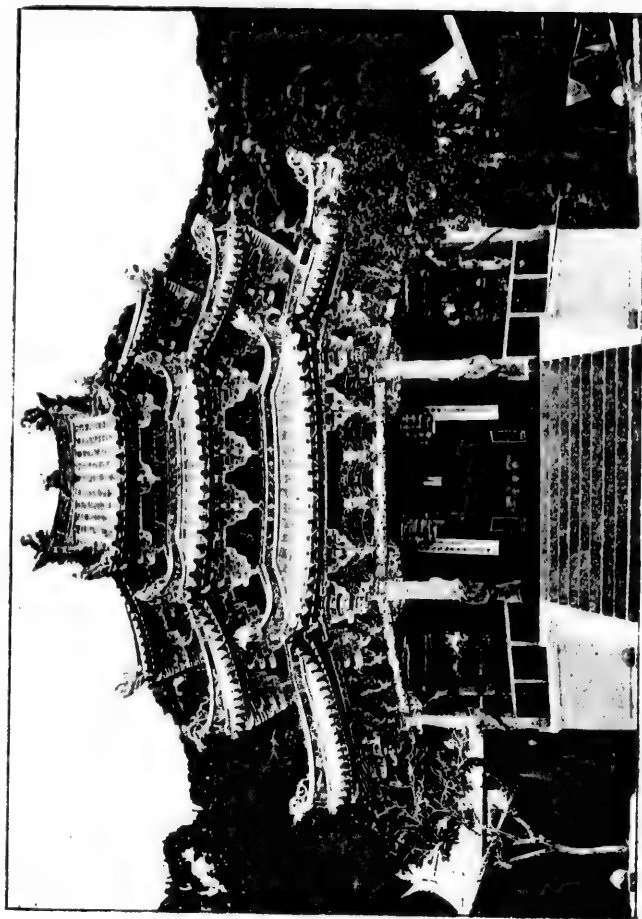
Our guide cautioned us not to get separated or remain behind, or take much notice of the natives; because there is a strongly-marked antagonistic feeling against strangers, especially English and French.

Crossing a bridge with strong iron gates (for the Chinese are not permitted on the Shameen without written orders), we entered Canton, with its population of upwards of two million people. The city is surrounded by thick walls, and divided into thirty-six sections, each having high stone walls and strong iron gates said to be fireproof, and serving the purpose of isolating fires and limiting riots.

Our guide told us that there are upwards of one hundred "uncles" in the city, to which the people rush to deposit their property for safe keeping if a panic arises. We found the streets very narrow—about six feet—and the space lessened

by the thousands of people passing, elbowing and jostling one another on their onward course. Much space is also taken up by long signboards hanging down and bearing queer Celestial characters. The shops have no windows, and are quite open. Some are only of one storey, in height, while others are of two storeys. In these shops various trade operations are carried on, which can be seen from the streets. We stopped several times on our way through the city, to inspect various handicrafts—ivory carvers, silk weavers, jewellers, carpenters, artists, ready-made clothes shops, etc. These miles of streets all have names, and when translated into English sound rather pretentious: "Everlasting Love," "Thousand Beatitudes," "Ten Thousandfold Peace," "The Saluting Dragon," "Street of Refreshing Breezes"—but not for an Englishman, because the odour of these streets is so bad that we were provided with camphor, eucalyptus, etc. The last-named street, in particular, was a compound of offence to the nose. The value attached to numerous descendants is set forth by the street of "One Hundred Grandsons," and another "One Thousand Grandsons," etc. We visited the jade stone market, which is held daily for the sale of this much-prized stone. It is in repute quite equal to our estimation of diamonds, and worn by every Chinese lady; if not real, then imitation. The stone is imported from Turkestani, where are the only mines of it in the world.

We were carried to a number of celebrated temples, some of little interest, but it was a change from the palanquin, which becomes most fatiguing. Our situation sometimes was far from pleasant, we being assigned to bring up the rear, and seeing the excitement of the natives who hissed and hooted. Many gesticulated with their hands, signifying cutting off the head, and others shouted, "Kill the foreign



A CHINESE TEMPLE.

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devils." One man, more violent than the rest, threw a stone which hit me on the head, but without damage.

The most favoured temple was the Five-hundred Genii, around which were arranged five hundred life-sized gilded images, to form a double square. There was a statue of "Emperor Keinlung," besides three other swells who kept watch over their Buddhist brethren. Then came the "Temple of Longevity," with its four frightful images, who act as gatekeepers. Inside are three gilded images of Buddha, and a shrine with the colossal image of a fat and jovial-looking Buddha of Longevity. "The Temple of Five Rams," to which the five genii, who preside over earth, fire, metals, water, and wood, descended from heaven to Canton, was next. Here, too, in a belfry, is a great bell, the striking of which is supposed to bring disaster. Therefore great care is taken that you do not strike it.

A temple clock tower, from which for generations the time has been announced, has a most cumbrous arrangement. There are four copper buckets, one above the other, with taps, which drop water into the lowest one, containing a float with an indication rod. Each hour is notified by the man in charge, who displays a board with the proper hour.

On the top storey of this temple is a shrine to the god Sin Funng, to whom masters and mistresses may apply whose slaves have run away. We were told that slavery still continues in Chinese domestic life, and slaves are an article of merchandise.

We enjoyed a walk on the city walls. Outside these is the "Happy Valley," which is said to extend 150 miles on the side of a hill, and where the graves are scooped out, and the body pushed in.

At the foot of the hill are wells, from which numbers of

people were carrying water ; reminding us of Hinderwell churchyard, near Whitby, with the pump in the middle.

We had a good view of the city, which is said to be two miles broad and six in circumference—only a small area for two million people.

Continuing our walk we came to the Five-storied Pagoda, a fine and curious building. After examining the antiquated ordnance we started again in our chairs, and



A CHINESE EXECUTION.

visited the Koong Zuin, or Examination Hall. There are 7,500 cells (where students are placed for examinations), each measuring about four feet by three, and high enough to stand in. The furniture consists of two boards, one for sitting upon, the other for writing. The cells are arranged round a number of courts, exposed to the view of soldiers to prevent cribbing. The students remain until the questions are answered without food, even for a week if necessary.

Our guide took us next to the execution ground, and explained how the culprit was placed upon his knees, more

dead than alive, and his head taken off with one cut of the sword. Here were half a dozen wooden crosses, to which the culprits are tied to undergo the death of "Lien Chic," a lingering death. For certain kinds of murders, such as parricide, eighty-four cuts are inflicted with a knife, commencing at the forehead ; and the culprit bleeds to death.



A CHINESE COURT OF JUSTICE.

Then came a visit to the Temple of Horrors, where models of the various methods of punishing criminals are exhibited, most of them being barbarous in the extreme, yet affording great attractions to the crowds of Chinese onlookers, some of whom were burning tapers, and saying prayers, either for themselves or their friends. We were glad to get out of this immense rowdy crowd.

We were next carried to the Courts of Justice (or Injustice), a large open square, with an entrance gate. At the far side is a small square building, open to the square, and containing a table, at which sat the mandarin, or judge, and the officer who interrogates the prisoner, who is placed just on the outside, with four officers. This is the process of law: first to satisfy the mandarin of the guilt of the prisoner, who is then brought in, and told he has committed the offence. Should he plead guilty the punishment is awarded, but if not, a system of tortures is applied each day for half an hour until confession is made, or death ensues.

The first day thumb-screws and toe-screws are used; the second, the prisoner is made to kneel on the ground, then his arms are stretched on a bamboo and tied, and the ends of the bamboo are held up in a frame. Another thick bamboo is placed behind his knees, and on each end a heavy man stands, giving intense pain by the pressure. In five minutes these men work the cane up and down, lacerating the kneecaps, and causing the most frightful agony.

The poor criminal's screams and shrieks are dreadful. This is continued for half an hour, until the kneecaps are broken and the muscles bruised, so that he has to be carried away in a basket. This we saw performed upon a man charged with murder, who knew that upon confession his head came off.

On the third day the criminal is fixed upon a bamboo frame with his head down. His feet are then beaten with thick bamboos until all the bones are broken, and afterwards he is removed in a basket. We saw one brought in a basket who had been so treated the day before. Poor wretch! He looked more dead than alive, and his feet were

shapeless. He confessed, or would have been hung up face downwards, with a cord fastened to his great toes and thumbs and pigtail.

These scenes are so common that, although this place is quite open to the street, few persons were present. It was so horrible that we beat a retreat.

The gaol is an indifferent place, small and wretched. All the prisoners are chained, and have on their necks a huge wooden square, which prevents their lying down. The only food they get is what friends may provide or strangers give, so that deaths from starvation are not uncommon.

Canton must be seen to be understood, for otherwise it is impossible to realise the effect of such a population in so small an area, and to appreciate the intelligence and education of such a mass. For the most part the people are clean and tidily dressed. Some of the men have fine frames, with well-proportioned limbs and very classical-looking faces. We saw some of the ladies who claim to be well born on account of their small feet; in fact, some seemed to have nothing left but the ankle joint. The effect was not pretty, for it looked like walking on two wooden legs.

Our guide told us we had been through about seventeen miles of streets, and yet the coolies did not seem fatigued. After another good dinner, relating experiences, and a night's rest, we found ourselves at 6 in the morning back in Hong Kong, where we spent the day in a variety of ways. In the evening we bid good-bye to some of our friends, and went on board the *Airlie* steamer for Shanghai. After a sail of 850 miles we reached the lightship at the mouth of the River Yang-tse-Kiang, and steamed into Shanghai at breakfast time. Here we found a new con-

dition of atmosphere, for it was quite frosty, and just like an April morning in England. The trees were putting forth their leaves; the almond and other trees—the names of which we could not ascertain—were in full bloom. We took up our quarters at the Ashler House Hotel, and as it was Sunday we went to the Holy Trinity Cathedral. There was a special service for the Volunteers, who mustered in goodly numbers.

Shanghai is a wonderful place, for, with a cold winter's climate, there is corresponding energy. The river frontage extends over two miles, and is divided, the first section being Chinese, with the walled city; then comes the French, and then the English, with a splendid wide street and gardens facing the river, and magnificent buildings such as banks, clubs, and business places (not shops), hotels and residences; it is called the "Bund." Then comes the American, which is now nearly all English. These are all divided by creeks from the river, and have substantial bridges. Next year is the Jubilee, and it is most wonderful what has been done in fifty years by the English. A fine city, with a river full of ships, has sprung into existence. There are many large river steamers, some going 800 miles inland, and carrying from one to two thousand passengers. Opposite where we landed there were the remains of one which had been burnt a short time ago, with a loss of over 700 lives.

We made several visits to the old Chinese city, with its walls,—something like York or Chester,—only useful as marks of antiquity. This city is said to have been in existence two thousand years or more, and has made little progress. We entered through the "Gateway Tower," with a door about six feet wide leading into streets not any wider; some much less, and all lined with shops

without windows or doors, being similar to Canton, and the same conglomeration of food, clothes, iron-ware, wood carving, ivory, embroideries, gold and silversmiths, etc., and the streets filled with people. Of course we had a guide, or it would be impossible to find the way.

The Buddhist Temple is a fine place, and there was a great service going on. All round the sides of the building were life-sized figures, and one representing the great Jost. The service seemed to consist in the people purchasing so many paper prayers and placing them in a large bronze urn with a fire inside. Then the high



A JOST PROCESSION.

priest read prayers for all those people, and they were happy. Adjoining this is a large building where hundreds of candles were burning before large figures, and in urns spices were burnt, making smoke which nearly blinded us. Buddhist religion seems a most comfortable affair; you have only to pay, then it is all right.

We saw a grand Jost procession; the finery was immense, and the paraphernalia quite indescribable. Jost was in a grand sedan chair, with green robes embroidered most profusely with gold, but whether Jost himself was alive or dead we could not decide. He had a full-moon sort of face, with a gin-and-water nose and

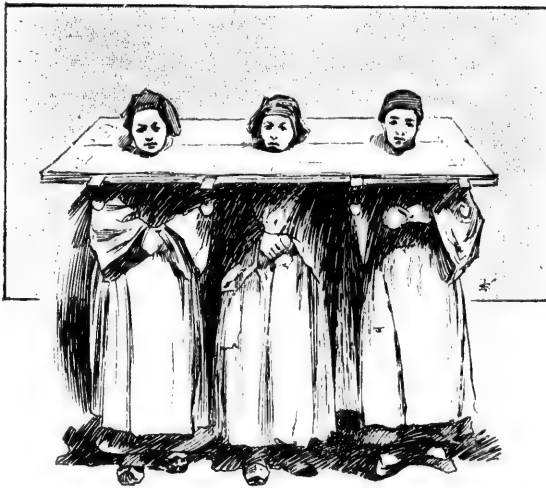
cod-fish eyes. It did not matter to us, so we walked on to meet with other sights. Coming to the side of a small lake with trees and tea houses of the oldest type, we recognised—after being told by the guide—that this place is the original of the blue willow-pattern plates. No doubt it is, but other places claim the honour: we had not got a plate, or we might have decided the question. However, the trees are in tubs or pots, and have been trained in willow-plate fashion for centuries. The scene was so attractive with its quaintness that we remained some time, in spite of typhoid-looking waters and foetid smells. These tea houses were filled with men and women smoking pipes and drinking tea. (We will speak of Chinese women afterwards.) Near this is the Aquarium, if it may be thus styled,—a court with about a hundred earthenware jars a yard in diameter, filled with all kinds of gold fish. We have only seen one kind before: here were a dozen, some like poodle dogs without legs, others with eyes protruding like telescopes and much too large for the head. Great care seemed to be taken for their welfare. A coolie was hard at work raising water from a well to supply the jars.

On one side of this place was a tea house, crowded to excess, if that is possible in China, to witness a singing-bird competition. The roof was covered with birdcages containing all kinds, and the noise was deafening. How the judges could decide is best known to themselves.

Our next visit was to the Courts of Justice, where we found everything just the same as in Canton, and the tortures very similar. It appears the European population have had a meeting, and petitioned the Emperor of China to relinquish these tortures, asking for the punishments to be similar to those of the mixed court in the European quarter, which answers very well. In the prison we saw

a lot of miserable-looking people, who were dirty and wretched ; some with boards, others without. On the outside of the prison, boards are arranged with holes for the head, in quantities of six, both for men and women, who stand with their hands tied for days.

"We hung out our banners on the outward walls," in the shape of handkerchiefs saturated with eucalyptus held to our noses, and there viewed the streets and "cat walks."



FEMALE PUNISHMENT.

There are plenty of cats who parade the roofs, get fat, and are eaten, their skins being exposed for sale at the shop doors. We only saw one piece of ordnance, and that of a mild description.

Shanghai and the country round is quite flat ; consequently there are many carriages, both private and for hire, hundreds of jinrickshas, and a conveyance with one wheel, much like a barrow, but the wheel is large and in the centre, with a seat on each side, after the style of an

Irish car. Frequently four persons are carried ; sometimes a man on one side and a pig or a box on the other. We did not try this conveyance. One afternoon we took jinrickshas and went to some gardens three miles in the country, passing the racecourse and many fine-looking villas on the English pattern. These gardens are called Tea House Gardens, and are laid out in the willow pattern, with lakes and houses in different parts of the grounds. In one house, in a large room on the second floor, a concert was going on. The instrumental portion was of the rudest description,—a violin-looking affair with one string, some metal drums beaten with a stick, and a double tambourine with a marble inside, composed the orchestra. In the centre was a grotesque human being (whether male or female we could not diagnose) with a false moustache and beard, screaming with all *its* might at intervals. The audience was for the most part Chinese females and children elegantly dressed, with pearls and jade stones in the hair, which must have taken some hours to arrange, a complexion as "fair as a lily and blushing as a rose," and garments of the richest embroidered silks and satins, with their small feet encased in embroidered satin shoes. On their arms was a great display of bangles, mostly gold, and rings of all kinds on their fingers, the ends of which were in gold sheaths to protect the nails, as what we ruthlessly abbreviate with scissors is supposed to be one of the Chinese beauty adornments ; but whether for *use* or ornament is a question John Chinaman can decide. In another building we had tea *à la Chinese*, served in their usual way, a small cup without a saucer being placed before us ; then a larger cup containing tea and rose leaves was half filled with boiling water and a saucer placed on the top. After a minute the tea was poured

into the small cup and sugar added according to taste, but no milk or cream. At the adjoining table some young Chinese ladies were surprised at the watch bracelet of one of our party, and examined it with great interest. To mark their appreciation they handed a water-pipe as the pipe of friendship, to be smoked with them. The finish of the refreshment was marked by a boy handing to each person a napkin wrung out of hot water. We wondered how the fine complexion faces would stand this, but after being freely used the face remained the same. We said "Chin-chin," and departed.

Our jinricksha men brought us back at a good pace, and for the whole, waiting included, we paid a little over a shilling each.

We did what is known as a day up the river, starting at 10 o'clock in a "wheel sampan,"—that is, a large boat or barge propelled by a paddle wheel in the stern, which is worked by eighteen coolies, just the same as the treadmill; it seemed hard work.

Passing through long lines of shipping, men-of-war of several nations and junks innumerable, we came to the Chinese Arsenal, a large place with black, smoking chimneys and swarms of men. Then, passing villages looking dreadfully poor, our boat turned into a narrow river leading to the Buddhist temples and pagoda of Langhua, to which pilgrimages are made for religious purposes. The Temples are very large, splendid and curious; seven in number. The seventh is much grander than the first, and represents the seventh heaven. They all contained a Jost or god in the shape of a huge gilt figure in the centre, with figures all round. The burning of spices and paper money was going on just the same as at other temples, and pilgrims were performing their

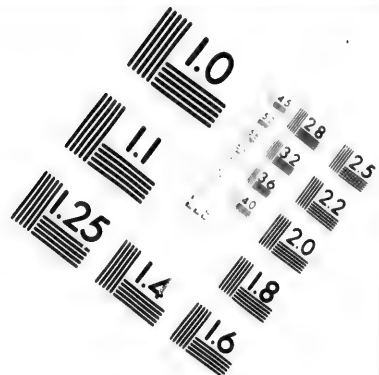
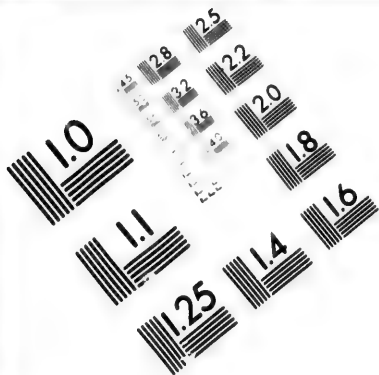
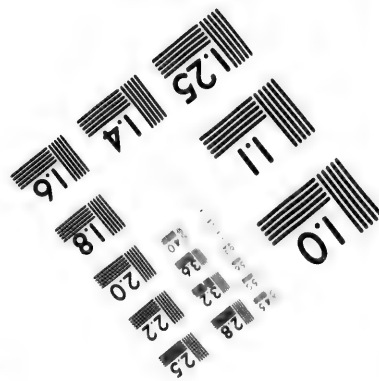
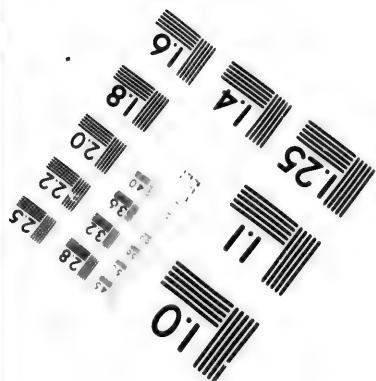
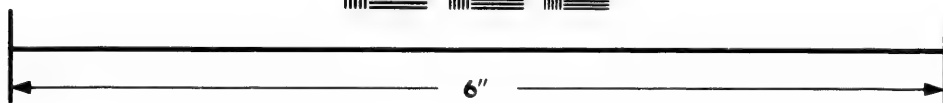
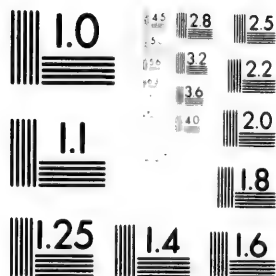


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devotions. There is a village of a few hundred people, all beggars from childhood to old age, and most persistent beggars, too, each carrying a flat collecting basket; and a dozen or more are pushed at you at once.

It seems the same as in Italy and Ireland: religion, beggary, and dirt go together.

The pagoda is very fine and of early date. It is seven stories high, with a fine view from the top. There being nothing else to see, we went on board a superior sailing sampan, and found a swell lunch, or tiffin, sent from Shanghai,—hot soup, cold chicken and ham and other good things, wine, beer, coffee, etc. After discussing this meal, anchor was weighed, and the huge sail, rigged on bamboo, was set; and as there was a fresh breeze we went away at a tearing pace.

Another day we went to afternoon tea, in answer to an invitation from Miss H——, at the London Mission, and had an enjoyable time. The London Mission is a large pile of buildings containing chapels, hospitals, and dwelling-houses, situated in the European Chinese quarter. It is wonderful how the Chinese have improved under European rule. The streets are wide and clean, and the shops are large and well kept. The population of this part is about eighty thousand well-to-do people, who carry on all kinds of occupation, and have places of amusement. Among the number is a theatre, where we spent our evening, deriving much amusement. The building seats over a thousand, and was well filled, the ground floor being patronised by the masses, and the swells were in private boxes arranged round a gallery. It was lighted with gas and electric light, and the coloured costumes of the Chinese gave quite a gay effect, as all the boxes were occupied by Chinese ladies, gentlemen, and children.

The first part of the amusement was Chinese acrobats and jugglers, who did some wonderful things; then came a laughable farce; but as far as we were concerned it was a pantomime. Some of the situations were very amusing, and spectacles grand in the extreme, as the costumes and flags were far beyond anything we have ever seen for richness in gold and colour. The music—a libel on the name—was horrid, consisting of an instrument like a bad bagpipe, and beating on tom-toms, accompanied by castanets. When this ceased, and the actors were on the stage, there commenced clanging a cracked chapel bell, or perhaps it might be beating on a tin dish. Oh, it was a nerve-racker and ear-distracter!

Soon after we took our seats in a box with rails to sit upon, and not cushions, tea *à la Chinese* was set before us; then came the hot napkin, which we used, of course. After a little time oranges and pears were served, then hot napkins; after that, sweetmeats and water-chestnuts, then again hot napkins; cigars, mandarin oranges, and all sorts of things, with hot serviettes, came every quarter of an hour, and this was going on in all the boxes without the least effect upon the paint or enamel on the faces. What with steam from these "face cloths," and tobacco smoke, there was, as the Scotch say, a good "reek." All these people were most orderly, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy their amusement, looking fat and jolly. We did not see the finish at 12 o'clock, being afraid of the crush.

The Chinese quarter was most striking at night, for all the shops and tea-houses were illuminated with hundreds of Chinese lanterns, and all the jinrickshas are obliged to carry a lantern, which swings about as the coolies run.

We were most fortunate in seeing a Chinese funeral. It was not fortunate for the poor man who had died;

however ; our presence did not bring the man to his end. Coming along the street was a band, not of music, but of noises, followed by about a dozen men dressed in green with peculiar trimmings on their clothes ; then came the huge coffin, large not to fit the corpse, but because coffins are nearly all one size, perhaps to accommodate the grave-diggers. The coffin was slung with cords on to a bamboo, and carried by four coolies, followed by the widow in a jinricksha, covered over with a straw extinguisher to hide her grief from the crowd. The remaining *cortège* consisted of about twenty jinrickshas, filled with males and females, laughing and talking with the crowd.

Many of the Chinese speak a kind of English called "pigeon English," and they understand much better if you adopt a similar style. The following is some of it. Waiters, etc., are all styled "Boy." So we said, "Boy, take Missie cup tea upstairs." He came and said, "Missie no top side up ; Missie no bottom side down," meaning he could not find her.

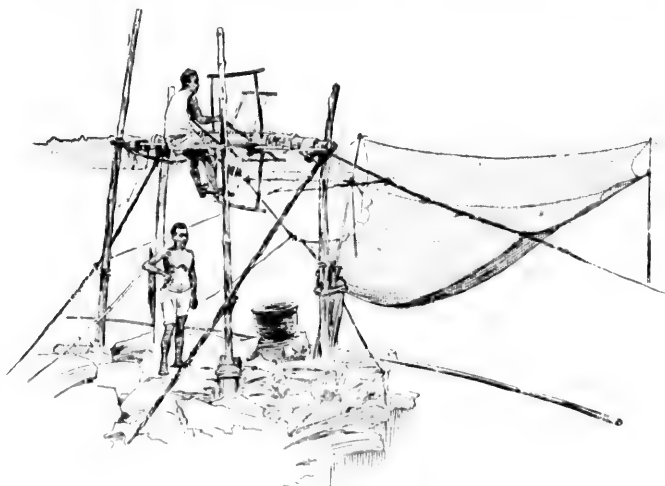
April 9th.—We sailed from Shanghai at 9.30 on a beautiful spring morning. The birds were singing, and all Nature seemed gay. It was most interesting sailing through the numbers of anchored ships, junks, and the many ships of war belonging to China and other nations, all looking idle and inoffensive.

It carries one back over a long period to see "junks" used as ships for fighting, but there were many armed with three cannon on each side and a pivot gun in the stern.

The gay decoration of these junks is wonderful—the bow representing a huge fish's head with a large eye, about three feet in diameter on each side, and the square, high stern painted to represent an enormous monster. The masts are also peculiar—some having four, others five, but

not all in a row, as is usual according to our ideas. They are very long to be in one piece, and when the square sail is set in a good wind they bend something like a fishing-rod.

There is an immense traffic on this Uri-Lung river, which runs into the Yang-Tse-Kiang, one of the largest rivers in the world, and navigable for junks upwards of 3,000 miles. The merchandise, and a considerable



CHINESE FISHING.

portion of the passenger traffic, is carried on in junks, and the foreign business is all done through Shanghai. Chinese fishing is a great institution, and there are many and peculiar methods of catching fish. One is the employment of cormorants, trained for the occupation. A fisherman on a small bamboo raft has six or eight of these birds perched on the sides, each bird having a ring round its neck to prevent it swallowing any but small fish. The man sculls down the river until the birds become uneasy,

when the raft is stopped and over go the birds, returning, as soon as the fish is secured, to their perches. The man then takes the fish out of the bird's throat, and so the operation goes on all day. The timber junks are wonderful spectacles, as the timber is packed on each side until the junk in the middle looks quite small.

At the bifurcation of the rivers is a fortification, behind which many, indeed quite a fleet, of war junks are anchored, looking as though one or two English gun-boats would dispose of them in an hour. The mouth of the Yang-Tse-Kiang becomes so wide, that if it were not for the colour of the water it is like being out at sea. We had quiet weather in the Yellow Sea, but this changed as we got into the Sea of Japan, where the seas became considerable, and interfered with the comfort of most of the passengers.

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XI.

JAPAN.

CHAPTER XI.

JAPAN.

PASSING the harbour—a natural harbour of refuge—of Nagasaki, we sailed under the protection of many islands, which were most picturesque in appearance. Some of them were like cones with a few trees at the apex, and brown earth or sand at the base, while others looked most fertile, and are cultivated in terraces something like the vines on the Rhine. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we sailed into the Straits of Shimonoseki, which in some places are not more than half a mile wide, with villages on both sides. When the ship's siren was sounded a considerable number of Japs came out to see us pass.

The hills on both sides are of considerable altitude, highly cultivated, and exceedingly pretty. There are several fortifications on the hills, looking somewhat formidable, but in 1864 they soon had to cave in under a bombardment. This strait led us into the renowned inland sea of Japan, which for the first hundred miles is somewhat wide, and not of particular interest beyond being surrounded by mountains. We steamed at slow speed, and arrived soon after 5 o'clock in the morning at the islands. All

the passengers turned out to witness the sunrise, and enjoy the frosty air of this beautiful morning. Being a great change after the tropics we had to pile on all available wraps. It certainly is a wonderful sight to see so many islands, estimated by the Japs at several thousands. The question is, have they been counted?

The smaller islands are of every conceivable fantastic shape, some being mere rocks, while others are of considerable height and size. Nearly all are inhabited by a half-farming, half-fishing population. The shores are lined with villages, the hillsides laid out in highly cultivated plots, and the waters studded with very small-looking junks and fishing boats. In some of the passages between the islands the channels are very narrow, and there is hardly room for two vessels to pass.

After a splendid day, with floods of sunshine, we arrived at Kobe about 5 o'clock. The work of getting ashore in a steam launch was quickly accomplished. The Jap Customs selected only two boxes out of all the luggage for examination. Fortunately, neither belonged to us, though the process was only superficial. After establishing ourselves at the "Hiogo Hotel" we went for a walk before dinner, and were accompanied the whole way by jinricksha men, who could not be made to understand that their services were not required.

We enjoyed our first walk in Japan, for the novelty of the people and town, as well as the beauty of the situation, appealed to our admiration. The European Settlement, as it is called, faces the sea, and the foreshore rejoices, like Shanghai, in the name of "Bund," where there are substantial buildings—the Banks, British Legation, extensive warehouses, offices, and this Hotel in the centre, with sixty-five apartments, most of the rooms being arranged in suites.

There are only about 600 Europeans, 300 of whom are English, with about 130,000 Japs, who are such enterprising people that they use every effort to supplant Europeans.

Twenty years ago this was a fishing village, now it is a fine city with wide streets, all sorts of institutions, and lighted with electric light. There are railways, telegraphs, and telephones, and a splendid harbour filled with ships from all nations.

April 12th, Tuesday.—A pouring wet morning and a great disappointment. After breakfast we arranged our luggage, and sent all, except a Gladstone bag, to Yokohama, to meet us there in three weeks' time, because many journeys had to be made in jinrickshas.

We then went to the Legation for "passports," and to the Bank to change money. After that we spent some time in visiting large establishments, where all the products of the arts and manufactures can be seen and purchased. Our notions of Japanese wares, from what has been seen in shops elsewhere, or even at the Japanese exhibitions, fell far short of what can be seen here. The real curios are works of art, and command high prices. In the afternoon there was an improvement in the weather, so we took jinrickshas to the "Nunobiki," or waterfall, two miles from here, on a broad, even road, lined on either side with commodious tea-houses, mineral baths, and refreshment stalls. Several foreign-built houses are scattered along the western slopes, commanding a fine view of the mountains and Osaka Bay.

The trees are very striking just now, being covered with blossom. The cherry and peach look wonderfully gay. The falls are very pretty, and gave a good effect after the heavy rain. The first one is about seventy feet, and the

second eighty-five feet. The foliage at the sides is lovely, with large bushes of camellias in flower.

We patronised two tea-houses commanding views of the falls, and had tea in Japanese fashion, served by pretty little maidens, or, as they are called here, "Musmees," who were most polite and full of fun. They seemed to enjoy our presence much more than we did their tea. The



A "MUSMEE."

novelty of their costumes and familiarity were something new to us. One striking feature of these people is their smallness; it makes us feel quite tall. The average for men is about five feet, and women four feet six. They have rather large heads and faces for such small bodies, hidden by their costumes and high patens, raising them at least three inches from the ground. The natural politeness of these little people is something won-

derful. Upon entering and leaving a room, and whenever they are spoken to, they make a bow which would quite put to shame a Frenchman. We saw the hotel proprietor knock a man down and swear at him, but he soon regained his feet, made a most polite bow, and retired smiling. Every Jap seems to smile and look pleased even under trying circumstances. We had quite a bevy of tradesmen in our bedroom to show their wares,

and when we did not buy they bowed and went away smiling.

April 13th, Wednesday.—Being a fine morning we rose at 5.30, and had a look round, then took a jinricksha, and went all through the old part of the town. Most of the houses are built of wood, splendidly fitted together, for Jap joiners are artistic workmen. There is very little glass used. In summer the house fronts are quite open, and in winter frames filled with rice-paper act as windows, and look like ground glass, but it is quite easy to put your stick through them.

At 9.30 we started by rail for Osaka, which is an hour's ride through a highly-cultivated country. The peach and cherry blossom were in great perfection, and the plain at the foot of the mountains wonderfully laid out for irrigation; the whole is kept like a garden, and planted with rape, which is a large industry, as the seed is exported to all parts of the world. Rice is largely grown, and it is considered at the top of the tree for quality in many markets.

The houses and temples of several villages we passed on our way were most picturesque, and the number of people travelling made the train look quite English. The officials were all dressed like Europeans. At Osaka station a number of people got out. We took jinrickshas to the "Hotel Jintei," which is certainly not English, and secured a funny little room over a river. This place is called the "Venice of Japan." There are any amount of rivers and canals. These rivers are crossed by 400 bridges of wood, stone, and iron, and some of the modern bridges over the Yodogawa are very fine structures of stone and iron. The area of the city is about 8 miles square; it has a population of over 600,000, only 80 of whom are Europeans.

Osaka is situated on a plain, with the Bay of Osaka on one side and mountains on the other. It is a very fine city, with miles of good streets, and a most industrious population, who manufacture all kinds of things in their shops. We visited the Government bazaar, for the sale and exhibition of all local products, and were astonished to find nearly everything required by man at cheap prices.

In the same place is a museum of antiquities, and the Botanical Gardens, where the trees were in full bloom. There is also a small collection of animals, all kept in the most perfect order. On elevated ground stands the Castle, built about three hundred years ago, with a large moat round it, and at that time it must have been impregnable, being built of stones, brought over fifty miles. The stones are the largest we ever saw in a building, and the wonder is how in those days of little or no machinery such weights could be dealt with. Curiosity led us to measure some of them, and, computing the weight at twelve cubic feet to the ton, gave three to four hundred tons as the weight of some blocks.

It is approached by a strong tower, and the walls enclose a large area, containing a fine house or mansion for the use of the "Shogun" when he visited this place. There are gardens, barracks, drill grounds, magazines, etc. From the upper part there is a fine view of the city and surrounding country, and we were on the top when the 12 o'clock gun was fired.

After tiffin a long ride brought us to the celebrated Temple of Tennoyi, with the usual approaches. On entering the great south gate we found ourselves in a large open space, in the centre of which is the grand temple, and opposite is a fine five-storied pagoda, built five hundred years ago to give employment to the people. On

the other side is the "Indo-no-kane," or Bell of Leading, which is rung in order that the "saint prince" may lead the dead into paradise. In the same enclosure is the tortoise pond, where people make an offering of a tortoise, which is never destroyed; consequently, there is a collection of a thousand or two, or perhaps more. In the centre are two large stages, upon which the animals perch. Hundreds are swimming round the edge with their heads out, asking for food. The trees are very fine, and of various kinds. The most conspicuous are the camphor, cedar, and wild cherry, now in bloom. We will defer any description of the temples until more have been seen.

Returning we came to the show streets, where are the theatres, jugglers, conjurers, and all sorts of amusements. They were full of people, who were making any amount of noise. There are six theatres, and the performances commence at 9 o'clock in the morning and end at 9 o'clock in the evening. The guide told us that the exports from this city are immense; and in umbrellas alone last year over 700,000 left the city for various parts of Japan and China. The river seems quite busy at night with boats going backwards and forwards, the people spending hours every night sailing about. They have music and refreshments, and their boats are illuminated with the gayest lanterns.

April 14th, Thursday.—A brilliant spring morning, with a cool, sharp air. We started in jinrickshas for the station, and passed through two miles of streets. The shops looked very gay with their wares exhibited. Crowds of passengers were waiting for the train. It gave us an opportunity to examine the condition of travellers in comparison with other countries. All the people were clean, well dressed, and orderly, and there was no crushing or crowding. Their politeness to each other, and especially

to the females, and those with children, was most pleasing to observe. Their gay costumes looked admirable, except where some had a mixture of Japanese and European, the hat being the offending covering. Imagine a gay Jap's costume being crowned with a "bell topper"!

Leaving the city, we saw two large manufactories built of brick and stone, not quite as large as Saltaire, but certainly much larger than most of our mills. It appears one belongs to a company (Limited) for the production of cotton, and the other for woollen, both of which staples have to be imported.

We passed several large villages, with their respective temples, and through highly cultivated lands, until coming near the mountains, when the train followed the course of a pretty river, winding round hills covered with trees, and quite reminding us of Switzerland.

Arriving at Nara, we reached one of the oldest towns in Japan. For some years in the eighth century it was the capital; and although it has much decreased in size, many traces of its former grandeur still remain.


At the railway station we took jinrickshas, and, winding round several roads, and up hills, arrived at an imposing tea-house, overlooking a fine park with stately pine and other trees, some of the trunks being 30 feet in circumference. It might well have been Studley, or Knowle, or any other well-timbered English park, plentifully stocked with deer.

After arranging for lunch, which we had brought with us, and a table and a few chairs (for, being Japan, there were only cushions on the floor, and no tables or chairs existed), we started through the park, and at the end of a long avenue reached the temple Wakamiya, dedicated to Anna-no-Koyane.

This long avenue was lined on each side with handsome lanterns made of fine sandstone, about 6 to 8 feet high, with inscriptions upon the stem. The upper part, or bonnet, is hollow, and holds the light, which has before it a piece of rice paper as a protection against the wind.

These lanterns, for half a mile, are packed closely together on both sides of the road, and have been presented to the temple by sinners, or otherwise, who wished to have their way lighted to "Glory."

Near the temple is an open shed highly decorated, where pilgrims bow down, and, as in our case, travellers rest. Opposite, is a long, low building, which is occupied by the priests, and where all their paraphernalia is kept. Having made arrangements by means of the "almighty dollar," three pretty young girls appeared from behind a curtain, dressed in wide red trousers, with white stockings, but no shoes, and a gauzy mantle trailing on the floor behind them, inscribed all over with Japanese characters.

A description of the head-dress is left to the last on account of its grandeur, which eclipsed the whole. The hair was gathered into a long tress, and hung down the back, being secured by gold rings having another or double-ring, , standing off. Then near the head came some golden skewers, and on the forehead there was a large bunch of artificial flowers, wisteria and scarlet camellia, ornamented with more gold. The faces of the girls were plastered over with white, and the lips were rose colour. The orchestra consisted of three female priests, one flute, and one tom-tom, whilst the third sang a kind of dirge. Meanwhile the girls went through rather graceful gyrations, first with branches of trees in their hands, and then fans and small bells.

The temple, a fine building, was chiefly interesting on

account of being filled with bronze lanterns, some of exquisite design, and all with costly decorations.

Passing another red-and-white Shinto temple, somewhat decayed but celebrated, and also the much-famed bell, which was cast in 732 A.D., and is 13 feet high, and 37 tons in weight, we came to the "Todaigi," wherein is the immense building, said to be 290 feet square, and containing the largest "Daibutsu" or Buddha in Japan. This Buddha is composed of bronze, which at one time was gilt all over; but, through suffering from fire three times, and having to be repaired considerably, like Paddy's coat, the gilt is now in patches.

The figure is enormous, and, although in a sitting posture, is over 60 feet high. The legs are crossed, the right hand uplifted, and the palms turned outwards.

On the right-hand side is a gilt figure 18 feet high, and on the left another about the same size, but looking as nothing in comparison with the large figure.

In another building round the sides is arranged an exhibition of ancient fine art objects, and the present works of art and manufacture in the district. This is provided by the Government, which seems anxious to educate the tastes of the people. Returning to the tea-house through the park, we saw herds of deer, quite tame, which followed us for food, and ate out of our hands. There were also two white ponies in stalls, standing with their heads out, ready to take biscuits. These are holy animals, and dedicated to the temple.

Our lunch was an amusing affair, but it had to be cut as short as possible, owing to our having a long ride before us. At 2 o'clock we started in jinrickshas, with two men each, for a ride of 28 miles. This seemed quite impossible, for the afternoon was very hot. However, the first 14

miles were accomplished in ten minutes under two hours. The road was good, winding round high hills covered with trees, and following the course of a fine mountain river for many miles.

The land is in the highest state of cultivation, and like well-kept market gardens, growing rape, wheat, and, where irrigated, rice. There are large orchards of fruit-trees, all trained on bamboos, and large tea-plantations also with bamboo frames, to protect, when covered with mats, the leaves from the sun. We were told that some of the tea grown here fetches three dollars per pound—that is, nearly nine shillings.

Passing through several long villages, a halt was made at a small one where the water was good. The jinrickshamen, after their run of 14 miles, drank some, and then washed themselves, and in half an hour, having had a little smoke, were ready to start. We regaled ourselves with cups of tea, being, as it would appear, more tired than the men.

Starting again, we came to a large village, which was a mile long, called Fushimi, where the population rushed out to see "foreign mans." Crossing a fine river, larger than the Rhine at Coblenz, we followed a road made across the arm of the lake, Öike, where a considerable amount of fishing is done in all ways, traps, nets, etc., and where rice is cultivated in the shallow places. The sun setting behind the mountains was very beautiful, and the reflections in the water extremely pretty.

On entering Kioto, lights were just coming from the houses, and, passing through a long street, we arrived at the foot of the hill leading to our hotel, the "Yaami," at 6.30 p.m., thus completing the second 14 miles in two hours, the whole journey of 28 miles, with stoppages

included, thus only occupying four and a half hours. The men did not seem at all fatigued, and talked and laughed as though they had been going at 3 miles an hour. These men, who carried our by no means light weight, were under five feet in height, and built like cobs. What would one not give for such lungs and endurance!

In passing through this 28 miles of lovely country we never saw any sheep or horses, only two bullocks, about three dogs, and nowhere a glass window.

The "Yaami" is a splendid hotel, about 200 feet above the plain, on the side of a thickly wooded hill, and is built in sections like three Swiss chalets, with verandahs on each floor.

The city, lighted with electric lights, looked like the heavens on the ground.

April 15th, 1892, Friday.—Kioto, or Kyoto, is a large city, with a population of 320,000; it is on a plain surrounded with mountains and well-wooded hills, and has a fine mountain river running through it. It also boasts of a canal 10 miles long, which was made four years ago at a cost of two million dollars, as a means of conveying goods and passengers to the villages on Lake Biwa, and also of supplying water power to some manufactories. This city has an ample supply of good water from Artesian wells, and also of manufactories of all kinds, but of silk especially. A great many streams of water, diverted from the river, flow through the various districts, and are used as water power or supply.

From the windows of this hotel there are superb views, and the garden is an artistic creation. There are little lakes, filled with gold fish about 15 inches long, crossed by miniature bridges, and planted with miniature trees. The magnolias were in full flower, and contrasted with the

"wild cherry," the sacred tree of Japan. There was a large one in the road at the bottom of the garden in full bloom, and fires were kept burning near it all night to keep off the frost.

We started after breakfast for the Castle, which is a fine building in some large gardens, now used as an exhibition of arts and manufactures, the grounds being laid out in Japanese fashion.

After that we visited the gardens of the palace belonging to the Mikado's mother—a large place, well laid out, and having a diverted portion of the river running through it, forming waterfalls and lakes, made with rocks, crossed by fancy bridges. The trees were splendid and in full bloom, one curious tree being without bark, and its name, translated into English, is the "monkey slip down tree."

After tiffin we had a ride of about 6 miles into the hills to see the Golden Temple, which was built 630 years ago. It is beautifully situated in a deep gorge, with trees and a fine lake in front. The lake is well stocked with golden carp, some two feet long, which are fed and kept as holy fish. This is a Buddhist temple. Our road there lay through tea and bamboo plantations.

At the Golden Temple we saw a most wonderful tree, which has been trained to represent a junk. It is 30 feet long and about 20 feet high, and must have had a great deal of time spent over it, as every twig is trained.

Near the hotel is the temple of "Choin," approached from the valley by long flights of stone steps 20 feet wide, and a very massive structure. Still higher, in a belfry, is the largest bell in Japan. It is said to be 18 feet high, 9 feet in diameter, and 9½ inches thick, and can be heard for many miles when struck with a timber beam.

In the evening we went to see the "cherry dance," which

is performed during the first fortnight in April, when the sacred cherry is in bloom. This dance is in a large theatre, which is thoroughly Japanese. There are not any seats, the audience kneeling and sitting on their feet on the floor, which was covered with red rugs. It is surprising how many can pack into a given space in this way, men, women, and children, and all behaving with perfect decorum, and using great politeness to each other. We were first admitted to the waiting-room, and had the pleasure of meeting some nice Japanese ladies and gentlemen, who gave us oranges, and in return we gave them English cigarettes. The ladies seemed to enjoy the smell of our style of tobacco.

The theatre is a large building lighted with the electric light ; but, to keep up old customs, of which the Japs are very conservative, candles are used for footlights, and a servant snuffs them when necessary.

The performance consists of two orchestras, one on each side—on the left sixteen elegantly attired musmees with tom-toms and metal drums, and on the right sixteen more, with an instrument similar to a guitar, but the strings were struck with a piece of ivory like a paper-knife. Then came sixteen musmees from each side of the stage, gorgeously attired, having fans and cherry-blossom branches in their hands. These thirty-two musmees advanced on the stage with elegant movements of the body, making gestures with their fans and branches of blossom, keeping time with the music, and all singing a kind of chant. The performance commences at 5 o'clock and continues till 12, the variations being in the turns and gyrations. Once they presumably represented cats on the housetops, all the actors mewing.

The musmees are the singing and dancing girls employed at the various tea-houses, one set only performing twice

in the fortnight, thus giving the people an interest in the various girls, most of whom are very pretty.

April 16th, Saturday.—On a brilliant morning we started in our jinrickshas with two men, and proceeded at a good pace through the city, which is 3 miles across, then following the road bounded by fields all under irrigation. We should call them market gardens, with their rape, rice, spinach, etc. Ascending rising ground, and passing temples, also the priests' residence, we came to tea plantations and miles of bamboo with its graceful foliage, some of the canes being seven or eight inches in diameter; then winding round hills covered with cedar-trees, arrived at a mountain river with a road by its side; rising quickly, we entered a gorge, making an ascent, which ultimately was over 2,000 feet above the valley. The two coolies maintained a pace of nearly 6 miles an hour, and objected to our walking on account of the speed. When nearly at the summit we came to a village with ample tea-houses. Here our men rested for ten minutes, and had some water, then started again, and entered a tunnel nearly half a mile long. On emerging, the view into the valley was superb and enchanting, being full of sun, and looking into another range of mountains. Descending rapidly, we came to the village of Hoyii, a most curious place, probably not changed for the last thousand years. The houses were all thatched in fantastic forms, and the roads are hardly four feet wide, and go at right angles on two sides of the houses, the jinrickshas having some difficulty in getting round the corners to reach the Kaburawaya, a fine mountain river.

At the end of this village the river, with its rocky bed and huge stones, rushes into a deep gorge with mountains rising almost perpendicularly from the water, which roars and rushes as if to destruction. We were told that our exit

was that way ; and although it looked impossible, the flat-bottomed boats, about forty feet long, with their upturned noses, were, like the eels, used to it ; so in we got with 'ricksha and coolies, and were pushed off by the hardy-looking little Jap boatmen with their strong bamboos. The boat seemed to take a header into the first rapid, which sent our hearts into our mouths, but, after wriggling, twisting, splashing, and bumping on the rocks we got into smoother water ; and then passed through 14 more rapids in a distance of 13 miles.

The latter portion is very pretty, being well wooded, and at one place having a Swiss-looking tea-house, with a fancy garden. On this part there were dozens of boats, some with picnic parties, others fishing and musical parties. Miss and Master Jap have a great idea of rational pleasure, and on these occasions indulge in fine clothes, and seem very loving. A couple of miles lower down we came to Arashizama, opposite the finest mountain of the locality. Many cherry trees are cultivated on its slopes, and, being in full bloom, produced an effect of wonderful beauty, appearing like a cloud of fleecy whiteness. Mingled with the cherry was the maple, just then sending forth its new leaves of copper colour, and on the banks of the river were flourishing beautiful azaleas.

A bridge called Togetsukyo, meaning the "Moon-View," crosses at this point. We landed at a tea-house, and from the upper verandah there was a continued beauty of scenery quite indescribable, also something else which attracted the attention—a most elegant lunch sent from Kyoto ; and as there were good appetites after the long morning, we received with pleasure the attentions of the pretty young musmees, who are good waiters.

At 3.30 another start was made in our jinrickshas,

and we followed the course of the river for 2 miles, when we came to the Buddhist Temple of Yanagidani, a very famous temple, having many relics of the Mikados, and also a stream of water claimed to have great healing powers. Just around this place some of the finest tea in Japan is grown, and sold from three to five dollars per pound.

Four miles more brought us back to Kioto through an agricultural district. We passed a gang of prisoners chained in twos, and dressed in *terra-cotta* coloured clothes, working on the land. It appears prisoners are all employed in productive labour.

Near the hotel we saw a troupe of juvenile acrobats, six in number, the eldest not more than eight years old. Two played on the tom-tom, and a guitar sort of instrument, while the others performed exceedingly wonderful feats.

April 17th, Easter Day.—A glorious day spent in not doing much, for the pressure and excitement of the week had been considerable. We went to a few temples and saw how religion is done, which was instructive. In the front of the temple is a rope—perhaps half a dozen—attached to a bell, and on the ground is a mat. The person rings the bell to let "Diabutsu," his god, know he is there, then deposits a coin, and bows his head to the ground, then moves on quite briskly

April 18th, Monday.—A pouring wet day, so we visited several manufactories, which were most interesting and instructive. The particulars of Japanese manufactories shall be given later on. In the afternoon we visited the Temple of Higashi Hong Wanji (its sect being one of the twelve into which the Buddhist religion is divided); it is in the course of construction, and will, when finished, be the largest Buddhist temple in Japan.

The old temple was destroyed by fire during the Revolution of 1868, when Prince Choshu and his followers attempted to seize the person of the Mikado.

This building is entirely of wood. All the foundations are of granite, and the roof of tiles; it has immense pillars 3 feet in diameter, of unusually hard wood called Kijaki, which will stand a thousand years. All the woodwork is of a massive description, and the perfection of workmanship. No machinery has been used in the construction, not even a winch, the heavy weights being got up by hand labour on inclined planes. Some of these timbers weigh many tons, and must have required hundreds of men to carry them. It was found that a strong rope would be wanted, so a levy was made upon the females for their hair, when one and a half million women contributed, and a rope 360 feet long and 5 inches in diameter was made. This rope, after ten years' wear, is quite good. Most of the hair is black or dark brown, with here and there some grey.

On a large board, written in Japanese and English, is the following: "Length of building, 210 feet; width, 170 feet; height, 120 feet; number of large pillars, 96; tiles on roof, 163,512. Architect, Ito Heizaemon Amida-ito. Contractor, Kinoko Tosai. This make notice, smoking cannot be performed." Up to the present £600,000 have been expended, the voluntary contributions of the people either in money, timber, or labour. The Temple stands in a large area, with fine trees and shrubs, and will be gorgeous when finished.

Soon after 9 o'clock we started in jinrickshas, and called upon a silk manufacturer, where some purchases were made; then we drove out through many long streets to the north end of the city, and followed the canal, to where

there is a tramway wide enough to take the "junks" upon an iron waggon (or boat) up an incline about a mile long, until a height 700 feet above the valley is attained. This is worked by a steel rope, and water power. Getting the junk with its cargo and crew upon the waggon is ingenious. The junk sails into a dock, and the waggon is raised up sufficiently to secure the vessel, and then the ascent commences.

Following a country road uphill all the way, with now and again steps, where we had to alight and climb while our jinricksha man took up his vehicle, we were charmed with the trees, flowers, and pretty views of novel-looking buildings, real artists' corners, and a number of Japs passing, the ladies and children in the gayest costumes, all smiling and looking pleasant. We arrived at the entrance to the Temple of Nanzenji, situated in a large garden and grounds. This Temple is like a museum, there being gallery after gallery of all kinds of works of art, pictures, carved ivories, cloisonne work, lacquer work, old cabinets, trays, workboxes, swords, etc., all of the most elegant description, contributions from nobles, and even the Mikado. After spending some time in viewing these treasures we came to the refectory, a room without furniture, excepting a flower stand in the corner, and had to squat on the floor as well as we could, and receive from a priest some powder tea and cakes. He handed the gentlemen each a cup first, which were of course passed to the ladies, but with an impatient gesture he put them back. It appears in the temple a woman only "plays second fiddle," and the man must eat first.

Powder tea is the green leaf dried quickly, and then reduced to an impalpable powder, and is so green that there might be an addition of some chemical. About half

a teaspoonful is placed in a cup with some boiling water, and then the most elegant little whisk is used, making a cup of green froth. It is very strong, and must be an acquired taste. However, we drank it, and only felt stimulated. It is sure to come into use at teetotal dinners when known, for we are told the second cup is an "eye-opener." The cost was $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents for four persons.

In the temple proper there is a large painting 20 by 30 feet, representing in the middle a dead priest surrounded by crowds of people crying, and animals with large tears in their eyes. Some of the expressions were most comical.

Leaving this place, and following a most picturesque mountain road for some distance, we passed through a gorge which opened on to a plain surrounded by tree-clad hills, showing pines, cedars, and delicately leaved (brown) maples, all fringed in with bamboos, and in the midst a very pretty village, with tea plantations, and patches of rape in full yellow bloom, the whole backed up with brown volcanic mountains. A prettier scene could not be imagined, and we saw it to advantage, being full of sunshine. Passing through the village, we came to the celebrated Kurodani Temple, beautifully situated on the side of a hill, also a monastery. Here, for the first time, we heard priests and young men chanting. There is a richly carved gilt shrine containing the effigy of Honen Shonin, carved by himself in 1207, with many other treasures.

Opposite the temple are two wonderfully trained trees 500 years old. One is the tree of peace, for after a battle the soldiers come to hang their armour upon it. On the spur of a hill is a small temple commanding a fine view, and a little farther on, up a long flight of steps, is a cemetery crowded with tombstones about 4 feet square, and touching each other, as Japs are always buried sitting on their

feet, when not cremated. Now about one half go through the sanitary process, when only one tooth and a piece of bone from the throat are buried. Just outside the walls one of our party killed a snake a yard long under a Persimon fig-tree, when on the way to the Silver Temple, or Shimniodo. In this temple are some fine examples of painting in black-and-white by Taigado, who lived 200 years ago. In the grounds are fine trees with a meandering fancy lake full of gold-fish. The nightingales and other birds were filling the air with their songs. In the centre is a terrace of white sand about 4 feet high, and done up in a curious shape for worshipping the moon.

April 20th, Wednesday.—Soon after 8 o'clock we started in jinrickshas, and, passing through the city, took our leave of this charming place. For about 5 miles the road was a stiff pull, winding through thickly wooded high hills; and we met crowds of gaily dressed country people, mostly in jinrickshas, going to the city, also vegetable carts and other produce, all worked by men and a few women. The entire absence of horses seems very strange, but the fact of such a profuse population, which has to live, is the cause.

Our men (two each) worked gallantly, and were full of fun, apparently enjoying the long run. After 10 miles we came to the town of Otsu, on the shores of Lake Biwa, where the Russian Imperial Prince had his head cut by a policeman's sword.

The lake is a fine sheet of water 45 miles long, surrounded by volcanic mountains, some just like sugar loaves, and, for the most part, devoid of vegetation. We saw several steamers, and were told the names of two or three large towns on the banks of the lake, but the crack-jaw combination of letters has departed from our brains. Otsu is a town of 30,000 inhabitants, with military barracks and

parade ground in front. A regiment of little soldiers were hard at work. We visited the Temple of Miidera, and had to climb a number of steps; but as they were not counted we will not venture to state how many. We proposed some one returning to count; however, it was too hot.

There is a large bronze bell, said to have been carried up by a giant. He must have been strong, for the bell is a heavy one, weighing about six tons. This forms the subject of a legend, which is in Japanese literature, well illustrated, and rendered in verse. From the terrace opposite there is a magnificent view of the lake and mountains, which repays the fatigue of mounting the steps. Returning, we went some distance by the shore of the lake to see the wonderful tree called "Karasaki," famous all over Japan. We bought a picture and particulars of it. It is a pine tree 1,200 years old, and is the largest in the world of its kind. The dimensions are as follows: height, 90 feet; circumference of trunk, 37 feet; length of branches from east to west, 240 feet; from north to south, 288 feet; number of branches, over 400; and the area covered is 210 yards. For preservation all holes in the trunk are carefully filled with ground rice and "sake," then covered with cement. After this we went to Biba, and took the train for Nagoya.

We passed over the bridge of Seta spanning an arm of the lake, then kept near the water for many miles. The country was very striking, with its volcanic mountains, until the train reached Hikone, at the head of the lake. Travelling along we came to the scene of the earthquake of October 1891, when it is said 25,000 people perished. Many houses have been rebuilt, but still numbers remain in their dilapidated condition. It is sad to witness a scene of such

destruction, which extends to where we were staying in Nagoya.

The hotel is quite Japanese, with a few European additions in the shape of chairs and tables, is quite clean, although in the middle of the town with narrow streets. It rejoices in the name of "Shinachee." The musmees were polite and pretty, and seem amused with our ways.

April 21st, Thursday.—This morning we visited a cotton factory employing 600 girls, and not having any machinery beyond the handloom, weaving and spinning were done with spinettes. The materials produced are very nice. Next came a porcelain works, where artistic articles are produced, and also a kind of cloisonne, which is effective, but common. This place suffered by the earthquake, which was very evident by the numbers of broken things, as well as the walls being rent and torn. We went to see the old castle surrounded by immense walls and deep moats. On the top of the castle are two golden dolphins, said to be worth 180,000 dollars. One of them was sent to the Vienna exhibition, and on its way back was shipwrecked, and lost for some time, but was afterwards recovered, and restored, with much rejoicing, to its original position.

Arriving at Shizouka, we expected to stay at the Daita Kivan, an English style of hotel, but found it burnt down, so we had to look out for a place, and were housed purely Japanese. We had to take off our shoes at the door, and don Japanese slippers, which are not comfortable to English feet. In the first place, Japs' shoes are much smaller, and constructed with a cord, which goes between the big toe and his neighbours. To this our stockings object. An introduction to our novel bedroom, up quite a "Jacob's Ladder," convinced us that we could not quarrel with the furniture, for there was none, with the exception of a

mattress on the floor. There was much more chance of a little sparring with our neighbours, from whom we were divided only by a paper screen.

We raised a little table, upon which to write, but no chairs, so we opened the windows to sit upon the edge. When it got dark, a man came in with a candle in a bottle and announced dinner.

A table had been formed with stools and chairs, and a good dinner was served. Soup, fish, fillet of beef with carrots, breast of chicken, French beans, Norwegian sausage, or rather Japan sausage, bread pudding, Swiss roll, oranges, tea—and such tea, only second to the best in Japan, not much to be sympathised with!

It was most amusing. All the people in the house assembled to see us feed, and I suppose our voices attracted the people outside, for a few fingers came through the rice paper windows, and then eyes could be seen.

After dinner several merchants from the town brought in specimens of the local industries, such as fine bamboo work, lacquer, and gold lacquer, a very celebrated production of Japan many years ago; but now it has depreciated for the want of gold. After a great deal of "haggling" some purchases were made. The Japs are disappointed if one concludes a purchase at once, thinking they ought to have asked more.

We retired to our room, and found two men in attendance, professors of massage, who offered their services for 20 cents. One was blind, so we declined his services, being too feeling; the other, a fine old chap, went to work, and we were massaged all over, even to the inside of the ears. It was a most wonderful performance, and seemed to awaken dormant action all over.

April 22nd.—We rose early, and had to be content with small doings in the ablution way, for there was only one towel, and that about as good as a baby's handkerchief, and the quantity of water homœopathic.

After breakfast we witnessed the dressing of the musmees' hair, certainly a good performance. One of these musmees, our guide told us, is a celebrated beauty.



DRESSING HAIR.

Certainly she is very pretty, with lovely eyes and a peach complexion, no paint.

At 8 o'clock we said good-bye to these polite and obliging people, and were soon run in jinrickshas to the station.

The weather was magnificent, and the route at the foot of mountains on one side, and the sea and salt water lakes on the other, with rice fields, gardens, and trees full of bloom. After two or three hours we came in full view of Fujiyama, the highest mountain in Japan,

with its snow and ice glittering in the sun. We never saw a mountain look so high and imposing, and do not wonder the Japs worship it. It is 12,500 odd feet above the level of the sea, and as it springs from the seashore, where we were, like a cone, one sees its magnificence and grandeur without detracting from surrounding and lesser lights, as it stands quite alone. For many centuries it was an active volcano. The guide, who had been three times on the top, said the summit was a basin about half a mile across, and could be entered from either side. It is a much more striking object than either Mont Blanc, Vesuvius, or Etna, and, in the Southern hemisphere, Mount Cook, 13,000 feet, on account of its isolation.

The railway winding round the base of the mountain entered a valley, with Fujiyama on one side and the Hakom Mountains on the other. Ascending 1,500 feet, there was a fine plain, rich in trees of all kinds, mostly in full bloom. At one station we saw an avenue of camellias in flower, and the whole district was full of these trees, not as we know the camellia bushes in conservatories, but large trees.

Descending again, and winding round rocks on the sea-beach through most picturesque scenery, we came to a small station at 2 o'clock. Securing jinrickshas, we followed the windings of a river for 6 miles until nearing a large sandbank. Leaving our conveyances, we scrambled over, getting shoes full of sand as well as being hot, for it was a hard tug.

Coming to the beach, as the tide was down, we walked nearly a mile to the Island of Enoshima, covered with trees. It is 300 feet high, and half a mile across. There is a village with steep streets and rows of shops, where they sell coral and shells, also other marine curiosities,

one, the glass rope sponge (*Hazalonema suboldi*), obtained from a reef off the island. At the head of the street is a temple, and, after climbing numbers of steps, we arrived at the top, and there had one of the finest panoramic views possible. The bay on one side was screened by the mighty Fujizama, and on the other by well-wooded hills with numbers of small islands. Descending the face of the island by steps cut out in the rock, we reached the sea, and then walked 100 yards to the mouth of a long cave, where candles were provided to light us to the end. In the middle we crossed a bridge, and then came to a Shinto shrine, where pilgrims worship. We saw many of them, mostly old people and young mothers with their babies.

On the rocks were numbers of men-divers, who can stay under water a long time. We threw some coins, and had the show. Returning, the steps were found a little like the treadmill.

Resuming our jinrickshas, we followed the beach for 4 miles, and, passing through a long fishing village, came to Kamakura, a beautiful village noted for its temple, the Temple of Hachiman, the God of War. Here the trees are wonderfully beautiful. Walking a short distance, we came to the grounds of the "Diabutsu," considered the finest work of art in Japan. It is about 50 feet high, and was in a temple which was washed away about 200 years ago. The great figure is much better seen, and has not suffered by exposure. It is marvellous how such a bronze could have been made without machinery. The following dimensions will show its colossal size: height, 49 ft. 7 in.; circumference, 97 ft. 2 in.; length of face, 8 ft. 5 in.; width from ear to ear, 17 ft. 9 in.; length of eye, 3 ft. 11 in.; length of ear, 6 ft. 6 in.; length of nose, 3 ft. 9 in.; width of mouth, 3 ft. 2 in. The eyes are of pure gold, and the boss on the

forehead weighs 30 lbs. of pure silver ; and there are 800 curls on the forehead. From behind there is an entrance leading to a shrine, and also a staircase into the head.

Another 4 miles' ride brought us to the railway, and



"DIABUTSU," OR GOD.

a short journey completed our day's work to Tokio, a busy place, with a large station. Jinrickshas were again in requisition. This time the men all had lamps marked "Imperial Hotel," our quarters for three or four days, very large, and quite European.

April 23rd.—A most charming morning for a start to see the capital of Japan, and the residence of the Mikado, who now prefers to be styled the Emperor of Japan. Tokio, situated on the bay of Tokio, occupies, it is estimated, about 100 square miles, that is, 10 miles each way, and has a population of about one and a half million. A tidal river runs through the middle of it, and there are many small canals or rivers, also several large moats, and near the Uyeno Park a lake.

The city is quite in a transition state from Japanese to European ideas. Some twenty years ago it was called Yeddo, and was then thoroughly Japanese. Now the streets are being widened, and every time there is a fire the Government steps in, and arranges for drainage and wide streets. Just now there is a good opportunity, for a fire burnt down nearly 5,000 houses a fortnight ago, and only left standing about half a dozen fire-proof *depôts*. In the main street, about two miles long, and as wide as Regent Street, there is a double tramway, which runs a considerable distance. All the city is lighted by electric light, and telegraph and telephone poles seem very plentiful. There are many large piles of buildings in the European style, and new Government offices are being built *à la Westminster*.

The Emperor is forty years old, stout and short. He has a large head, and a fat face with a thin moustache. He was dressed in modern European style, with a military frock coat with decorations, and a top hat.

Japanese ladies are not suited to European costumes, nor will they be until brought up in the same way as Europeans, that is, to sit on chairs from their childhood. Their way of sitting upon the floor with legs and feet underneath makes round backs, and throws the body forward, even when walking or dancing.

As is our custom, we generally seek for high ground to obtain a view when desiring to see a city, so visited Atago Yama, a plateau at the top of 100 steep and deep steps for little people. At the summit we found, of course, a temple and a tea-house, surrounded by beautiful cherry trees in the finest and fullest bloom we had ever seen. We obtained a fine view of the city with its grey-roofed houses, and the winding river emptying itself into the extensive bay. On the other side was a flat plain extending for miles.

Our "ricks" next took us to see the Emperor's Palace, which is on the site of an old castle surrounded by double moats. In the centre is the one-storied Jap Palace enclosed by high walls, and approached by a bridge over another moat. Outside this is a fine stone building in the modern European style, in which the Emperor mostly now resides, for his sympathies are European.

We went to the "Shiba," a park with fine trees, and containing the shrines of the Shoguns, an office now defunct. The Mikado was the big gun who enjoyed life and pleasure, a descendant of the Sun, and the "Shogun" the working director of all things under the sun. In this park are the shrines of twelve Shoguns. Some of them are most magnificent, being made of gold and silver, each, like the temples, having seven separate buildings with courtyards, the inner one containing the remains buried in a sitting posture 15 feet below the surface. This mortuary temple consists of three parts—an outer oratory, a connecting gallery, and an inner sanctum. Each of these is a blaze of gold colours and elaborate arabesque, which quite dazzle the eyes with their brilliancy.

In all these courts are numbers of magnificent bronze or stone lamps, about 10 feet high, the gifts of nobles. In one we counted over 300; the others did not appear to contain less. Some of the gates are remarkable, one for its pillars

with dragons twisted round them, originally gilt over a coating of red oxide, now more oxide than gilt.

The Holy Trees in the courts are perfect marvels, and at this season of full bloom form a picture of loveliness such as must remain on the memory for years. The cherry and maple (Japanese) in contrast are most striking. There is a tree, said to be the only one in Japan, the "sharaso," where, when the branches touch one another, they grow together, and it cannot be seen where the union has taken place. Another tree is most striking. A camellia and a cedar tree have been united. On some of the branches



ENTRANCE TO THE SHRINE OF A SHOGUN.

are camellia flowers with cedar leaves. Doubtless the inspiration of the great men's tombs has had an effect.

The Uyeno Park is a sort of Regent's Park, and there was a *fête* in honour of the cherry. It contains fine trees, a lake, and zoological gardens. Of course we went to see our friends the monkeys, and also saw a horse caged up. Since our sojourn in Japan we have not seen a sheep in the country, excepting, like canaries and monkeys, only two in a cage. At the hotels mutton is quoted, but it comes, like eggs, from China, 800 miles away. The elephants, as usual, were a great attraction.

We called upon a Japanese lady who lives in a beautiful house, so clean that it looked quite new. She has three daughters and a son. Of course shoes never enter this place, and the only furniture was a flower-stand in the corner of the room. Cushions, covered with silk and some *crêpe*, were offered to us, but we barbarians cannot stow our legs, and do not find the posture comfortable, whereas these nice little Japs squat, and look elegant. The eldest daughter played on the koto, a flat-stringed instrument lying on the floor, the music resembling the harp. She also sang and spoke English—an accomplished Jap. The boy also spoke English, so we got on well.

The last object we visited before returning was the Museum of Antiquities, works of art, and some manufactures. The antiquities were not so interesting to us, as we do not quite understand the ancient history of Japan, for in our school days this country was little known.

April 24th.—We found a nice service at Trinity Church, a pretty little place connected with the British Legation. In the afternoon, our guide Ito took us to see the Cherry *fête*. A good ride through the city brought us to the river Sumida, where it is as wide as the Thames at London Bridge. It was all alive with passenger steamers, junks, and all kinds of craft, giving a busy and prosperous appearance.

Along the banks of the river is a promenade about 2 miles in length, with an avenue of cherry trees. Here and there are tea-houses for refreshment. It is called Muko-Jima. When the trees are in full bloom a *fête* is held. Thousands of people assemble there to make merry. All the Japs were in their best, and seemed very happy.

There were boat races—in fact, a regatta *à la Anglais*—

which attracted much attention. A Mr. Homer, President of the Eastern Railway, has some beautiful gardens, which were available for some of the people, who are immense admirers of flowers and trees. We became much interested in the amusements of the Japs, which seemed simple and innocent. Flying kites of the most elaborate descriptions is much indulged in, some representing young girls running, their feet moving with the action of the wind, dragons with long tails, monster fish, etc. Another amusement is



JAPANESE CHILDREN.

wearing masks and playing with the baby, which seems to have an existence in most families. Tea-houses, with the attraction of Jap tea in small egg-shaped cups, and sweet-cakes, meet with many customers there.

April 25th, Monday.—We started early, and had a long ride to see many places in this extensive city, one in the midst of some venerable trees in Takanawa, called Sengakugi, or the Spring Hill Temple, renowned for its cemetery, which contains the graves of the 47 Ronins, famous in Japanese history. Having read some particulars of these people, the tale can be told in a few words.

Ronin means literally wave-man, one who is tossed about from pillar to post. It is said a rich man died, leaving his money in the charge of a friend, for the benefit of his son. Before the son became old enough the friend bolted—a not uncommon thing in history. When the son grew to man's estate he vowed to find the "friend" and kill him. Others joined in the search to the number of about 100, and made a compact to travel all over Japan until the rogue was found. On several occasions he was discovered, but always killed his assailants. Years rolled past, until there only remained 46 and their master, when the rogue was found to be living near Yeddo. The whole band was summoned to meet in Yeddo, and it was then decided to surround the house at night and kill the monster. This was carried out. Knowing the law would demand their lives, they decided to die by "Hara Kiri" (disembowelling), considered in Japan an honourable death, and still practised.

"On the left-hand side of the main court of the temple is a chapel, in which, surmounted by a gilt figure of Kwangin, the Goddess of Mercy, are enshrined the images of the 46 men and their leader or beloved master. The statues are carved in wood, the faces coloured, and the dresses richly lacquered. Some represent venerable men, one said to be 77, with a thin grey beard, others mere boys. Close to the chapel, at the side of a path, is a little well of clear water, fenced in and around with a small fernery, over which is an inscription, setting forth that this is the well in which the head of the beloved master was washed. Higher up, shaded by trees, is a neat enclosure, wherein are ranged 48 little tombstones, decked with evergreens and a tribute of water, with incense for the comfort of the departed. Under the 47 lies buried the master. Round

this are railings covered with pieces of paper and cards of admiring friends who visit the heroes."

In the afternoon, by arrangement, we spent 3 hours in the prison, where 1,300 prisoners are kept. The regulations and cleanliness would be a credit to any nation. The details of this are given further on.

April 26th, Tuesday.—We left Tokio by an early train for Nikko, 100 miles' ride through a beautiful country. The railway winds through hills, following a river, until at this place we are nearly 2,000 feet above Tokio. Six miles from here we left the train, and took jinrickshas. The road is through an avenue of cedar trees, not ordinary ones, but immense, without branches until near the top, where the leaves meet.

There are several villages on the road, houses with thatched roofs, people in old-fashioned costumes, pack-horses for going to the mountains. Nothing appears changed from real old Japan as it was one or two hundred years ago, or possibly thousands.

Nikko is not the name of a place, but a district; and this foreign hotel, as it is called, has been built for the convenience of visitors, and maybe the profit of the company running it. From this window there is a most lovely mountain view, with rushing rivers.

It is one or two coats colder than Tokio, but very refreshing, especially being able to drink with impunity the pure mountain water.

April 27th, Wednesday.—A consultation was held as to the weather before starting on an excursion to Lake Chuzenji. We prophesied stormy, and quoted an old man in Westmoreland, who said it would "after a bit rain all day, with showers betwixt." However, as the guide and the hotel keeper said it could not rain with such a wind

and sky, we prepared to start, each being provided with four strong little men, who had palanquins to carry our lazy bones shoulder high when required, all the way if insisted upon.

After many twists and turns we reached the summit, 4350 feet; then passing through a wood of fine pines and luxuriant undergrowth leading to a plateau commanding a fine view, following a level road for about a mile, we came to the village of Chūzenji, on the banks of a fine lake four miles long. This is higher than the top of any mountain in England or Wales; yet the cherry and peach are in bloom there in great perfection. The inhabitants, as in all mountainous countries, are pleasant people. The costume worn by both sexes is the same; and, as the females wear their hair short, it requires some discrimination to know one from the other. The costume consists of trousers made of some blue material, fitting tight to the legs, and forming also the stockings; the upper garment is of the same material, something like a stable boy's jacket. The female wearing the trousers is here a fact.

We found a most comfortable tea-house, and had some fresh trout for lunch—fresh indeed, because the fish were swimming in a tank outside when we arrived. The windows of the house overhung the lake, from whence we had a fine view of a snowstorm, the first snow seen since leaving England. Our weather prophets were right. It did not rain, it poured down; and although we had coats and wraps everything was soaked. It is a wet country, and stoves for drying are provided; but our clothes, of which the supply is limited, have suffered much.

April 28th, Thursday.—We have spent all the day inspecting the two shrines and temples of the first and

third Shoguns, much the finest and most splendid in Japan. Nature has contributed immensely to their grandeur, being situated on the sides of hills clothed with huge trees, called here *Cryptomeria*, or Japanese cedars. The trunks of some are very thick, from 18 to 20 feet in circumference, and a great height, without any branches. There is an avenue of these trees 10 or 12 miles long on the road from Tokio to Nikko, which in



SACRED BRIDGE, NIKKO.

former times used to be frequented by thousands visiting these Temples. Now the railway made for passengers has four trains a day, always crowded, many more people come, as it does not require so much time or money.

At the end of the village is the *Mihashi*, a red lacquered bridge spanning the river, 40 feet wide, connecting the avenue. It is one span, and stands upon solid stone piers on each side. It was built in 1638, and only used by Shoguns; now it is opened twice a year for pilgrims. The colour is splendid, and contrasts well with the grey rocks

and green trees. The lacquer stands so well that it has only been done up once since new.

April 29th, Friday.—This Norway of Japan is most charming; for with the bracing air, mountains, rivers, and magnificent trees, such as are only to be seen here, there are many other attractions—the combination of all that is beautiful and fresh in nature, with not only traces of real works of antiquity, but classical productions which have existed for century after century, and are as perfect to-day as they were when created by men who died hundreds of years ago.

Religion dictated these works; and it appears Japan is credited with taking some of its religion from China in the early ages. Buddhism is one which must have exerted great influence in the past two or three centuries, for all over Japan there are undeniable evidences of the devotion of the people to their faith in building such remarkable edifices, where neither labour nor treasure has been spared in producing veritable temples wherein to worship their gods. These sanctuaries are not only to be found at Nikko, and in large cities, but every village has its temple representing one or more of the dozen sects into which Buddhism is now divided.

"The approach to a temple is generally through a Torii, which is an opening with a post on each side, with two cross pieces at the top, the higher one being curved upwards at the ends. This may be considered the gateway, but it has no gate, yet forms the entrance to a grove of trees planted on each side of the pathway leading up to the temple. These groves are frequently half a mile long, comprising cedars and other trees, many of great age. Some of the temples are enclosed in squares with rooms and corridors on three sides, walled in, with a gateway

in the centre of the front. On each side of the entrance, in recesses, between columns, a carved figure called a Nio is placed. The figures are of colossal size, carved in wood, and made as muscular and repellent-looking as possible. It might be supposed these figures were intended to be idols, or perhaps devils." The real idea is to represent guards of the temple, looking ferocious to keep away intruders from entering the holy place. They seem to us something



TORII OR ENTRANCE TO A TEMPLE.

like the objects we place in our gardens to keep the birds away. Soon, however, the birds are seen sitting upon the heads chirping, "We won't go home till morning." Still old customs and superstitions prevail. The people think these Nio have power and influence ; for if they want some special thing it is written on tough rice paper, chewed up in their mouth, and thrown at one of the Nio. Should it stick their wish will be granted ; if not, doubts come upon them.

The plan of most of the temples is similar, the length being divided into three spaces, a centre bay and two side ones. In the rear of the centre bay is the principal shrine, where the figure of a Buddha is always present, but varies much in size and decorations, as well as surroundings; but should it be a Shinto temple Buddha is absent, being replaced by various emblems. There are, for the most part, a number of steps leading up to a raised floor made of wood. Round upright columns or posts set in granite bases support the framework and roofs, which are prominent objects, projecting 8 to 12 feet, and are thatched or shingled. The sides are enclosed with screen work, and frequently decorated without and within, black lacquered, gold lacquered, or painted in colours. Red lacquer is used with white lacquer on the columns, all as smooth as glass. Dull red lacquer on the heavy outside timbers gives a good effect, when surrounded with dark green cryptomeras. In England we might with profit adopt some of these decorations.

Many of the Shinto Temples have covered-in platforms for the performances of the sacred Kagusa dance. In the centre of these platforms a gorgeously dressed young female priest is squatting on her heels, not the high heels used in England. If some money is put on the mat she stands up, and goes through what is supposed to be a religious dance in honour of the gods in general, and then bows down until the forehead touches the ground.

Shintoism is the State religion, without, in common with the Church of England in England, State aid; but the well-to-do classes are Buddhists. The Shintos, we are told, reverence their forefathers, and do not believe in rewards or punishments hereafter; in fact, they do not believe in any hereafter. Religion with forms suits the Japs, for they

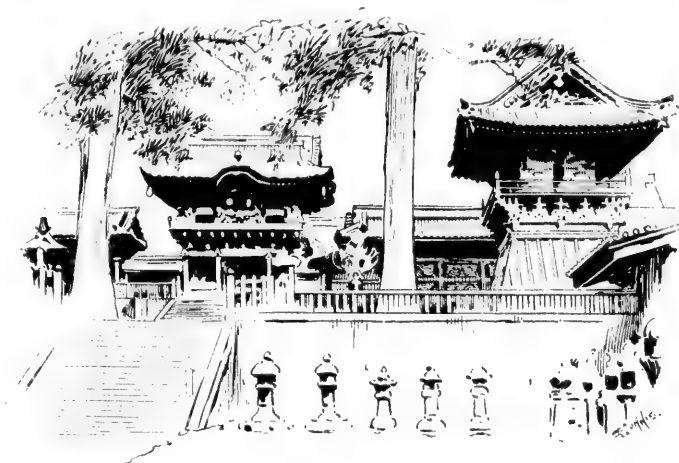
like ceremonies. To see a Jap bow his head, especially in a temple, puts to shame even a Frenchman; but the bowing of the head in the temple is the prayer, with the addition of placing a copper on the mat. Various temples have different endowments. Some are supposed to have the power of giving children, others where young married women flock to learn whether their married life will be lasting and happy (this is foretold by being able to tie a lasting knot upon strips of bamboo, which are hung up for the purpose), and others where persons about to travel hang up a shoe with an account of the journey tied to it.

Most of the day has again been spent in the temples and grounds, and many more might be, as the beauties both of landscape and buildings cannot be appreciated all at once.

Great ingenuity has been displayed in laying out the grounds on the sides of such steep hills, and the labour must have been immense in cutting out a plateau, as well as building with granite splendid flights of steps about 20 feet wide, all having artistic balustrades of solid granite, the whole made to fit with joints like a Chinese puzzle. With age and damp the stonework has become green, being covered with Palm algæ, giving a beautiful colour when the sun shines. At the same time nothing has suffered deterioration. Each temple is built on a higher level until the seventh is reached, containing the tomb. These are shrouded with huge cedar trees or cryptomerias, each one presented in former times by nobles, who must have been like flies in summer, for there are thousands of trees.

The mausoleum of Tegasu, the first Shogun, is much the finest. Ascending a flight of broad steps with trees on both sides, we come to a granite Torii about 30 feet high, with columns nearly 4 feet in diameter. Passing through,

on the left is a five-storied pagoda, a most striking object, painted in lively but harmonious colours. It is said to be over 100 feet high. One cannot dispute it; for with so many steps there was not much inclination to venture a climb, so we were content to admire the lifelike painted wood-carvings of the twelve signs of the zodiac round the lower storey. Paying our money, and ascending a flight of steps we passed through the gate of the two kings. The carvings



PART OF A TEMPLE.

adorning the gateway are varied but clever. Here pipes had to be put out, and hats removed; shoes also were not admitted. In a courtyard raised high above the approach are three handsome buildings arranged in a zig-zag, and used as storehouses for the various paraphernalia. On the frieze of one, under the gate, are two curious elephants carved in wood, with their joints the wrong way. Near this is a conifer tree, said to have been carried by Tegasu in a pot wherever he went. It has grown well in 250 years,

being now 100 feet high. Close to this tree is a red building containing the stable of the sacred pony, supposed to be white; but it is now piebald, and would sell at a country fair for thirty shillings. A female priest is in attendance, and sells 10 boiled beans for a cent, for the pious-minded to feed the sacred animal. We looked for its teeth without success. On another house are some cleverly executed groups of monkeys, quite lifelike. In the same courtyard is a holy water tank made out of a solid piece of granite, which must have weighed 1,000 tons. There the pilgrims wash their hands before entering the inner temple, and strips of paper are provided as a drier.

The roof is supported by twelve square pillars of granite, forming, on the whole, a striking object. Beyond this is a beautifully decorated building, called the Kigoro. This is the storehouse of a collection of the Buddhist scriptures, which are placed in a magnificent bookcase, made to turn on pivots when requisite. The panels of this bookcase are covered with red lacquer, and the pillars with gold. The walls of the building are beautifully decorated in gold, with many figures artistically painted on them, imparting a grand and impressive air to the whole appearance.

After leaving this part we ascended another flight of steps, and reached the next court, one side of which is bounded by a granite balustrade. This is of great beauty, and has many carvings representing birds and animals. Just inside the court are placed two exquisitely sculptured stone lions, which are most lifelike. Their attitude is that of being poised for their snarl upon the unwary intruder. In this court are a large bronze bell, a candelabrum of fine workmanship, a drum tower, and about one hundred bronze lanterns, contributed by nobles.

On ascending more steps we reached a platform, which

supports the gate called "Yomei-mow." This famous and most beautiful gate is supported by columns which are lacquered white, and have the appearance of white marble. They are carved with a very fine geometrical pattern, so extremely well executed as to be almost perfection itself. There are four side niches in the gate, two inner and two outer ones, which are carved with a floral design, and contain four large figures, armed with bows and quivers full of arrows. The summits of the columns are crowned with unicorns' heads. Where the crossbeams intersect are devices of white dragons' heads, and a splendid dragon with golden claws is placed in the centre of each of the sides and ends. Above the crossbeams there is a projecting balcony, which runs entirely round the structure. Figures of children playing, as well as various other subjects, form the railing, useful both for the ornamentation of this balcony, and the safety of people who ever go thereon. The roof is supported by gilt dragons' heads, whose throats, open one would think to their widest stretch, are coloured red. A demon presides over the whole, and looks complacently down on us from the apex. A cloister of considerable length extends from each side of the gate, its outside walls being profusely decorated with coloured carvings of trees, birds, and flowers.

Yet again more steps, and we entered a quadrangle, each side of which is about 20 yards long. These sides are made of trellis work and gilded, and have beautiful borders, decorated in colours with a geometrical pattern. Above and beneath are carvings of groups of birds, about 8 inches high and 6 feet long, with a carved background of grass gilded over. The doors of the oratory are bountifully decorated with designs of flowers in gilt relief, the peony seeming to be a favourite flower for this purpose.

There are several compartments over the door and windows in the front, which are filled with carved birds, coloured to represent nature.

The interior we found to be a large room about 50 feet long, having an ante-chamber at either end, and the floor covered with matting. The ante-chamber on the right-hand side was for the use of the Shogun—the live, not the dead one—and has oak panels, with Phœnixes engraved on them, and pictures of unicorns, which are extremely well thrown up by their gold ground. The chamber on the left has eagles on the panels, and a carved ceiling, on which a figure and many flowers are painted.

From the centre apartment, too gorgeous to describe, through a door, sliding of course, as all Jap doors do, are two steps leading down to the stone chamber, and on the other side are two inner chambers containing offerings not shown to barbarians.

Passing to the east side of the court is a door, and then about 200 steps lead to the tomb, over which is cut out a sleeping cat. Probably many might have wished the cat to sleep earlier. The tomb is of fine bronze, and is supposed to contain a large admixture of gold. This meagre description of the grandest temple is the last, and we hope the remembrance of such a picture of grandeur will never fade from our memories, enlivened as it was by the hundreds of devout Japs, who continually passed in their varied costumes and pronounced colours.*

April 30th, Saturday.—Got up soon after 5 o'clock, packed, and had breakfast—of course trout, as well as other good things—and then started in jinrickshas for the station, more than 2 miles away, going along the celebrated avenue

* A full description of these temples will be found in Murray's "Handbook."

of cedars, which, by the way, goes in a northerly direction for 12 miles, making in all over 20 miles of avenue.

We met five or six hundred Japs on the road, who had come by the train to visit the temples. It was raining rather fast, so numbers with a saving knowledge had taken off or screwed up their lower garments, and presented the appearance of wading on the sands ; but in many cases the inspector would have interfered on grounds of decency.

Our railway journey was rather long, lasting until 2.30, when we arrived at Yokohama. By measuring the map we estimate there are over 2,000 miles of railways in the island. Parts are owned by the Government, and other parts by private companies. We have travelled over 700 or 800 miles, and never rode upon better made lines or better worked. All the officials are Japs, and every attention is paid to the comfort of the passengers. In each first class carriage there is a stand with cups, teapot, and kettle, and a liberal supply of green tea "free gratis for nothing" ; so that you can have tea-fights all the way, because a fresh supply is provided at each station.

For the other classes men promenade the platform, selling for 2 cents (about $1\frac{1}{4}d.$) a teapot full of hot tea and a cup, the teapot and cup being included in the purchase. Some of these will find their way to England, purchases having been made for the sake of the teapot and cup.

In the middle of the day lunch is sold, or maybe dinner, for 10 cents ($3\frac{1}{2}d.$), in a nice clean wooden box, something like a fig box, containing hot rice, fish, rice cake, cabbage, and a pair of chopsticks—we forgot the pickle and bamboo—all included.

The "Grand Hotel," Yokohama, is a splendid establishment on the Bund facing the Bay, said to be 24 miles

across. It looks like 4, as the land is so plainly visible. Number 16 was assigned to us, a fine room with a grand sea view. Opposite our window are numbers of large steamers from all parts of the world and some war vessels, giving any amount of life to the scene.

May 1st, Sunday.—A charming morning for the first of the merry month of May.

May 2nd, Monday.—Heavy rain all day put on a damper, but did not keep us in the house, for we visited photographic establishments and other money-extracting shops. In the evening, in answer to an invitation, we took jinrickshas in the pouring rain, and went some distance to a large club-house. Our host, Mr. N—, received us most cordially in our stockings. We then proceeded to a large room, with its only furniture a vase of splendid flowers, and squatted upon a silk cushion. It is wonderful how humanity can get used to anything, for we managed better.

The party was a select one, of about a dozen ladies and gentlemen, three of whom were Japs. After a few minutes a rice-paper slide was opened to admit a procession of Musmees, who appeared each with a tray, dressed in costumes most bewitching in colour and elegance. The rear was brought up by a very important-looking Musmee and two serving girls carrying a bronze charcoal-burner, which was placed on the floor under an electric light, one of the many illuminating the room. The important Musmee was nothing less than a professional powder green tea maker, who squatted beside the charcoal fire, which has a name, Kiro. An æsthetic bronze kettle was placed on the charcoal, when the serving girls gave a few waves with their fans to brighten up the fire; at the same time the dozen Musmees squatted in a circle

round the object of their waiting, looking with placid admiration on their pretty faces. Each Musmee had on her tray two elegant lacquer bowls, one turned over the other, and some Japanese cakes on a plate. When the kettle boiled one of these lacquer bowls had some powder green tea placed in it by the professor, then a whisk of elegant construction was used with great dexterity, until the bowls were filled with green froth, when the other bowl was used as a cover, and the Musmee,



A JAPANESE FAN DANCER.

with measured steps, went to the first lady, knelt down and placed the tray before her. This was continued until all the guests were served, the Musmee still kneeling before each guest.

After that part of the repast was finished the professor and girls retired, then marched in the musicians, three females and a male, a modest-looking man in full evening dress, with bare arms and legs—we could not say short sleeves, for he had not any. The same applied to his pants.

His occupation was playing the fife and drum at the same time for three most elegant dancing girls, who went through a programme of fan dances, comic dances, and various gyrations not understandable to our uneducated minds, nevertheless poetical and pretty. Later on this mild-looking man cast aside his fife and drum, and became a dancer, first on his feet, then on his head, sometimes on his elbows and other parts of his body—all so quickly that the guests got into a state of excitement.

By way of resting this agile man was offered along with the guests wine, beer, fruit, and sweets, but only accepted a drink. After having passed round five needles stuck in a stick for inspection, he swallowed each needle separately, washing it down with the wine, and finished by eating a cake. The next performance was to swallow about a yard of thread, and another drink to wash it down. The thread was then slowly and carefully drawn up again, when all five needles were found threaded upon it.

This man is the cleverest juggler in Japan, and kept us not only amused, but weak with laughing, until nearly 12 o'clock. Wishing our host good-night, we found our boots and jinrickshas waiting, so hurried home after spending a novel evening.

We must not forget to add that on leaving our Musmee presented to each of us, packed in a neat box, all the cakes we had not eaten, as well as our chopsticks.

May 3rd, Tuesday.—Another wet day, which compelled us to find indoor amusements, so we visited a manufactory of Shippo or cloisonne ware. Perhaps using the word manufactory is calculated to mislead by suggesting large brick buildings and tall chimneys. The native manufactories usually consist of a one-storied wood building, about 10 feet wide, with rice-paper slides, mostly open to

a pretty little garden with trees, flowers, and a small lake ; so that the artistic Jap is surrounded by lovely natural objects during his occupation by daylight.

This industry is a process of decoration in copper by enamelling with the addition of wires. The first stage is the work of the coppersmith, who squats beside his anvil, consisting of a rough log of wood with a bent bar of iron fixed in, having a few inches of polished surface at the end, upon which he shapes his work. Taking a piece of sheet copper, and hammering it into the required form, is not a long process with this genius. In a vase he deftly draws the edges together, and makes a dovetail point, which, when hammered, can scarcely be detected, and never gives way. The next process is performed in a primitive furnace just outside, by placing the vase in the charcoal fire, which is blown to a red heat by using a large palm leaf fan until the joint is fused into a solid mass ; then it is taken out, and allowed to cool sufficiently to be hammered bright again, when the next worker receives it.

The designer, or real artist, who, with a conception for beautiful forms, takes the vase, with great exactitude of outline draws the delicate and intricate grounding of birds, beasts, flowers, or emblems of Japanese lore, suiting them to the design of the plaque or vase with a freedom and rapidity quite astonishing, indicating a trained and well-cultured eye. The vase, bearing thousands of lines, is passed on to the next artist, whose business is to cover the whole of these lines with brass and silver wire. He commences by painting over the vase with some transparent cement ; then cuts and bends the wire into curves and serpentine coils to suit the design, and with forceps places each piece in its required

position. After finishing the wire process, requiring even in small pieces days and days to complete, it is then fused in a charcoal burner, welding the wires to the copper body.

Next comes the manufacture and mixing of the enamel by the master, who has some secret knowledge of colouring, probably handed down in his family from generation to generation, constituting the value of cloisonne. One piece may be worth 5 dollars, and another of equal size 500 dollars; so that it requires quite an education to know the relative value.

A thin coating of these enamels is painted with a brush in their required places, and then the piece is again fused; and coat after coat is applied, and each time fused, sometimes as many as twelve times.

At Kyoto there is a maker who applies the enamel with a chopstick; and his work usually brings the highest prices, and is known as "chopstick cloisonne." We saw this at Kyoto, and purchased a specimen.

The last process is one of great anxiety—polishing with pieces of stone. Hour after hour the polisher sits rubbing as though his life depended upon the result; for any little accident spoils the whole, which is a great disappointment, when from 50 to 200 days may have been spent by 6 men, who are required to accomplish the completion of these gems.

There are a few men who can do the whole process, and take from one to two years to produce a single work. They are much sought after, and realise high prices. We were able to secure specimens of the six processes, which are most interesting.

Wood and ivory carving is a large industry all over Japan, and is learnt by small children, who in this way acquire the culture of the eye and training of the finger,

which in after years develops into some of the artistic employments so celebrated in Japan.

We were introduced to Hannanuma, who in his line as an anatomical wood carver is the most skilful in Japan, possibly in the world. He can reproduce any living man in wood, giving an exact likeness and expression. The wood is covered with a kind of lacquer, representing the skin, veins, and colour, and by some process the hair is fixed on. We saw several times a reproduction of himself, which stands just within the door of Messrs. Deakin & Co. This is so lifelike that people frequently speak to it, and complaints are not infrequent, when the glass door is fast, that the figure won't open it.

Two wonderful works of this artist, called "The Wrestlers," have been presented to the museum in Sheffield by Mr. Deakin, and are well worthy of a visit.

We have to thank Messrs. Deakin & Co. for very kindly giving us the opportunity of visiting some of the art workshops in Yokohama, and for their valuable explanations of the various processes adopted when carrying out the productions of these arts.

Ivory carving is a fine art, only practised by a few, on account of the scarcity of ivory, and the sum of money required to purchase tusks. Yet those who follow the art are perfect masters ; for some of the specimens are productions of the highest order, commanding the admiration of all who can appreciate form. Some of the finest are far from being the largest, and judges are content with a little and good, when pure in outline and unmechanical.

SATSUMA WARE.

When in Kyoto, we had the opportunity of seeing this wonderful ware being made. The clay is brought from

Satsuma, and sometimes from Korea, or Corea. Its origin, and for many years all the productions, were the property of the Royal Household.

The clay is carefully worked by plastic fingers into the elegant and classical designs so marked in this ware ; then it is partially baked, and afterwards receives the decoration familiar to admirers of Satsuma. Gold seems to form a considerable portion of the embellishment, combined with rich colours. There seem to be two opinions as to whether the old or new is the most artistic. Certainly the new has much finer and more elaborate work.

The following is a recognised history of this much-sought-after pottery :—

“Some 290 odd years ago the then reigning prince of Satsuma made an invasion upon Corea, and conquered it. He discovered among the Coreans some remarkable potters manufacturing from their common clay, and, remembering a fine bank of clay in the district of Satsuma, he induced a small colony of these people to go back with him and settle in Japan. The works thus began on this bank of clay. A rich bank it has proved, being the only one of its peculiar kind known.”

This ware is distinguished by its cream-coloured finely crackled glaze, and paste as dense as ivory. At Kyoto we saw the decoration being worked upon the pieces, and in many instances so minute that magnifying glasses were used ; and we were told that some pieces occupied a man a year or more to complete.

May 4th, Wednesday.—A splendid morning ; warm and pleasant after the damp. We took a carriage with *horses*, quite a new sensation after so many miles—estimated at 260—in jinrickshas. Messrs. Cobb & Co., as the name suggests, are English people, who keep livery stables. We

had a driver and a runner. The business of the latter is to keep the roads clear, and give notice of our coming by tearing his throat with loud shouts and yells, and when going downhill sitting on the end of the pole to prevent the horses getting underneath.

We visited some mimic gardens, and saw some splendid flowers and wonderful trees, and came to the conclusion that Japs understood, or it might be said reduce, gardening to a fine art.

May 5th, Thursday.—Another fine day, and warm. We spent the morning visiting shops, and found these most attractive, but of course not like European establishments, with plate-glass windows, glass—with the exception of half a dozen English stores—being, for the most part, conspicuous by its absence.

After tiffin we had the carriage and pair and men, and started for a drive along the coast towards Tokio. For miles it seemed one continuous street of villages, with here and there a break of rice fields and vegetable gardens. The people, for the most part, live by fishing; and the roads are mended with cockle-shells, which, by the way, are very fine. We arrived at a large tea-house with a garden, so alighted and retired to a room fitted up for foreigners with chairs and tables, and overlooking the sea. The hostess was the largest Jap we had seen, being about 5 feet 10 inches, and very handsome. She was most anxious to provide for our wants, or perhaps it might be better to say to tempt us to eat.

Starting again, after paying the bill for four, 20 cents (about 7*d.*), we had for some distance two jinrickshas in front of us, the first containing a Jap with a drum, which he beat vigorously, and the second a dressed-up figure, performing all kinds of facial grimaces. This brought

out the inhabitants, who doubtless gave us credit for being part of the performance, the result being great excitement, and the companionship of dozens of runners.

On returning to the hotel we had an hour before dinner, so went to a bamboo basket and stick manufactory, and saw two or three men carving bamboo canes for walking-sticks and ornaments, and of course purchased some. Bamboo is, I think, more used in Japan than China, if that is possible, because it seems to enter into most things, both useful and ornamental, and as an article of food takes no mean place. Birdcages for prisoners' cages, fencing round houses, divisions inside houses, bridges, breakwaters, combs, brushes, conveyances, boats, musical instruments, chairs, tables, fishing-rods, walking-sticks, cooking utensils, plant-pots, masts for junks, and countless other articles are also made from this useful wood.

May 6th, Friday.—A pouring wet day for our last in Japan. We chartered jinrickshas, and again visited shops and manufactories, not forgetting arrangements for having all our purchases packed and shipped.

Photography has been taken up by the Japs with great success, and there are now half a dozen establishments, employing a great many people taking portraits, etc. ; but the chief business is in views of a country abounding in beautiful scenery and artistic corners. These views are, for the most part, coloured by a process—if known—but little practised in other countries. Some are so cleverly coloured as to make quite a good representation of water-colour painting.

Silk is a large production. Everywhere in the country are seen mulberry trees for the feeding of silkworms, the silk being wound by hand from the cocoons. This we did not see, for it was too early in the season ; but we saw the

raw silk spun by hand by children, who are taught to work early, education and work in this country going on simultaneously, many boys at fourteen being good scholars, accomplished mathematicians, and artistic workmen.

Silk, for the most part, is woven by hand-loom for merchants, who either sell it in pieces or have it embroidered; for the embroidery gives a large amount of employment to men, women, and children, and is, for the most part, of a high-class description, some ranking the highest in the world.

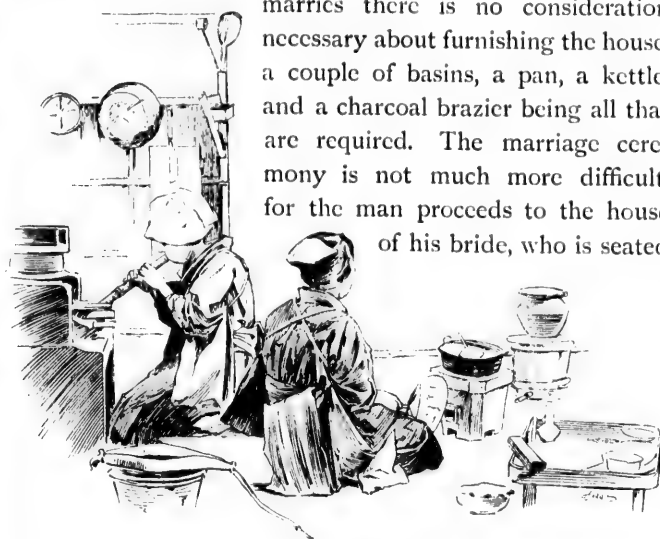
In Kyoto much of this work is from the hands of men who sit at frames for sixteen hours, and even longer, per day; and the stitches are so minute that magnifying-glasses have to be used. Some of these productions are pictures, and look like paintings, while others have the appearance of fine enamels. The representations are trees, blossoms of cherry, wisteria flowers, and animals of all kinds, either singly or combined as pictures, the designs emanating from the brains of the worker, for two alike are seldom seen.

The hands and fingers of these workers are quite pictures, being small, with long taper fingers, and as supple as if there were no bones in them. Perhaps their feet may be the same, but we could not observe them, as they were always sat upon.

Japanese porcelain and faience is quite a study, requiring more time than a short visit affords, as it is universally admitted that the Japanese are the most accomplished and artistic potters in the world, now excelling their original masters, the Chinese. Any one having a knowledge of the various ceramics could find occupation for months in Japan, in visiting the various potteries, some carried on in a room in a garden, others on a larger scale. The specimens of some

of these works are most fascinating, with intricate and beautiful decorations; but as they would not fold up like silk, or paper, and go into one's pockets, they had, although with many regrets, to be left behind.

Furniture making is quite a new industry, because the Japs do not use, or own, even a chair in their houses, preferring to sit, or squat, on the floor. When a Jap marries there is no consideration necessary about furnishing the house, a couple of basins, a pan, a kettle, and a charcoal brazier being all that are required. The marriage ceremony is not much more difficult, for the man proceeds to the house of his bride, who is seated



JAPANESE KITCHEN.

upon a cushion. He sits opposite to her on another mat, and then the father sits between them, and pours out a glass of "Saké," drinks some, and hands it to the bride, who also drinks some, and passes it to the bridegroom, who finishes the beverage, and this concludes the ceremony. If, however, the lady has changed her mind, she drinks the whole, and passes the empty glass wrong side up. We learnt this not from personal experience, but from our guide's.

Marriage is not so binding as in some other countries, because if the wife does not love, honour, and obey, and otherwise behave herself, the husband can proclaim her, and be free from further responsibility. The wife, as a mark of devotion, blackens her teeth, and pulls out her eyebrows and eyelashes, which proceeding disfigures her very much; the more so, as the stain used for blackening her teeth—acetate of iron, made by putting iron into vinegar—has such an astringent effect upon the lips that the mouth is quite distorted.

Returning to the furniture, cabinets, many of the most elaborate description, seem to have taken the attention of Japanese workmen, who no doubt at first commenced modestly enough. Yet there is not much to complain of, for a nice cabinet may be bought for 50 dollars, and baby cabinets for 30. The higher-priced ones are combinations of various Japanese arts and industries, lacquer work, with enrichments of gold forming the body, with gold lacquer, carved ivory, and mother-of-pearl as ornaments. We saw one \$10,000 in price, which was a most wonderful and artistic work, made for the Chicago Exhibition.

Lacquer is obtained from a tree which grows all over Japan (on the same principle as turpentine). *Rhus vernicifera* is the botanical name. After the juice has been obtained, it is strained and cleaned, and various chemicals added, to produce the required colours. The wood used for the foundation is very light, and called "Hinoki," and is easily worked into any required form. Then the joints are well smoothed and filled with rice glue, and the whole coated with common lacquer, then set aside for a few days to dry. Common work is generally put into an oven and baked. The next process is to cover the whole with two evenly spread coats of lacquer, mixed with fine ochre

powder, so as to get an even smooth-grained surface for subsequent work. When hard, this is rubbed down with pumice stone; in fine work several repetitions of this process take place, until the article is ready for further treatment. Two coats more of fine lacquer are carefully applied, and when not quite hard the designs are impressed—leaves, flowers, birds, animals, mother-of-pearl, powdered egg-shell, crystals of gold, silver, copper, and other metals in a variety of ways, giving wonderful effects. The most expensive is gold lacquer, which resembles solid gold except in weight.

Over these decorations transparent lacquers are spread and rubbed down with "deer-horn ashes," reduced to an impalpable powder, until the surface resembles glass, through which is reflected the various decorations.

A most effective and striking decoration is one above the surface, combined with the others—carved ivory, say the face and head of a man or woman, and the clothes made of carved mother-of-pearl, with trees and foliage in enamel. These are frequently quite works of high art, and set with jewels in various parts of the costume, and diamond eyes.

Of course with such plastic materials and artistic workers, there is not any limit to the kinds of production as long as the trees flourish, if a demand sets in from other countries. The lacquer in its early stages is most poisonous, and requires great care; but this will not deter the Japs if money can be got out of it.

As soon as you land in Japan, bronze work of every description strikes your eye, and in the hotels are handsome pieces for decoration, holding probably a large bunch of cherry or peach blossom. Going along the streets, you see in the shops water-filters made of bronze, with a cup of the

same, looking most inviting on a hot day ; yet prudence says, Don't be tempted, for in that cup may lie the germs of typhoid ; so trudge you on, and observe at the next corner of the street a bronze statue bearing all the hues of old age ; or maybe you are tempted into one of the hundreds of temples, where are numbers of bronze lamps 10 feet high, and figures 20 feet. To name the many forms in which these bronze metal workers have manifested their genius would require a five-volume book ; but it appears evident that where Western countries use iron these people have in the past adopted bronze.

Now all these creations in metal are as various in quality and style as in value, and many have been made to suit the place and purpose for which they are used. There is a style and character in all the bronzes, and two exactly alike are seldom seen ; for bronzes in Japan are not like those of many countries—mere castings from a mould which can be repeated at pleasure. The Japanese modeller first gets the desired shape made in clay—say a vase—then he makes his designs for decorations, all of wax, which he lays upon the clay model with great skill,—dragons with snaky tails, peacocks, or men doing battle, or whatever may come from his innermost artistic brain. When carving this wax the Jap looks in his seventh heaven, and his face is radiant with the delight of the coming production. The next process is to fill in this wax with soft clay, requiring great care to be sure his work will be all represented. When finished, the whole looks a mis-shapen lump, giving no evidence of the brain-work within. As soon as hard enough to handle the lump is held to the fire, which hardens the clay and melts the wax, leaving it hollow instead. Into this hollow the molten bronze is poured, and when cool the outer clay is broken off and the inner

dug out, leaving a bronze vase ready for finishing. This process requires great skill, as all the finest work is cut out with a hammer and chisels, and is finally coloured with chemicals to produce the tone required. We inquired as to the nature of the metal used, but found each maker has his own formula. Copper is the foundation, alloyed with gold, silver, and arsenic in various proportions. Fine gold bronze is said to be 65 % copper, 25 % gold, and 10 % silver.

May 7th, Saturday.—We rose early, and prepared to start at 9 o'clock. It was quite a sight to see about fifty people tearing along the bund on a fine May morning in jinrickshas, our last ride in these "man-power carriages," certainly a wonderful institution, which has existed in Japan for a long period. It is said to have originated in giving employment to a large surplus population, and the absence of beasts of burden or horses, owing to there being little or no grass in the country, as every available yard is cultivated by spade labour for growing crops. Rice, rape, etc., are produced; in other districts wheat, barley, etc.; and plantations of the wonderful bamboo, which, like Paddy's pig, seems to pay the rent. Horses would fare badly except in the mountains, and even there protruding bones seem to indicate bad living. The officer of the R.S.P.C.A. would find plenty of cases.

Away from the railways, coolies are employed to carry letter bags fastened on the ends of a thick bamboo, and balanced on the shoulders. These men perform wonderful journeys from town to town, covering, during the week, distances exceeding 300 miles, and at a speed averaging over 6 miles an hour. This would puzzle a horse after the first week, especially if fed in the same way—two meals a day of rice, barley, beans, fish, and pickles (sour), and of course "Jap tea." Japs are truly conservative, and

adopt immediately systems, institutions, and trades when convinced of their utility, quickly finding out whether it will profit them; but not so with religion and home life. There are all kinds of missions—English, French, and American. Americans are placed last, although they do the most; but that most is disappointing, except in giving medical aid to the suffering and sick, who, like the Chinese, find European physic is on a better plan. It would seem that both Chinese and Japs are much on the same footing as converted Jews.

Most trades in Japan where men are employed work under the direction of a guild, having officers who direct, dictate, and boycott, much to the men's disadvantage. The system must be copied from this country. However, the Japs are struggling to break it down, for they see the folly of paying agitators.

When at Tokio we applied for permission to visit the large prison, and the head of the police department kindly sent us an interpreter and a letter to the governor to show us everything, and impart all the information we might seek.

Taking jinrickshas for about six miles through the city, we came near the mouth of the river, and embarked on a boat, or sampan, and went to an island covered with buildings some acres in extent. Landing at a lodge, we entered through ponderous-looking gates, which on examination proved to be bamboo. We were ushered into a large room, where the introduction ceremony took place. The governor and his lieutenant bowed until their noses nearly touched the ground. Then commenced the inspection. We walked across an open space to the first building, which contained the culinary department. Everything was perfectly clean and orderly.

The rations are given in two meals, except where very hard labour is imposed, and consist of about a pound and a half of rice and barley boiled until it forms a coherent mass, and is put into a mould, and, when cold, turned out. This is accompanied by slices of fish, sometimes cooked, at others raw, according to the kind of fish, and a cupful of sour pickle made of seaweed. Meals are at 8 and 5.

The next place was the first series of punishments with hard labour. Clay is brought in barges from the mainland, and carried in baskets by prisoners to a yard covered in with bamboo; here it is wetted and walked upon until quite soft and thoroughly mixed—a process in England performed by pug mills. About 450 men were engaged in this hard work, for they perspired freely. When in a proper condition, the clay was carried in baskets to a building, and made into bricks in the usual way, and burnt. These bricks are for building a new gaol on the European silent system.

The second section was a machine manufactory for making fire-engines, pumps, etc., every department from casting to finishing. The third was the manufacture of prison clothing from the wool and cotton in the raw state, to garments ready for wearing. Everything is dyed bright terra-cotta. The underclothing for the police is also made here, as well as that for the Army and the Navy. In another department European shoes are made for the police and forces. Almost every trade is carried on in separate buildings, and there is a fine art department, where cloisonne and Satsuma are made, and also decorative pottery. Some of the pieces were very fine, and it suggested an expression of pity that such artists should be in prison. The reply was, that most of them had been taught in prison. Another most interesting department was the manufacture of

bamboo and walking sticks, also umbrella and parasol sticks for export.

In an isolated place are a number of boxes about 6 feet square, and about 4 feet from the ground, with only a few airholes and a trapdoor for putting in a *little* food. Refractories are relegated to a sojourn in one of these for a few days and nights, which, combined with bean crushing, tames the most desperate.

Our next visit was to the dormitory department, railed round with 10 feet bamboos. In the first building was the barber's shop, where every prisoner is shaved twice a week with a razor, but not any lather—a dry shave—not pleasant on a cold morning, or a hot one either; but we suppose, like the eels, they get used to it. In the next building are the baths, used by the prisoners every day between 4 and 6. Work is finished at 4, shave, bath, and supper completed before 6, when bed is sought in the next building, a large one, about 100 yards long and 30 feet wide. Instead of windows are "Louvre openings," as also in the roof. This building is filled with bamboo cages 12 feet by 18 feet, and in each cage 18 prisoners sleep on mats made of bamboo, 6 feet by 2 feet, and have a rug for covering. Here they remain until 5 o'clock in the morning.

This prison can accommodate 2,000, but the number was 1,300 odd, and the terms of imprisonment from a month to the end of life. Every department was well and strictly carried out, and with good discipline, even in the absence of the separate system. We understood it was self-supporting.

We then visited a separate department, where 120 men, dressed in blue, were busily engaged in making—of all things in the world—"toothpicks"! These men are not criminals, but persons who have not any means of existence,

and, when found begging, are taken in charge by the police, and sent to this place. The work is paid for by results, and each man has credit given for his productions, say from 1*d.* to 3*d.* per day. When the amount is sufficient, or if his friends will keep him, he is discharged. The question was asked: "Who uses the toothpicks?" there being sufficient to provide a nation. The reply was that they were nearly all exported to foreign countries. Every town has one of these establishments, consequently the production must be considerable. This useful article is made from the cuttings of cinnamon trees, and each one has a piece of bark upon it. This system of providing work for the indigent is the same as that in Bavaria, and certainly keeps the country free from beggars.

The police are dressed in European style, with dark-green tunic and trousers, a belt with a sword, and the whole crowned with a naval cap. To our ideas these little men, who seldom exceed 5 feet, seem absurd for policemen; but as they, for the most part, have to operate upon men of equal size, and with the advantage of a sword, no doubt they are useful. It is quite a joke when an attempt is made upon European sailors; as the police use cord for securing their prisoner, failure is generally the result. To return from our divergence, we arrived at the landing-stage, and went on board a steam launch, which soon took us alongside our fine ship, *The Oceanic*, 4,500 tons, one of the White Star Line.

The Bay is beautiful with its islands and villages, and the sun shone on the water like a mirror. The mountains on both sides, some snow-capped, gave an idea of sailing up an Italian lake, the mighty Fujiyama asserting itself, and looking as though it belonged to the heavens rather than to the earth.

After sailing through the narrow mouth of the bay, our course was along the northern coast. We passed the islands of Oshima, or Seven Isles of Iza. One of these is volcanic, and always sending forth smoke. It is a good landmark for sailors. Sometimes there are eruptions; but one was not turned on for us.

All day we passed strings of villages nestling at the foot of mountains, where there must be thousands of population, who live in some way or other. Fishing, no doubt, is a large industry, for a great quantity of salt and dried fish is exported. As evening came on, we lost sight of land and Japan, where we had spent a most delightful month, among the politest and most interesting people in the world. Our great hope is to be permitted once more to make another visit, when we shall seek the services, through that useful institution, the "Guild of Guides," of M. Ito, who by his bright and interesting descriptions of people, places, and customs, has contributed so much to our enjoyment; and by his kindness and attention led us to regard him as a "guide, philosopher, and friend." A valuable adjunct is Murray's Handbook, making travelling quite easy.

May 8th, Sunday.—Settled down once again to ship life. We find this the most comfortable steamer we have sailed in.

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XII.

CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER XII.

CALIFORNIA.

MAY 9th, Monday.—A fine day, but nothing particular going on, so had an opportunity of learning something of our course to San Francisco. It is a distance of 4,525 miles by the great north circle, which is shorter than going straight across, and what seems quite a paradox is steering north-east to get to the west.

May 10th, Tuesday.—Nothing particular to note during the day. Ship making good way, and sea moderate until 4 o'clock, when everybody was startled by the engines stopping. The ship began to roll, so sails were set. It was soon discovered that a connecting-rod had broken. Here we are a thousand miles from land in the midst of a vast ocean, and, of course, where ships are never met; there is nothing around but sea, not a sound, nor a bird,—even the fishes seem to have deserted us.

Most of the passengers do not find the motion of the ship pleasant; it somehow seems to affect their appetites. Perhaps it is fear.

May 11th, Wednesday.—At 7 this morning the engines were repaired, and the ship started again after a delay of

15 hours. Many of the passengers had passed a bad night, for the roll of the ship was uncomfortable. We never had a better.

May 12th, Thursday.—The weather is much colder, and the day has been unpleasant with wind, rain, and snow. Going north is a bad game for pleasure, and requires all the resources of our boxes to keep our trunks warm—a decided change from the Coral Sea.

May 13th, Friday.—The weather is improved, but it is cold, temperature 38° . Ship sailing well. Nothing to see. In the middle of dinner the electric light popped out, and we were like Moses when the candle went out. Candles were produced; but for a time it was a kind of groping light. It was found that the cylinder of the electric engine had burst. So no more electric light at present.

May 14th, Saturday.—About 6 o'clock this morning we crossed the 184° , or Meridian, where it is supposed Neptune visits the ships. If he called, our cabin was passed by, for nothing of note happened.

May 14th, Saturday the Second.—Naturally, it will be thought this is a mistake; but not so, for all vessels passing the 184° repeat the day, because, for some time, we have had only $23\frac{1}{2}$ hours in each day, now we pick it all up by having this extra day. The effects are peculiar, for this year we shall have 367 days, and in the fortnight 4 Saturdays. A gentleman tells us he passed on Christmas Day, and the effect was two Christmas Days with two plum-puddings.

May 15th, Sunday.—The weather this morning was beautiful, but cold; for now we have got to the top of the circle, and are $48^{\circ}6'$ north.

This evening we had the electric light again, the engineers having worked night and day to repair the damage.

May 16th, Monday.—Ship sailing well. Amusements going on as usual.

About 5 o'clock we saw in the distance a schooner going seal-fishing, a most unusual thing, for ships are seldom seen in this course.

May 17th, Tuesday.—A fresh breeze, and all sails set, which makes the ship lively.

May 18th, Wednesday.—A pouring wet day, with wind, and some movement in the ship. In the evening Mrs. S—, M.D., gave an address upon Theosophy, and her journey to India to investigate this new system of religion, which, in her mind and experience, is a failure. It was an able and clear exposition.

May 19th, Thursday.—A beautiful day, with a calm sea. In the afternoon a full-rigged ship was passed, and two whales were seen.

May 20th, Friday.—A most lovely day, and the games were all finished up. Everybody seems to have his or her mind on packing and getting ready for the inquisitorial customs. Even parsons seem to enjoy a little contraband.

May 21st, Saturday.—About daybreak—4 o'clock—we took up the pilot, being near land. Most people were up, for there was such a noise all night, sleep was impossible. At 5 the sun rose right in the Golden Gate, as if to show us the way in. The high hills were all "tipped with gold," and we could not have seen this notable harbour under more favourable circumstances. A well-coloured sun in a cloudless sky, the moon high up, and as bright as a frosty night. At 6 o'clock coffee was served, tasting good with the sharp morning air, and the picnic was honoured with pretty faces, which had not seen the sun rise for a long time.

About 7 o'clock, after sundry blowings of the siren, the

quarantine officers arrived, when the usual handing over of papers and consultations took place. They did not take much account of the first-class passengers, but directed their attention to the Japs and Chinese.

First the Chinese ladies and female children were paraded, counted, and examined—10 ladies and 13 children; but for some time the number could not be made to agree; so they were counted over and over again, and a few hard words passed. Fortunately, these Celestial ladies did not understand. Ultimately, it was found that one child was a boy, and the ship's doctor had made a mistake! Doctors generally declare with some precision the sex an individual has to acknowledge through life. Of course there must be exceptions to prove the rule.

The next performance was to parade the Jap ladies. They numbered 15, and passed muster in a much more creditable style than the Chinese, two or three of whom had such small feet that they could not stand without assistance—one tall woman especially, who was a great swell, and the wife of a rich merchant.

Then came the Jap men, 122 in number. They looked like a lot of fat schoolboys, being dressed in European costume, and, for the most part, much under 5 feet in height. The examination of the Chinamen lasted much longer, for each man was passed through a rope and inspected, and, as there were 108, it lasted some time. The chief officer told me afterwards that more than one half would be taken back in the ship, as they did not pass. The reason we could not find out; but the poor wretches would have to remain on the ship till June 3rd, and then be taken back to China, which would occupy a month more.

These Japs and Chinese consumed on the voyage each day an average of 12 cwt. of rice, for they never eat bread.



SAN FRANCISCO.

After breakfast the Custom House officers sat in the saloon to swear each passenger to a "Declaration" of dutiable articles, or not, as the chance might be—a regular farce, as the sequel will show. About 9 o'clock we arrived at the dock, after passing through the beautiful harbour. It is surrounded by hills, many miles in extent; but not equal to Sydney, Auckland, or Hong-Kong in our opinion. All the baggage was brought ashore, and sorted into respective lots of ownership. Also the mail bags, and about 50 half chests of Japan tea, most tidily done up in mats, and labelled "First chop, 1892," "Finest young Hyson," "Spring picked," etc., etc. These were hurried off, being of more importance than the mails, and wanted to display in the shop windows in the evening. The examination of the luggage now took place to verify the "Declarations." Why make a man swear if they think it necessary to look at everything in his boxes? The examination must have lasted hours, for the contents of large Chicago boxes and Saratoga trunks were turned entirely out. Fortunately, we got away under two hours, sending our few things by an Express Delivery Company, and going ourselves by the hotel omnibus, for which we paid 2s. 2d. each, to have our bones nearly shaken out. What a difference between the polite and obliging Japs and these Yankees! We established ourselves at the "Palace Hotel," said to be the largest in the world. For a room on the fifth floor we paid the modest sum of \$6 per night, or 25s. 6d., without food; but it is not considered dear, for dollars in this country of California only represent shillings in England. A shave costs half-a-dollar, and hair-cutting a dollar. Fancy, our small crop costing such a sum, 4s. 3d.; but we didn't try it.

After some business arrangements were concluded, we of course had a tram ride. The rope trams are perfect,

and the whole city is crossed and recrossed with these cars, going every few minutes, for 5 cents. They are much like switchback railways, for San Francisco is not a "city of seven hills," nor yet of seventeen. How many hills there are requires more than our limited experience to know; but one thing is quite sure, that in a tram ride you have no sooner crossed one hill than another presents itself. We mounted a red car, and proceeded up Montgomery Street—the *head* street of the city—very wide, and filled with large shops, and immense plate-glass windows, and crowded with well-dressed people. Following street after street, and through residential suburbs, we came to the entrance of the "Golden Gate Park" on the top of a high hill. Quitting the tram, we walked in the park, which is beautifully laid out with broad walks and ornamental waters.

May 22nd, Sunday—We went to the outside of the city by tram to Intro Point and seal rocks, which form one side of the Golden Gate. It is a fine bluff headland with several cone-shaped rocks detached from the mainland. Here seals are preserved by the authorities, and there are simply hundreds of them swimming in the water, or basking on the rocks. Some seemed quite black, whilst others are of fawn colour, and, for the most part, of large size, many three or four times larger than any we have seen before. The headland is laid out as a park and garden by a gentleman, who allows the public to walk and drive through. It is most tastefully done with palms, statuary, shrubs, flowers, monkeys, bears, swans, and other interesting objects.

After leaving California, we have "fixed up" to go to Alaska to see the midnight sun, occupying a fortnight on the sea.

May 23rd.—We found San Francisco a big city to get over, having about 300,000 inhabitants, and in China Town over 30,000. The population is a mixture of races, gathered together in the last 50 years or less, of course attracted in the days of the gold fever. Many of the men, especially the younger ones, are fine-looking fellows, and the females have a type of beauty similar to the ladies of Cork, who boast dark-blue eyes and black hair. They may have fine figures, but we cannot give them credit for taste in dress, being a little overdone, and the fashion of long dresses is well carried out, even to children. It is quite comical to see four or five years old ones with dresses to the ground, and the little monkeys having to hold them up when walking. Truly the demon of fashion prevails here. Making up some small luggage, we started at 5 o'clock for a journey to the world-famed Yosemite Valley, and to have our first experience in Californian travelling. We had to cross the harbour to a town named Oaklands, with about 12,000 inhabitants. The station is like a railway station ticket office, and large waiting-rooms, one marked "Broad Gauge," the other "Narrow"; and as our path was the broad one, we remained in that saloon until nearly 1,000 people collected. At 5 o'clock the doors were thrown open, and we walked into what might have been a large house with two stories, and plenty of glass windows. This was the ferry boat *Newark*, with paddles over 30 feet in diameter, and said to be one of the two largest in the world. Arriving at Oaklands (5 miles), we found an immense railway station, with half a dozen long trains of Pullman cars ready to start. We were ushered into a "sleeper," 20 of us expecting a good night's rest, and to find ourselves 280 miles away in the morning.

May 24th, Tuesday.—We enjoyed our “sleeper” very much, for after supping at a roadside station our beds were made up, and the 20 retired behind their curtains and went to bed. About 12 o'clock the “sleeper” and sleepers were shunted at Barends, remaining quiet until it was time to make our toilets. The atmosphere was splendid—warm, genial, refreshing, and full of sunshine, and the grain crops for miles were of that beautiful rich yellow always observable just before ripeness. A few fields were cut, while others were filled with large haycocks, and the “cattle on a thousand hills” give such a picture of agricultural wealth as we had never seen before. At Raymond station we left the train about 7 o'clock, and adjourned to a roadside hotel, built of wood, where breakfast was ready. It was quite refreshing to see our American friends bolt the beef and mutton; for in this country, although the people are blessed with good-looking teeth, it is absolutely rude to masticate your food. Only cows do that. After breakfast we all set out in American coaches, with 4 horses, and 11 passengers—5 carriages in all. The first part of the way was through a fine valley with many trees and cattle. We then came to the foot of a mountain clothed with huge trees. Some were pine, others Californian red wood. The *road* became very narrow and spiral, for it wound round and twisted about until we got up over 3,000 feet, then began a descent into a valley, which seemed crammed full of trees and foliage. Changing horses every 6 or 7 miles, we reached at 2 o'clock Grant Springs, where dinner was provided. The hotel is large, and stuck in the side of a hill, commanding fine views. It appears visitors are attracted to this isolated spot by a sulphur spring, which cures everything but wooden legs. We can now understand why these people

bolted the tough beef, because riding in a coach with leather springs for six hours and a half, and over what can hardly be called a road, and is here named a *trail*, would digest horse nails or old soles. It was decidedly a good dinner—plain, sensible food: tough mutton and roasted “rooster,” followed by apple pie—and such apple pie!—made in a soup plate, and a helping that would have stunned a plough-boy.

Resuming our seats, another ascent was begun over a trail much like our New Zealand experiences, where sometimes it was 1,000 feet or more sheer down, and the road only sufficiently wide for one coach, with the wheels frequently only a few inches from the edge; but in this it differed from New Zealand, where the drivers gallop and the coach swings, in that here we went carefully, and the horses rested in steep places very often, so that our speed sometimes was only about 1 mile an hour. About 5.30 we reached the summit, 5,700 feet, passing snow and ice. This is about 1,000 feet higher than any mountain in Great Britain. Fancy driving a coach over Ben Nevis! The views were grand, and the trees something to be remembered. The descent of 2,000 feet was a nerve-trier, with the swinging of the coach, and the screeching of the brakes, to say nothing of the jolting, and the sharp turns; yet it was invigorating, and astonishing to see so many wonderful sights. The setting sun gave lovely colour through the trees, and grand cloud effects. At 8.30 we pulled up in front of a fine hotel at Wawona, said to be a village consisting of the hotel and a photographic shop. The house was full, so we had quarters in a wooden building with 20 doors, each door representing a bedroom.

May 25th, Wednesday.—At 7 o'clock we were in our places on the coach, and started with a call, “All aboard?”

and, without the usual crack of the whip, went away at a good pace, drawn by 4 large mules. Soon an ascent was begun with a worse trail than yesterday, but the mules stuck to their work until others took their places, and dragged away at the coach. The trees and the views became much finer until the summit was reached, 5,900 feet. Usually it is not difficult to realise when such a desirable end has been accomplished; but here, in the Sierra Nevada, it was painted up in large letters, so we could have no doubt. It appears this is called "Hungry Mountain," a good name for it, as we all found with the sharp air we were *ready*, except perhaps those who bolted "gap stoppers." The descent was continued until we reached Inspiration Point, the first view of the celebrated Yosemite Valley, which on each side is walled in by perpendicular cleft rocks from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, and looking as if it would be almost impossible that a coach and horses could find a way through it. Below us was the fast-running river Merced, carrying away the water from the numberless waterfalls. Its banks were clothed with huge trees and foliage shrubs—a most wonderful picture, and the view awe-inspiring over that rock, from which nearly the whole length of the valley can be seen. It has been said that "it is not easy to describe in words the impression which great objects make upon us." This is true: we can only say how wonderful are the works of God. Then we are struck by the suggestion of the cause of such a natural curiosity. To think of a ridge of granite mountains from 5,250 feet to 9,900 feet above sea level being split by some convulsion of nature about 2,000 feet, leaving a valley less than a mile wide, with perpendicular sides, and a river running on the floor of the valley, entirely fed by waterfalls, causes us to wonder when such an awful

convulsion of nature took place. Our intelligent coachman told us the valley was first discovered by white men in 1851, when the Mariposa soldiers went to fight the marauding Indians, who frequently made raids upon farming districts, and when followed suddenly disappeared. Major Savage met a friendly Indian who "peached," and told of the deep rocky valley on the Merced.

A drive of 4 miles, shaded by monster trees and those of lesser size—some of great beauty, one especially, the dog-tree, in full bloom, with white flowers, like clematis, and the air perfumed with the scent from the spruce and bay trees—brought us, about 2.30, to the Stoneman House, a large wooden hotel with verandahs. The forest has been partly cleared, leaving clumps of trees, which were measured this week, and the average height was found to be 210 feet. Just beyond is the great Yosemite Fall—2,548 feet—which, as we are writing, can be both seen and heard. The distance is covered in 3 leaps, the upper one being about 1,500 feet, and where it comes over the rock it is 40 feet wide, with a huge weight of water. The Yankees claim this to be the finest waterfall in the world.

May 26th, Thursday.—We breakfasted at 6 o'clock, and started soon after to see the mirror lake before and after the sun was on it. The effect before was grand; for the lake, forming a basin surrounded by high mountains and fringed with trees and foliage, was like a mirror, reflecting everything in the sharpest possible way, even so much so that photographs are exactly the same, whichever side is turned upwards. Then the sun comes on over the mountain, giving a prismatic effect by the rays being broken. The carriage then conveyed us by a pretty road to a place where 3 rivers meet, each one being the overflow of a

waterfall. Crossing a bridge under which the united rivers rush, we found horses and mules waiting to convey us up a mountain trail—the gentlemen taking the mules, and the ladies the horses. After an hour's climbing on these animals, we came to a bridge opposite the falls (Vernal), and then dismounted to rest the human and equine frames. On each side of the river are huge trees, shrubs, wild azaleas, wild lilacs, and many other flowers not familiar to our view. This was backed up by perpendicular walls of rock hundreds of feet high, and, at the end, the Vernal Falls, dashing over a rock 350 feet high, with a river estimated at 80 feet wide. The sun was shining as a Californian sun can shine, with a cloudless sky—even bluer than Italy can boast. The prismatic effects on the spray were ever changing and most gorgeous. We left the scene with reluctance, and had some doubts as to the possibility of finding a way over the face of the mountain. The guide soon put us on a trail, which was steep and full of zigzags, and the animals answered to his cheery call. In some places one slip of the foot meant picking up the pieces. After struggling for two hours, and with sundry halts, we came to a fine plateau of rocks, surrounded by the Half Dome, 8,823 feet; the Cloud's Rest, 9,912 feet; the Sentinel Dome, 8,122 feet; and the North Dome, 7,522 feet—mountains of smooth granite, almost perpendicular and quite close to us, giving an effect of sterile grandeur. Here, between two of these huge masses of granite, is the Nevada Fall, 617 feet, falling upon smooth granite, which has become quite polished with the continual rush of water and ice, and is called the "Apron." The Indians call this fall the *Pi-wa-ack*, or "Cataract of Diamonds"; directly behind is the Cap of Liberty, 7,062 feet, quite overhanging the fall. The waters are gathered together, and rush between rocks at, it

is estimated, the rate of 60 miles an hour, causing a deafening roar. Retracing our steps, or rather the mules' steps, after some time we came in full view of the Tu-lu-la-wi, or "Rushing Water," which falls 400 feet, then forms a series of cascades. Just when we reached the valley a thunderstorm came on, giving a fine spectacle, and the roar reverberated from mountain to mountain—just what we were anxious to hear in such a wonderful place.

May 27th,

Friday. — We

were up early,

and intended

going for an excursion

to Glacier Point; but

as it was an arduous

ride, and we were somewhat

fatigued, discretion became

the better part of valour.

Glacier Point is exactly 3,325

feet perpendicularly above

the north side of this house,

and commands the finest

views in the district. There

is a small hotel, kept by

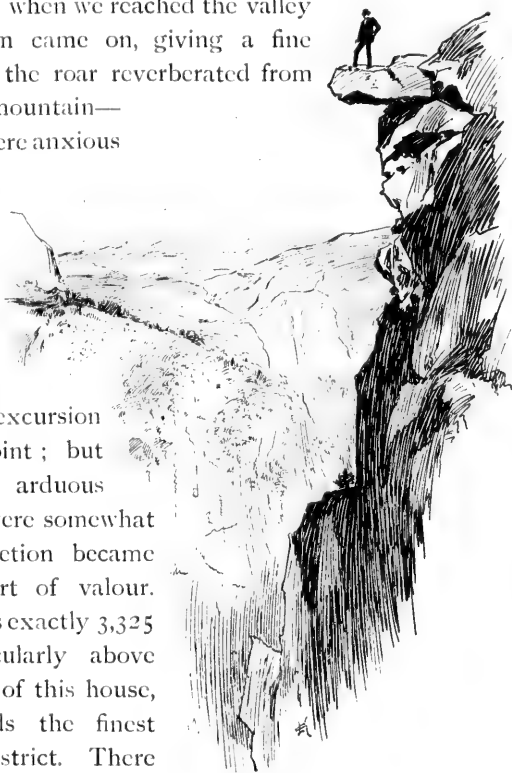
Mr. McAuley, an Irishman,

whose geniality is proverbial. A peculiarity of this place

is a piece of rock, projecting about 12 feet, and 3 feet

wide. Those with good heads walk to the end, but most

people cringe at the idea. It is said that a few years ago



GLACIER POINT.

Mr. McAuley took a young German woman to the end of this prominent place and made her an offer of marriage, with the information that, if she refused him, they would at once take the shortest way to the Stoneman's House. Of course she said yes, and is now cooking luncheons for hungry tourists. This evening Mr. McAuley has treated us to a bonfire at the end of the point; and, after it had burned for a time, he served it the same as he promised the German girl—that is, he pushed the lighted sticks over the rock. The effect was remarkable, looking as though hundreds of rockets were coming down instead of going up. Imagine the distance—200 feet higher than any mountain in England. El Capitan is the most conspicuous mass, being 7,012 feet high, and perpendicular, with a flat top, standing in the valley, making everybody feel they must go round it. The surface is, for the most part, polished granite, but in two or three places pieces have fallen out, only looking like blemishes. In one, apparently about 3 feet, is a pine tree, which can be fairly seen only with a glass. It has been found to measure 125 feet high, and seems to prosper in its elevated position—about 1,500 feet from the valley.

The cascade falls at the lower end of the valley are more pretty than grand; but any defect is made up in the rapids, where the river leaves this truly wonderful scene. Returning, we visited the "Bridal Veil" again, just in time to see the prismatic effects of the afternoon sun.

May 28th, Saturday.—We turned out at 4.30 A.M., and were on the coach at 6. The atmosphere was most charming, and put new life into us. After a 3-hours' drive we arrived at Inspiration Point, 5,248 feet, and took our farewell view of the most remarkable scenery in the world, it is said. At 12 o'clock we reached Wawoona, and had lunch, also

secured bedrooms for the night; 1 o'clock found us again seated in a carriage for a visit to the celebrated Mariposa Park, wherein are the largest trees in the world—not ones or threes, but hundreds, and, as in all phases of life, some are larger than others; but they are all giants amongst trees.

There is one 120 feet in circumference; another so large that our coach, with 4 horses, drove through a hole in the trunk. This tree is found by calculation to be 3,270 years old, and does not grow anywhere except in California, in a district 150 miles long, and bears the name of *Sequoia gigantea*, after some grand Indian. This wonderful grove was discovered in 1849,

and is from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea level.

May 29th, Sunday.—We started at 8 on the return journey, and had a long drive to Raymond, where the "sleeper" was all ready, and we were glad to turn in.

May 30th, Monday.—Stopping at Lathrop for breakfast;



MARIPOSA PARK TREE.

we made good work of a hasty meal, and then went on our way to San Francisco, arriving at 12.30, and decided to patronise the "Occidental Hotel," which, if smaller than the other, is much more comfortable.

June 1st, Wednesday.—There are many fine shops, and the ladies float about as in Regent Street—some in carriages, others promenading and shopping. The costumes are quite equal to those in London, if not superior; but that may appear from the wearers having such fine figures, being tall and well set up, and not suffering from their shoes, as narrow toes are not fashionable. Probably the fair sex see the folly of their Chinese neighbours.

After completing our necessary arrangements, we started for a long ride to Mount Shasta.

The first portion of the journey was across the Oaklands Ferry, then by the side of the Golden Gate Harbour, until we reached the Great Ferry, where the train, divided into 3 sections, was run on to an immense ferry boat, and then taken across the harbour, about 2 miles. The whole arrangement was carried out so easily that, unless our attention had been called to the fact of being on a barge, we should not have known it. The weight must have been immense; for the train consisted of 10 Pullman cars, 80 feet long each, and 3 or 4 very large luggage-vans.

June 2nd, Thursday.—We got up at 5 to see the fine scenery, which had during our sleep become mountainous. Following the banks of the pretty Sacramento River, we soon came in view of the last grand towering landmark of the Sierra Nevada in the north—standing alone in its white, silent majesty, like Fugiyama in Japan—Mount Shasta. It is 14,450 feet high, and, after the foot-slopes, it is covered with snow and ice. We soon entered Sacramento Cañon, and the train mounted up loops. First you are by the

river ; then, with sundry winds and twists, and gaining many fresh views, ascend 2,000 feet. Coming to the Mount Shasta Spring, the train pulled up, and the passengers rushed out to get a drink of the celebrated water, which cures everything, and all but brings dead men to life again. About 10 we arrived at Sissons, and left the train, to make a break in this long journey. The platform seemed quite at the foot of Mount Shasta, and we had a fine view.

Taking a carriage for about a mile, we landed at the hotel, a long, low wooden house, after the style of New Zealand, with three large rooms, no carpets, and plain wood furniture—everything very plain, but clean. In the front of the house are some fine pine trees, and the finest possible view of Mount Shasta. The proprietor of the hotel is a remarkable man in more ways than one—in stature middle height, very thin, stooping gait, and bearing traces of hard usage. He has a keen, determined face, with one eye that looks through you. The other is gone, and in the socket is a piece of white paper, giving a very comical expression. Thirty years ago he came here, when the only inhabitants were unfriendly Indians, who raided his cattle, and would have saved him the trouble of a barber if they had had the chance. He pointed out a place, within 100 yards of his house, where he used to shoot bears. This place had no name, and is now called after its illustrious settler, Mr. Sissons of Sissons, and the hotel is Sissons.

Our host says there are immense glaciers on the eastern and northern sides of the mountain, in awful gorges ; but on account of the almost inaccessible heights and depths they remain, for the most part, in secret solitude—a good field for the Alpine club ! This would be a charming place for a holiday—fresh air, good water, and milk. Two gentlemen have just come in from fishing in the river, with

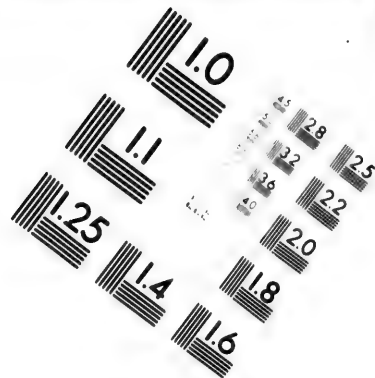
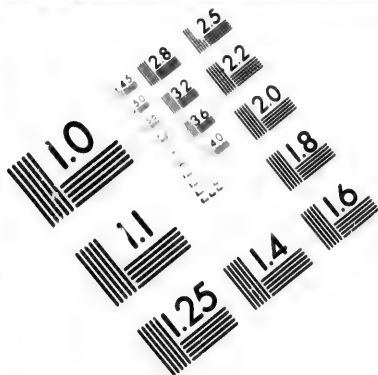
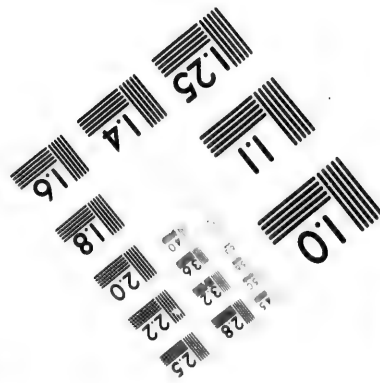
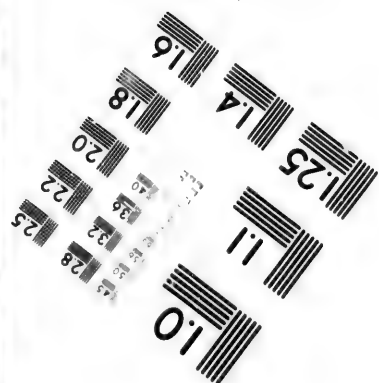
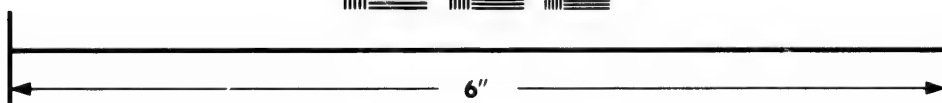
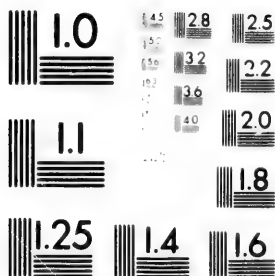


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a splendid show of large trout, some weighing 5 or 6 pounds. The sunset had a splendid effect upon the mountain, giving rosy hues to the snow; then came the silvery moon, which produced a fresh set of shadows, with a quiet and serenity only to be appreciated in a place so far from the works of man. Not a voice to be heard, nor any cattle to be seen; Nature having retired for her night rest, we did the same. Rising early in the morning, we found a cloudless sky, with a decidedly cold, crisp air, and the mountain looking as if the upper edges had been cut with a knife. Our host told us of the growth of this place in his 30 years' experience. There are now within 5 miles half a dozen factories for making boxes, and the land is being cleared in many places; so the population is increasing. Securing sleeping berths, and taking our seats, we travelled all day through a most wonderful country, sometimes in deep valleys, by the sides of fast-running rivers; at others, ascending by zigzags, or loops, on to the tops of mountains. At least they would be considered so in England, because twice we were higher than the highest mountain in Great Britain. One of these is the boundary between California and Oregon, which we crossed about 5. About 9 we took possession of our berths, and retired for the night, rising about 6 in the morning to find ourselves travelling on the banks of the great Columbia River, which drains an immense mountainous district. We saw it to great advantage, for the hot sun of the last few days had melted the snow, causing the river to be flooded. We passed Oregon city, where the river falls about 50 feet, forming a small Niagara. The city seems a prosperous place, and has several large flour mills—of course worked by water-power. Following the river, we arrived at Portland, which is on one side, and crossed to West Portland on the other, both most

important business places, with fine buildings, good streets, and electric trams. There were many fine ships in the river, and steamboats in the American style, carrying passengers from towns and villages in the district. Altogether, these places gave the idea of a most important business centre. Later in the day we took the train to Tacoma, again following the river, until we came to a ferry, when the whole lot, 7 long carriages, 3 immense luggage vans, and a powerful engine, was shipped upon a huge ferry boat, and transported about a mile up the river to a ferry, where the train was landed, re-formed, and then steamed away as though nothing had happened. This huge barge was propelled by paddles, and steered in the ordinary way.

Passing through forests which are being cleared, and finding other rivers to follow, we arrived about 4 o'clock at Tacoma, in Washington, and repaired to the hotel "Tacoma," a very large and pretentious place, where we secured a room with a fine view. About 7 years ago this city hardly existed, merely a few houses, and now it has a population of over 60,000, with miles of fine streets and large buildings. Municipal and court houses, banks, manufactories, stores, shops, and in the suburbs beautiful villas, electric lights, electric and rope trams, and in fact everything required in these days of high civilisation. The city is situated on Puget Sound, and has fine wharves well filled with large steamers, and ships from all parts of the world. The situation is beautiful. On the opposite side of the Sound are forests of large trees, and behind a range of mountains, mostly snow-capped. One, Mount Tacoma, a magnificent mountain, is 14,420 feet high.

June 5th, Whitsunday.—Went to St. Luke's Church, an episcopal high church, where the service is well conducted on those lines—no pulpit nor reading desk. We

had a walk in the suburbs, and found a fine park well laid out. The turf was splendid ; in fact, we have not seen any so good since leaving home. As there were 256 wet days last year, we are fortunate in having a fine one. From this park there is a good view of Puget Sound below the harbour, which looks like a fine lake studded with islands, and surrounded by trees, backed up by the Olympia range of mountains. Mount Olympia, the height of which we cannot ascertain, looks like another Shasta or Tacoma. Mining, wheat-growing, wood-cutting, and cattle-breeding seem to be the chief sources of wealth.

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XIII.

ALASKA.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALASKA.

JUNE 6th, Whitsun Monday.—We sailed on the *Queen* at 4 o'clock this morning for Alaska. The *Queen* is an American boat of about 3,000 tons, with four decks, presenting the appearance of a Peabody workman's dwelling, each cabin opening on to a verandah; and there are 94 of these boxes. We witnessed a contention between what appeared a newly-married lady and her husband—quite young and inexperienced. The lady wished her trunks to be placed in the cabin; the poor husband said they were too large to go in through the door. However, she, not to be done, got a porter and his man to take them; but on arriving at the staircase, or, more nautically speaking, the "companion," this companion was found to be too *small*. Of course it was not the trunks that were too *large*. It ended in the disgust of the lady, and the consignment of the trunks to the hold.

The sail down Puget Sound was pleasant on this fine morning; soon we arrived at Seattle, another mushroom town which has grown up in the last 7 years, and had the misfortune to be burnt down 3 years ago. There

are fine streets, buildings of immense size, electric trams, and shops that Regent Street might envy. Sailing again, at 9 o'clock, we arrived about 12 at Townsend, a very pretty place of much smaller dimensions, and remained an hour and a half. Though small, it is a busy place, with its ships and wharves and a Yankee gunboat, which had nothing better to do than to salute us as we left. Sailing again, we came to a very prettily situated infant town, which has been in existence less than 2 years, and was christened Anacortes. Large buildings have sprung up, a town hall, and an extensive hotel, besides several smaller ones, wide streets, electric lights, telegraphs and telephones, manufactories, stores, etc., all spread about, with plenty of blocks to fill up. The vacant spaces are only "burnt off," with the result that thousands of charred trunks of trees are still standing, looking in the distance like men. The population is now about 15,000, who support 2 daily newspapers. What unhappy people! Another sail of 2 hours brought us into British waters, and to the city of Victoria, where we landed, and are going to remain for the night. The sunset, as seen from our ship, was most remarkable, being lurid and wild-looking in the extreme, the very opposite of the calm British lion. The nearly full moon was well up to give her presence and light. In the east the afterglow was very striking, making the snow mountains look red; then a little to the north was a huge rainbow, the whole casting a glare upon the water. In the foreground was the wreck of a large steamer. Such a scene cannot be reproduced.

June 7th, Tuesday.—Having completed taking in the stores of the ship (for even American shipowners find out the difference in price between free trade countries and their own prohibitive tariff), we stayed all night to

take on board stock of all kinds, from whiskey to cabbages. Unfortunately it has been a pouring wet morning, and has spoilt our chance of seeing distant views; but the sail down the Gulf of Georgia, with its many islands, has proved very interesting. The rain has passed off, and warm sunshine is most grateful. We are in the midst of fine scenery, sailing between the mainland and Vancouver Island, being part of the seaboard of British Columbia. From 5 o'clock to 7 we sailed through Discovery Passage and Seymour Narrows into Johnstone's Straits. The scenery has become very fine, for we seem to sail from one lake to another, surrounded by high hills all clothed with pine trees, and snow-capped mountains in the background. In some places the creeks run inland hundreds of miles, and are the outlets of large rivers, such as the Fraser River, celebrated, amongst other things, for its fine salmon, some of which are on board. The ever-changing colour of the water is a striking feature. Sometimes it is green, at others, when open to the sea, blue, and where the rivers rush in quite grey. There has been a very fine sunset showing up all the mountains, and illuminating the clouds with the lurid glow of the departing sun.

June 8th, Wednesday.—A very fine morning, and the ship sailing well. The scenery is becoming much bolder, and the forests are immense. The G. O. M. would find plenty of employment here for the remainder of his days, without disfigurement of any 'park'; and as this is all the property of John Bull, he might do some good by sending the timber to market.

This morning we passed Graham's Reach and the village of Bella Bella. Sailing through Wright's Sound, we came across a large canoe filled with Indians, "paddling their

own canoe"; but the amount of human life in these parts is very small, and there is plenty of room for our surplus population.

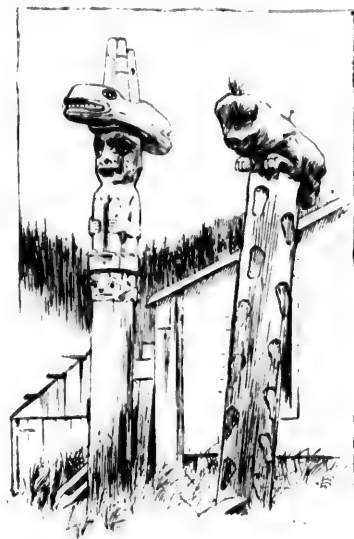
Being caged up with 256 Americans on pleasure bent gives us an opportunity of studying their peculiarities. They are not gourmets, but gourmands; for quantity is the ruling passion of males and females and their offspring. To give some idea, we noticed the breakfast of a fair-haired girl who sat at the same table with us. First came a plateful of porridge, with a plentiful supply of milk, butter, and sugar; second, a large piece of beefsteak only half cooked, with a quantity of fried potatoes, and sweet cakes, then two eggs and a dish of radishes; next came two large griddle-cakes, with a liberal supply of butter, sugar, and honey, washed down with two or three glasses of iced water and a cup of strong coffee. This young lady came up smiling at lunch, then again at dinner.

June 9th, Thursday.—Early this morning we passed 50° 40', and again entered American possessions—territory of which they are very proud, and not without cause, having had more foresight than the English Government when Russia was willing to sell Alaska,—which is the seaboard of part of British Columbia, and that large territory in the far west, some of it held by the Hudson's Bay Company. America purchased, for little over two millions sterling, 600,000 squares miles of territory, which is nearly 700 miles from their nearest point, thus depriving us of the seaboard. We were informed that the name "Alaska" is a corruption of Al-az-ck-sa, the native meaning of which is "Great Country"; and it may be considered the Norway of the Pacific, with, in the North, its midnight sun. At 9 o'clock we arrived at Wrangel, a small settlement of 400 or 500 inhabitants, chiefly Indians, who live by fishing and

hunting. There are two tribes, the Sitkine and the Thlinket, the latter being stupid, heavy-looking people. Going ashore, we first visited the house of old Joe, whose sign is a white flag on a stick. Joe makes wooden spoons in winter, and goes fishing in summer. He was not at home, so we moved on to visit the churches—one Roman Catholic, the other a chapel of some sort, but quite a tidy place. There are not any roads, as they would be useless on account of the absence of houses; but the ways are indicated by boards placed as footpaths about two feet from the ground, leaving plenty of room for the water to run away. The chief, a thick-set, dull-looking man, was busy selling what he could, and Mrs. Chief was nursing a baby. She was an ugly woman, with a broken nose and black teeth. We do not like to call the fair sex by such a title, but plain would not describe these Indian women, nor yet the children, for they are born ugly. By way of improving their ugliness, it is a common practice to blacken their faces. Some of the women have a piece of silver pushed through the lower lip, while others use a piece of bone something like a stud, but for what purpose we could not ascertain. In front of all the houses of persons of distinction are "Totem Poles." These poles are from 20 to 30 feet high, and about 2 feet thick, and show by their carving the descent and family alliances, and their histories. The male pole has on the top a man with a chimney-pot hat and large eyes, then comes another man, with heads of animals, etc., carved on his coat; and, if he has been a generous man, five round rings on each side; then comes perhaps a bear's head, and more men's faces, etc.

The female pole has an eagle on the top and a crow at the bottom, all of which have significations unknown to us.

Most of the Indians here are either hunting or fishing, and their houses are closed with a notice to that effect. One man, who left on May 6th, returned last week with 30



TOTEM POLES.

bear-skins, for which he got about £30 sterling. Near this place is the Stikeen River, celebrated for large salmon, and there are several "Canneries," for packing the fish in tins. We saw a man come to the ship with a dozen huge fish—certainly not less than 60 lbs. each—the handsomest salmon we ever saw, and the price asked was 2s. 6d. each.

On the beach were many fine canoes made out of tree-trunks, which must have entailed a large amount of

labour. Just before 12 o'clock we left this outlandish place, and sailed past the mouth of the Stikeen River, where grey waters were observable for some miles. Our course was through Sumner Straits, a very narrow and serpentine passage, with sunken rocks, only to be crossed at high tide and dead slow speed. We then came to Wrangel Straits and Frederick Sound, passing several fine glaciers and small icebergs, which had become detached—Patterson's Glacier, 6,000 feet; Baird Glacier, 5,931 feet.

June 10th, Friday.—Soon after 5 o'clock this morning we were aroused by a grating sound, with frequent bumps, suggesting that the ship had run on to a rock. Turning

out, and opening our front door, was only the work of a moment. What a sight met our startled senses—not rocks, nor pillows, but icebergs. We were in the Taku inlet, surrounded by floating ice of all dimensions. Some of the bergs were as large as the ship, while others were smaller, assuming all sorts of shapes. The colour of some of the pieces was the finest blue imaginable. The ship was going dead slow, and stopping to force its way to the face of the Toku Glacier, from which frequent falls of ice took place, with the roar of a park of artillery. Surrounded by precipitous snow-clad mountains, with several arms of the glacier, and not a breath of wind nor a sound, except when a fall took place, this was the most magnificent spectacle we had ever seen. It soon became apparent that the ship was going to take in some of the ice, for the requisite tackle was produced, and very soon a large block, say two tons or more, was ingeniously transported from the shining water into the hold. This was continued for four hours, so that we have a good supply if ice-creams are required. Although it was very cold and sharp, making hands go into pockets, and hot tears run down till the noses stood out in prominent redness, we could not tear ourselves away from such a novel and wonderful sight. Soon after 9 o'clock a movement was made to get out of this ice-bound place, which savoured of the polar regions, great care being required not to damage the screw. Two crows and a few seals were the only live things we saw; and no wonder, in such a desolate place. Steaming through some wonderful scenery, we arrived about noon at Treadwell Mines, and landed to inspect what is said to be the largest quartz (gold) mill in the world. The manager most politely allowed us to see the whole. Of course it is exactly the same as those we visited in Australia and

New Zealand, with the exception of the quartz being obtained from the side of a hill or mountain. Many people are employed, and the mine produces about £500,000 worth of gold each year. Nearly opposite these mills, across a narrow strait, is the town of Juneau, the metropolis of Alaska, the short history of which is soon told, for previous to 1880 it was not known. During the Russian occupation of Alaska prospecting for precious or other metals was strictly prohibited, for fear it would interfere with hunting and trading with the Indians. So strictly was this carried out, that on one occasion a hunter came across a piece of rich gold quartz, which he took to the governor at Sitka, with the result that he was tied to a post, and received forty lashes. After the transfer to America a different state of things began, prospectors investigating the various channels in this inland sea. In 1880 Joseph Juneau left Sitka in a canoe, accompanied by two Indians, taking provisions for several months, and they sailed about some of the channels. In July of the same year, whilst prospecting along Gastineau Channel, they found a small stream containing good prospects, and they ascended about 4 miles to its head, where they came upon an immense deposit of gravel rich in gold. This was afterwards named Gold Creek, and is to-day worked most extensively. Joseph Juneau built the first cabin, which was the foundation of the town bearing his name. On the site of the cabin now stands a jeweller's shop. The town is prettily situated in a corner at the foot of the mountains, and the houses are built of wood, in a somewhat irregular manner. There is a wharf, to which we are tied, looking upon the houses facing the straits.

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JUNEAU, ALASKA.

cester Sauce" for sale, and this outlandish metropolis is not an exception; for in a store window (established 1888) there were Worcester sauce, and Crosse and Blackwell's pickles, but we did not patronise them. The population is said to be 1,600; and there are 4 churches, 5 schools, 5 doctors, 7 lawyers, 7 hotels, 1 newspaper, 2 restaurants, 1 candy factory, 3 breweries, 2 cigar factories, 1 watch-tinker, and 1 Shookam-house tyce, whatever that may be.

June 11th, Saturday.—About 6 o'clock this morning we arrived opposite the Davidson Glacier, with a fine morning and bright sunshine. This is the most important of over 100 we had passed in the last two days—including the Great Auk, Eagle, Toku, etc. It is like an open fan, 3 miles across its front, and 1,200 feet above the fiord—a huge mass of ice. Near this is the township of Chilcat, an important centre; but we did not land, as it is inferior to Juneau, and has not any striking peculiarities beyond being the home of a race of Chilcat Indians.

Lynn Canal, named by Vancouver, the discoverer, who was a native of Lynn in Norfolk, is a fine fiord, which he named after his birthplace. It is the finest fiord in the Chilcat country. Here salmon fishing is extensively carried on, for the place is alive with splendid fish. The Northwest Trading Company have established a salmon cannery here, and employ a number of Indians and Chinese, the Chinese performing the more technical work of arranging the tins and soldering. The almost alive salmon are brought in, then, with two or three cuts of a long knife, the fish is split down the back, washed, and passed on to be cut into pieces to fit the tin; the lid is then soldered on, with the exception of one spot. Afterwards the tins are placed in boiling water till the fish is cooked; the spot is soldered, making them hermetically sealed;

then they are packed in boxes of four dozen each. In 1888 there were 17 of these canneries in Alaska, and there has been a large increase in number since; because now people have found out the excellence and cheapness of this article of food. "The returns collected in 1888 showed that 440,000 cases of 1 lb. tins were shipped; also 15,000 barrels of salted salmon, weighing 12,060 tons. The same report shows that 195,000 lbs. of fresh halibut and 235,000 lbs. of salted, also 6,000,000 lbs. of cod, were sent away, and the number of whales about the same as usual."

We passed through Peril Straits, which, as the name indicates, is a narrow passage some miles in length, more like a river with its turns and twists and swiftly running water, in some places quite like rapids, with rocks and small islands. So difficult is the navigation through these rushes of water that the anchor is always ready to be slipped, being hung in a "catch," which is fastened with a piece of string, a sailor standing with his knife ready to cut it at any moment, when the anchor would fall to the bottom in a second. The surrounding mountains are clothed with pine trees down to the water's edge, and up to the snow-line. It is novel and wonderful scenery. A sharp turn round a point brought us into full view of Sitka, the capital of Alaska, and the seat of government, situated on a tongue of land projecting into the fiord, and surrounded by small islands covered with trees and vegetation, and in the background perpendicular snow-mountains. From the ship it looked a most serene and beautiful place.

Landing at a wharf, we passed through a warehouse and Custom House into a large open space, hardly a square, with on one side the barracks, where are 20 soldiers, and on the other about a dozen old cannon, which, if persuaded with

plenty of powder, might make a noise ; whilst on the third, on a knoll rising many feet, is the old Muscovite Castle of Baranoff and the gaol. On a road leading from this "platz" is the ancient Greek church, a most distinguished-looking building, with its domed roof and octagon clock tower.

Many of the houses are fine buildings, 2 or 3 stories high, and of a great length, evidently of Russian design, and painted white. The shops and stores seem similar to those in other places of the same kind. The roads are good and well kept, and the whole place savours of civilisation, and is clean, with the exception of the Indian village, where there are several hundreds of Indians ; the white population numbering about 400, a good many of whom look like Germans with their quiet faces, but are Russians, who have become naturalised under the "Stars and Stripes." The Indian men hunt, and fish, and do anything else, but are not energetic, while the women make all sorts of curios out of skins, carve wood, and make rough-looking spoons out of dollars. On the arrival of a ship like this, the women, dressed in their gaudy best clothes, sit by the side of the roads with a set-out of curios on a rug.

Walking along a road we came to the Alaskan newspaper office. The proprietor, Maurice E. Kenealy, son of the late notable Dr. Kenealy, had gone to Frisco for a holiday ; but as the newspapers seem to be filled with stock information, a few additions keep them going. Farther along was the Museum, a building painted yellow, with Totem poles and sundry devices. A polite man, who had the keys, invited an inspection, which we gladly accepted, and saw many curiosities from the Arctic regions, in the shape of things used by the Esquimaux, stuffed wild animals, fish, shells, etc. ; also Indian and Russian curios thus spending a pleasant and instructive hour.

Continuing our walk through an avenue of shrub-like cedar trees, we reached the Indian river, a pearly stream flowing between banks covered with shrubs. Wending our way along the side of this murmuring stream, we came to a rustic bridge, and there rested to enjoy one of the finest possible evenings. Returning by another road, our walk was enlivened by a splendid sunset casting its rays upon Mount Edgecombe, an extinct volcano covered with snow, rising from the water in the shape of a cone with an island for its base, thereby not interfered with by neighbours. The afterglow was splendid.

June 12th, Trinity Sunday.—We went to the Greek church, but found there was no service, because most of the congregation were away fishing, so we spent an hour inspecting the church. Beneath the large dome is an altar raised upon 2 steps, with a stool upon which is the bishop's mitre, most profusely decorated with jewels and enamels, and a cross about 2 inches long cut out of a single emerald of the finest water, worth a fabulous sum ; also 2 gold crowns used in the marriage ceremony, one for the bride and the other for the bridegroom, the said ceremony lasting 3 hours. On the walls were many paintings, or, more properly called, embellishments, in frames, one a Madonna and child said to be by Raphael, the only painted portion visible being the faces and hands, the remainder covered with silver and gold, most elaborately worked to represent the clothing and a gold crown and halo, the whole having a gorgeous but inartistic effect. Nearly all the others were similar, and some painted on ivory. Richly decorated candelabra stood upon the floor, holding such thick wax candles that one lasted 5 years. Behind the altar, on opening 2 large doors, was the "Holy of Holies," into which females are not admitted, and for

the matter of that we were only allowed a peep, although a payment of half-a-dollar was charged to see the whole show. We next visited the gaol, a very primitive affair. The gaolor was most polite, and answered all our inquiries. There are 10 cells, and a large day-room. At 6 in the morning the prisoners clean up, and then go into the day-room, which looks into the street. Having nothing to do all day, nor any books to read, the time must seem long. Once a week they have a little tobacco, and are fairly well fed; but it seems a bad system for a man to be left month after month in a cage. In the harbour two or three gun-boats are always stationed, and at this season more, for the protection of the seal fisheries. The U.S.A. have let the Alaskan seal fisheries to a company to catch 100,000 seals each year; and besides the rent there is a tax upon each skin of $2\frac{1}{2}$ dollars, or a little over 10s., which accounts for the absurd price of seal skins.

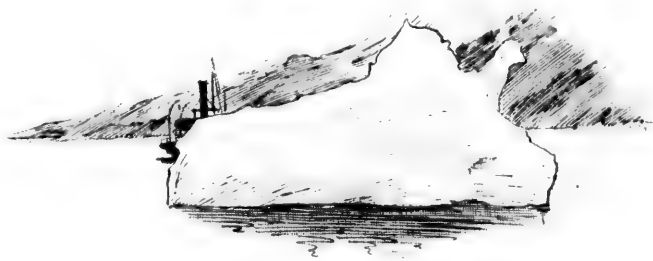
About 12 o'clock we were summoned by the ship's siren, which, by the way, excited all the dogs in the town, and their name is legion. In one house we counted 11. The ship glided away, threading through the numerous islands until Sitka was lost to view.

Being particularly fine, and all the snow mountains clear, the sail was most enjoyable, going, as it were, from lake to lake, and river to river.

About 9 o'clock, with sun shining brightly and the snow peaks towering to the blue sky, we entered Icy Straits, and soon came in contact with floating icebergs, many much larger than the ship. The ice increased in quantity, and became so full of floes that the ship had to be stopped, because running against these huge bergs shook it from end to end, and there was the fear of breaking the screw. We elbowed our way through this crowd of ice for 5 hours,

and saw a good exemplification of Arctic navigation in the bumping, scraping, and bucking—*i.e.*, putting the ship back and trying a fresh place. It appeared as if you might go for miles from "berg to floe."

The surrounding mountains were covered with snow and ice down to the water's edge, and not a vestige of vegetation visible. The wonderful sapphire blue of the ice, with its chameleon changes to *Lapis Lazuli*, and the atmosphere tinted with the rays of a northern setting sun (10.15)



ICEBERG.

behind the Fairweather range of mountains, sending their illuminated peaks into the very heavens, and lighting up the whole canopy with various hues, presented a spectacle of wonder to the mind, producing an impression never to be erased, and a feeling that life has been increased in value by witnessing such wonders of the works of our Creator. The afterglow of the sunset continued unt'l 1 o'clock as a coloured light to which we were steering, and towards 2 the day began to break in the north-east, when we entered Glacier Bay, and anchored at 2.15. We turned in for a rest after this exciting scene, but sleep did not

follow quickly after being exposed to the cold consequent upon the quantity of ice.

June 13th, Monday.—It is said that the inhabitants of besieged towns become familiar with the roar of cannon, and sleep as though it was only the bleating of cattle. This was hardly our case, for the roar of avalanches falling from the glacier prevented our rest, and was originally the cause of its discovery ; for one Dick Willoughby, who was squatting near the entrance to Icy Straits, told Captain Carrol, the commander of this ship, of the great glacier 30 miles up the bay, the thud of whose falling ice could be heard and felt at his house, declaring that it rattled his teacups, and sent waves to his shore. In 1883 the captain took him in the steamer *Idaho* to verify his statements, and found what is said to be the largest known glacier in the world, and, as far as investigations have been made, is 35 miles long, 6 to 10 miles wide, and the surface of the ice measures 350 square miles. The front or wall of ice is about 200 feet above the water-level at high-tide. We are anchored about half a mile from it, in full view, and it is an amusement to see the huge pieces of ice fall into the water, sending up volumes of spray, with a roar like thunder. After breakfast the ship's boats were placed at the disposal of the passengers, who, for the most part, went ashore. We walked to the face of the glacier, and were then struck with its grandeur, both in shape and colour. Some of the pinnacles looked perfect works of architecture and statuary, like Milan Cathedral. It was sad to think they would all fall during the week into the fiord ; for the glacier recedes on an average 7 feet a day, throwing off about 2,000 tons of ice, which float as icebergs, either to be melted by the sun, or washed out to sea. Our next venture was a climb up the moraine—a rather rough

experience for our boots ; but we were rewarded for our efforts by reaching the glacier in an hour ; and another hour brought us to a point from which there was a wonderful view—nothing but fields of ice and snow mountains, with glaciers as far as the eye can reach. The surface was scored with crevices deep and blue, some giving off sounds of rushing water. It was a desolate picture, without animal life, except now and then a few eagles flying high up on their way to more fruitful places. We have never seen glaciers so easy of access and less difficult to walk over, giving us an opportunity of viewing these extensive fields of ice, which have existed for thousands of years, and becoming familiar with the glacial theory where it is a stern reality. The captain took the ship within 100 yards of the face of the glacier, then sailed the whole length, 3 miles, for the water is 100 fathoms deep close up to the ice ; so that with this 600 feet below the water and the 200 to 300 above, there is nearly 1,000 feet of ice in depth. The night was clear, giving views of the St. Elias range, 70 miles distant ; but there were not any decided sunset effects ; so we turned in for a good night's rest after leaving Icy Straits.

June 14th, Tuesday.—The ship continued sailing down Chatham Straits, and into Frederick Sound, where we remained stationary for 5 hours, waiting for the tide to pass through Wrangel Passage, which is a dangerous place, except at high tide, on account of the rush of water. The rest has been quite enjoyable after the excitement of yesterday, with warm sunshine and grand scenery. At 3 o'clock we started again, passing safely through the difficult navigation, and then stopped for a conversation with a canoe full of Indians, of whom there seemed to be three or four generations, from babies to old women. Then came a small steam-launch for a missionary, whom we brought

from Sitka. His pleasant lot for 3 days is to be in a canoe with Indians, who are going to take him to a station 70 miles distant. It has come on a pouring wet night, so social amusements under cover have to be found.

June 15th, Wednesday.—We are now sailing in British waters, having passed Fort Simpson in the night, and



AN INDIAN'S HOUSE.

through Grenville Channel, Graham's Reach, into Queen Charlotte Sound, where the scenery is lovely, like a chain of beautiful lakes. This evening we passed Bella Bella, a station of the Hudson Bay Company. From the water it looks a pretty place, with 47 houses and a portentous-looking church, of course all built of wood. The inhabitants are about 30 white people and 400 Flat Head Indians.

There are several races of these people, who come under the category of North American Indians. The ones we have seen most of are the Thinklets and some Eskimo, who inhabit the shores, and come into the fiords during the salmon season. Mr. Badlam writes that the Thinklets are the most warlike of these northern tribes, and in warfare cruel and savage, but most favourable to white men ; whereas the Chilcats and Chilkoots are just the reverse. The Thinklets have the character of ingenuity in the manufacture of utensils and instruments of warfare, and working in metals. They have a respect for women and aged people, not common amongst their tribes, and are fond of personal adornments ; but does not that equally apply to our own countrymen who frequent Bond Street ? Of course tastes in adornment differ ; at the same time, taste is only fashion. The Indians embellish nature by wearing ear- and nose-rings, from which are hung ornaments in shell, bone, wood, copper, and silver, and their heads are frequently variegated with greasy colours. Tattooing is practised by drawing a coloured thread under the skin, but it is not as effective as the Japanese. A tattooed woman, with nose- and ear-rings so heavy that her features are drawn out of shape, and a lip button, is not a picture of loveliness.

Polygamy is common, and the number of wives seems regulated by wealth ; for the wife does not bring any profit to the household, as there are tribal taxes levied in proportion to the number of wives.

These people are fond of the "cratur," and when intoxicated commit all sorts of excesses ; so a law has been passed forbidding the sale of alcohol to the Indians.

Alaska is a wonderful country, but at present suffering from the want of land-laws ; for although Congress made

such a flourish of trumpets on acquiring the territory, it is not yet admitted into Congress, and there is not any security in building houses or manufactories, or opening mines, because there is not any title, the United States having the power to step in and take everything.

June 16th, Thursday.—Our sail continued in British waters, passing many cultivated spots, until we arrived at the entrance of a beautiful bay in Vancouver Island, called New Westminster, where there are extensive collieries, with railway drops to several wharves; so that many ships of large size can take in coal at the same time. Our ship went alongside, and took in 500 tons. In the afternoon the steam-launch and 4 boats were got overboard, into which 100 passengers were stowed, and towed to the head of the bay, where is situated the prosperous and pretty town of Naniamo, which has sprung into existence in consequence of the coal mines. A prospector, named Dunsmuir, discovered this coal, and purchased the whole district for a small sum. Now the income is enormous, as the demand for Pacific steamers alone is very large. We spent a pleasant hour in viewing the churches, post-office—"V.R."—and shops. Then the procession of boats was formed, and we returned to the ship for dinner. Some time early this morning we sailed again, passing through many pretty and narrow straits, and arrived about 10 o'clock at Victoria, the capital of Vancouver. Here, as far as we were concerned, ended the trip to Alaska, with many good-byes and assurances of friendship, and invitations to call at various cities *en route*.

XIV.

CANADA.

CHAPTER XIV.

CANADA.

WE are well pleased to have seen Alaska, for it is different from any other place our wanderings have led us to. We passed through hundreds of miles of uninhabited country, and sailed in a large ship over 3,000 miles in salt water, nearly always having land visible on both sides; coming face to face with tribes of Indians, of whose exploits in hunting and fishing, as well as scalping white men, we have often read; and meeting also the prospector, a wonderful character, who faces all kinds of dangers in his search for gold. I must not forget to mention the candle-fish, so full of oil that it is dried and used, as its name indicates, by burning to give light. Last, and not least, we have seen 700 miles of British Columbia, which has a great future.

June 17th, Friday, Victoria, Vancouver Island.—We landed from the s.s. *Queen*, and took up our quarters at the "Driard House," a large hotel, in a transition state to a larger.

Engaging a carriage, we had a drive through all the suburbs, and were perfectly amazed at the number of fine

villas, entirely built in the English fashion, with well-kept gardens, one place reminding us very much of Chislehurst Common. Dunsmuir Castle, built by Mr. Dunsmuir, the owner of the New Westminster Collieries, is a grand stone castle with towers, and large park.

The public park is splendid, being laid out with much taste, and commanding fine views.

The climate is said to be perfect, and, judging from the flowers and fruits, as well as the wild flora, the report must be true.

This city of Victoria, Vancouver Island, is thoroughly English in a way, the inhabitants suppressing Americanisms. It is now in the Dominion of Canada, but has its own parliament, sitting in the new Senate House, built in the Jubilee Year, and surrounded by a pretty park.

Vancouver Island is larger than England, and the people have an idea that it must become one of the important places of the world, as it has any quantity of coal, iron, gold, silver, copper, lead, and quicksilver, also fine beds of clay, either for bricks or pottery, and an unlimited supply of timber.

The city seems in a great state of prosperity, building, of both houses and manufactories, going on all over the place; and there are no beggars, work being offered to all comers.

A creek runs through the middle of the town for several miles, which is very pretty, with gardens and boathouses in many places, giving amusement and healthy exercise to the inhabitants, who show their appreciation of such pleasures by the good use they make of them.

June 18th, Saturday.—After enjoying a good rest in a bed in a large room (quite a change from a small cabin), an electric tram ride took us 4 miles to the village of Esquimalt, on the banks of a creek. It is very beautiful, and

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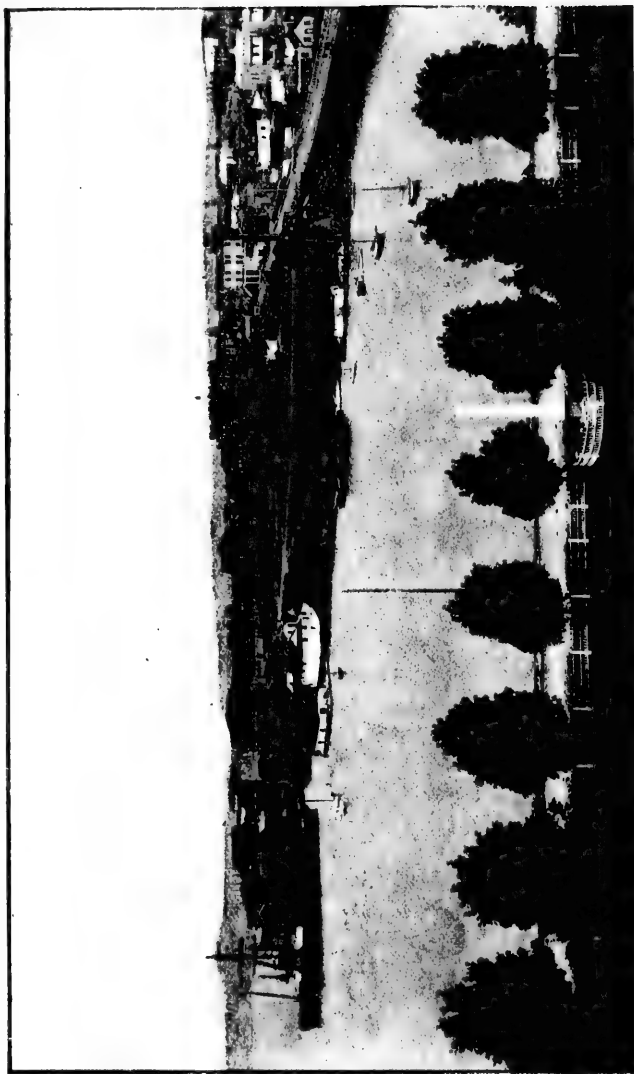
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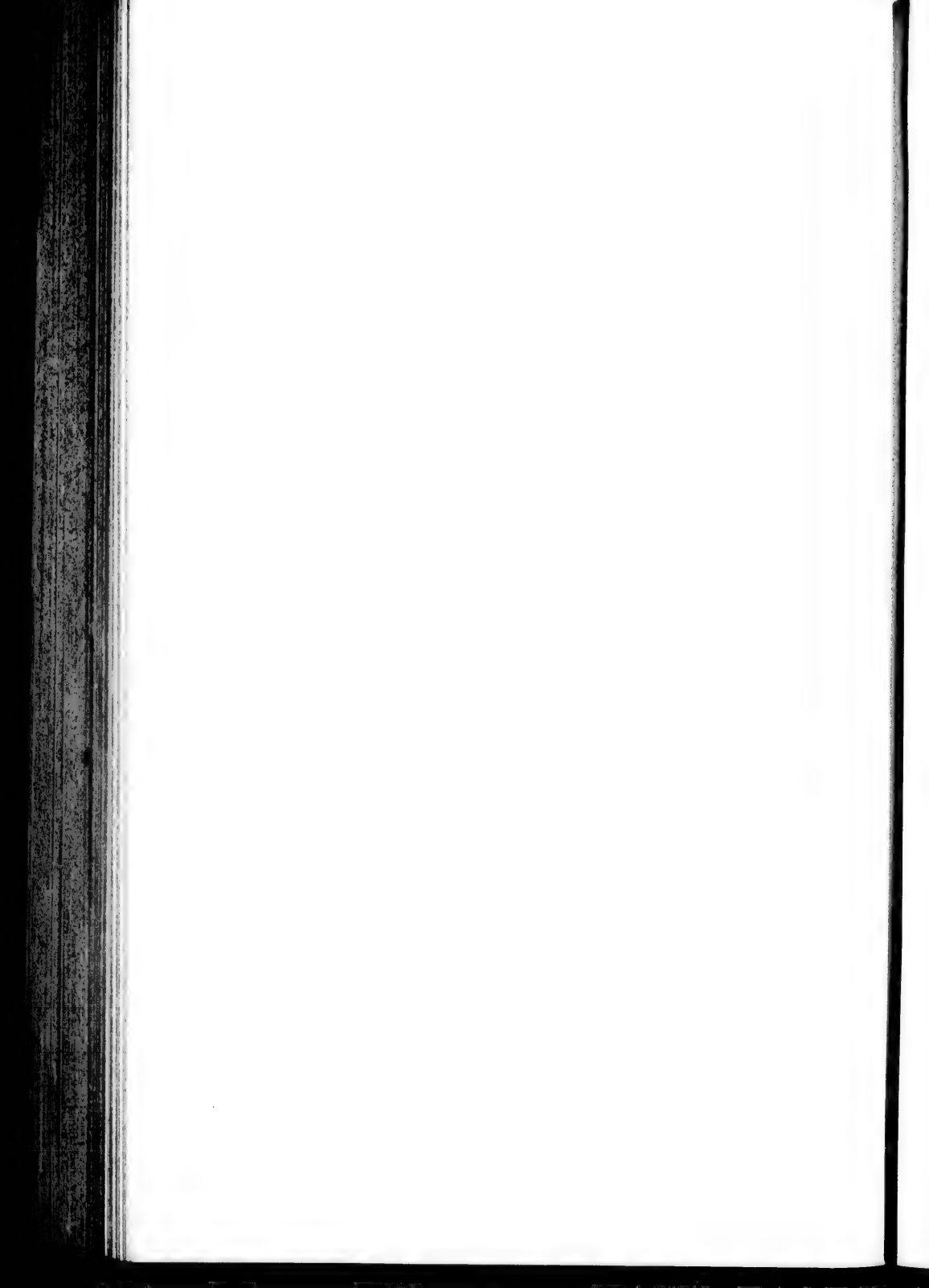
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VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



is Her Majesty's Naval Depôt for the Pacific and Behring Straits. Only one gunboat was in the creek, all the rest being out cruising. There is a dry dock, with storehouses and other buildings, cricket and lawn tennis grounds, etc., and piles of shells, also some large guns, which, being cracked, were waiting for shipment to England.

We met a good man who has been out here thirty years, and remembered when the place was a station of the Hudson Bay Company, and had only about 50 houses. The old fellow seemed delighted to recount his adventures, which were as exciting as the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." He related many of them to us, from being taken prisoner in Alaska by the Chilcat Indians, and the mode of escape, to having the accumulations of a lifetime burnt in one night, the value of them being \$70,000. We visited his museum of Indian curios, containing many wonderful things, some of which are going to the World's Fair at Chicago, and others to the British Museum. This worthy rejoices in the name of John J. Hart, and is a cockney.

With regret we leave Victoria at midnight, by the Canadian-Pacific steamboat, for Vancouver, feeling that another day or two could have been spent with pleasure and profit in this most delightful place. Unfortunately, however, there was not another boat till the Tuesday following.

June 19th, Sunday.—We turned out soon after 5 to enjoy the balmy air of a splendid morning, and view the delightful surroundings of islands covered with trees and sub-tropical foliage, some inhabited, others without a trace of life; and in the background the Columbian and Olympian Mountains, covered with eternal snow, and high peaks, so perpendicular as to give an effect of black pillars supporting the sky.

About 7.30 we sailed into a well-wooded creek, and then rounded a turn, and Vancouver was disclosed, with its fleet of ships, including the *Empress of Japan*, which had arrived the day before from Yokohama, crowded with passengers and freight.

This place is the baby of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, and has sprung up in something over 5 years; 6 years, all but a week exactly before our arrival, a great bush fire burnt up the whole place, only one house escaping, the inhabitants having to take refuge in and on the water.

If you walk about the town you are tempted to say that this is a fable, a real Munchausen, or a wonder equal to the building of the walls round Syracuse—26 miles in 6 days—for there are fine wide streets, with substantial buildings, electric trams, which go every 5 minutes, and churches in numbers, with spires or towers, and fine east windows. There are about 20 hotels, but of course not all equal to the hotel "Vancouver," to which a little addition of 60 more bedrooms is in the process of building.

We went to Christ Church, and the clergyman paid us the compliment of commending English Sundays, in contrast to Sundays in Vancouver, where people go picnics, and have fishing and shooting parties, carrying their fishing rods and guns through the streets with perfect composure.

After church we had a walk, and admired the fine villas, with well-kept gardens, and quite a flower show of roses.

Here the electric tram is a fine institution, being circular—that is, it goes round and round, covering some 6 miles of town, for 10 cents, or halfway for 5 cents. From the upper part there is a splendid view, which reminds one of the Tyrol towns, with their mountainous surroundings.

The more we see, the more we wonder at this 6-year-old town.

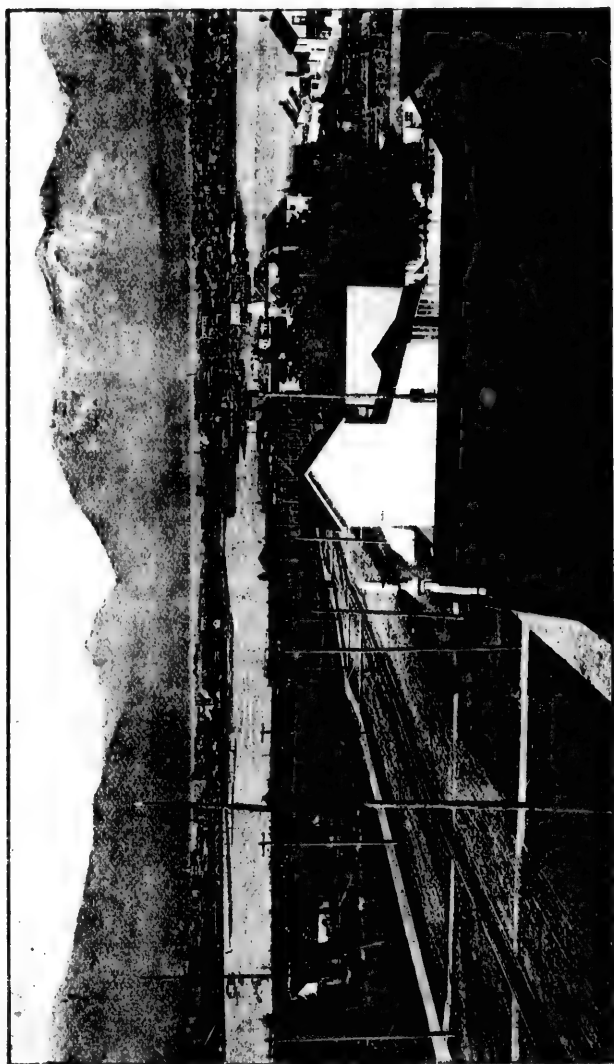
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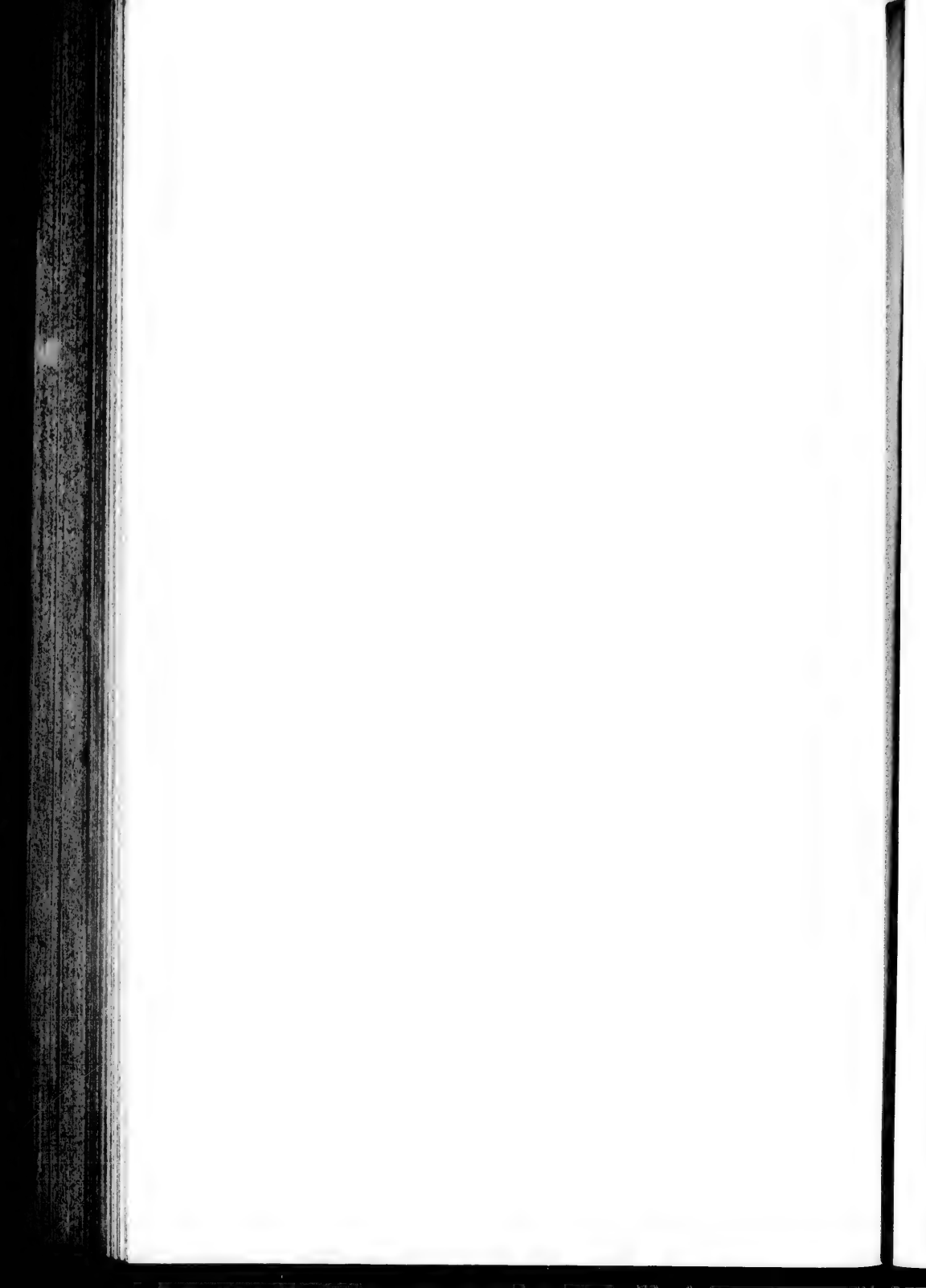
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VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



June 20th, Monday.—Such a glorious morning of beauty, sunshine, and cloudless sky.

A mile and a half from the hotel "Vancouver" is the Columbian National Park, called the Stanley Park, covering many miles of ground, on the westerly headland of the Sound. An excellent road, keeping close to the beach, 9 miles in length, has been made, with seats at intervals, the forest remaining in its pristine beauty, with monarchs of pine trees growing. At one place is a signboard, "To the big Trees." Here we found a collection something like the Mariposa Park trees, with circumferences from 60 to 80 feet, with a corresponding height.

Wild raspberries were a great attraction, being ripe, and about three times the size of our fruit. They are salmon colour.

The water is splendid, with an unlimited supply coming 20 miles from the mountains.

We paid a visit to the National Bank of British Columbia, a substantial stone building, with the inside fittings equal to any that we have seen in our experience of banks.

At 2 o'clock we started for our first journey on the Canadian-Pacific, the most celebrated railway in the world. The station has not any pretensions to vie with our London monsters, but will no doubt increase with the traffic. The train consisted of 6 carriages of the Pullman class, an observation car, a luggage van, and a powerful engine. The first part of the way was along the banks of the Sound until reaching the celebrated Fraser River, noted in former days for exploits with Indians, and now for salmon. There are a number of fishing stations here, and extensive canneries, where salmon are tinned and sent all over the world.

We followed this river for miles, shut in by perpendicular rocks, which have been cut for the single line of rails, varying this by sometimes cutting off corners by tunnels, or being perched on stick bridges, which affected the nerves of some people, who felt that Providence was being tempted. The views were splendid, both of snow mountains—especially Mount Baker, an isolated cone, 13,000 feet above the railway—and of rivers running into the Fraser-Harrison River, swelling this mighty torrent of water confined in its rocky bed, until its fury in some places seemed as if it would overpower everything. Bedtime came, and still we travelled by Fraser River.

Life in the cars is quite an American institution, not only for the purpose of travelling, but also for pleasure parties. A car can be engaged for a day, a week, or a month, and is provided with a cook, and two black servants. The hirer can either provide his own food, or the company will do so for him, at so much per day. The car can be taken anywhere, either in the States or Canada, and stop wherever there is a siding until another train picks it up.

We stopped for dinner at a place called North Bend, and about 10 o'clock the drawing-room car underwent a change like the scenes in a pantomime, and became a sleeper. We had tickets for a section—that is, a lower and upper berth, screened from public gaze by a curtain. Into this berth you creep, and a little more pantomime goes on in the shape of undressing, which is not easy to perform on your back.

June 21st, Tuesday.—The longest day.

We were up before 6 after a good sleep, to see the Shuswap Lakes, 4 in number, which are at the summit of this part of the line, occupying, with immense spruce trees,

the entire width of the mountain-surrounded plain, and forcing the railway to travel round all their arms. These mirror lakes are very beautiful, reflecting the snow-clad mountains, their surfaces being only disturbed by numbers of wild geese and ducks.

Soon after 7 we took on a dining car, where breakfast was served, hot, well cooked, and in every way first class, with a printed menu, of which the following is a copy:—

MENU. BREAKFAST.

Fruit. Apricots, cherries, apples, oranges.

Oatmeal porridge and cream.

Coffee, English breakfast-tea, chocolate.

Hot rolls, dry toast, dipped toast, Boston brown bread.

Graham bread, cream toast.

Baked salmon.

Sirloin-steak—plain, or with mushrooms.

Mutton-chops—plain, or with tomato sauce.

Veal-cutlets.

Sugar-cured ham.

Liver and bacon.

Eggs and omelettes.

Girdle cakes, with Maple syrup.

Potatoes, fried and baked.

Jam and marmalade.

Price 75 cents (about 3 shillings).

All of the above could be indulged in, or as much as a gourmet might choose.

Returning after a well-discussed breakfast, we found that the sleeping car had undergone another transformation, and had changed back to a drawing-room again.

After leaving these lakes we crossed the Columbia River, which, although 500 miles above Portland-Oregon, is of no mean pretensions, being quite equal to the Thames at London Bridge, and navigable, having a regular service of steamers from Revelstoke, an important town situated

in the midst of a large mining district. Here we remained for a quarter of an hour, and left the dining car in exchange for an "observation" car, which is made for the purpose of seeing the scenery.

Going on again, we approached the base of the Selkirks through a narrow valley, which became a gorge with a rushing river. Here the passengers left the cars, and went on to a platform erected for the purpose of seeing the maddened waters rush between two rocks, and admiring the double summit of the mountain called Mackenzie-Tilley, with its glaciers and snow-covered tops. From this platform one looks down about 300 feet of perpendicular rocks, and most people seemed to turn away with awe in their faces at seeing this immense rush of waters. Resuming our journey, we soon commenced the ascent to the "Selkirk summit," the most difficult and costly work in this part of the line; for at the head of the valley is a ridge of mountains over 4,000 feet high, and over the top of this the railway has to climb in loops, first on one side of the mountains, and then on the other, crossing on tressel bridges of a giddy height, looking in the distance as if built of lucifer matches. It was most interesting and curious, for as the train ascended we could see the various loops over which the train had passed. Of course the speed was slow, but the time soon passed in admiring the wonderful views, and speculating where we should go next. At length we arrived at Glacier Station, our stopping place for 24 hours, where there is an hotel, quite like a Swiss one in appearance, at the foot of the Glacier. A day's rest from the cars is grateful; for although there is every luxury, even to a bath, the continual shaking and looking out produce fatigue.

After dinner we had a walk to see the various sights of

this wonderful place in the snow and glaciers, and surrounded by the Selkirks. Sir Donald is the highest, and is directly in front of the windows of the hotel, forming one side of the Glacier. We visited the snowsheds which protect the line in winter, and in the summer form a fine promenade, to view the valley below. These sheds are built with huge timbers, to carry the weight of the avalanches which are continually falling.

The walk on the line gave us an opportunity of examining the various kinds of work, which is far from being in accordance with our ideas of even second-rate excellence, the bridges being of light timber, and very costly to keep in order, and the rails very light, and without chairs, only being pinned. Remarking upon this, we were informed that reconstruction is gradually going on.

In front of this pretty place are fine fountains, supplied with water through a pipe direct from the glacier.

June 22nd, Wednesday.—The magnificent weather of a fine June morning and the invigorating mountain air make us feel like giants refreshed.

We seem quite enclosed in a circle of mountains with their hoary peaks, but, by walking a mile, a view down the deep valley may be had, where, far below, the railway can be traced for many miles, running from the base of the mountains with its series of curves and loops, doubling upon itself again and again.

This is one of the most remarkable places on the earth, and can be classed with the Leon Valley, Norway, the Cirque de Gavarne, Pyrenees, Otiera Gorge, New Zealand, and Yosemite Valley, California, where nature has been convulsed by ice or earthquakes, and Alaska with its icy devastations. It has been said and written that the Selkirk Glacier is larger than the whole of the Swiss glaciers

put together. We were not inclined to believe this report, having seen both ; but in any case, there is enough ice here to supply London for ages to come.

After lunch the train of 5 cars, with a huge engine, took us on another journey through this wonderful country. The first part was down the side of a mountain gorge with a river 1,000 feet below and snow-covered mountains above, all varying in shape and height, and in such numbers that, like the Irishman with an enormous family, "names for all of them were not required, for no one could remember them." Ascending again we came to Rogers' Pass, named after Major A. B. Rogers, by whose adventurous energy it was discovered in 1883, previous to which date no human foot had penetrated to the summit of this great central range.

The Pass lies between two lines of high snow-clad peaks. Those on the north side form a prodigious amphitheatre, under whose parapet, 7,000 or 8,000 feet above the valley, half-a-dozen glaciers may be seen at once, and so near that their shining blue fissures are distinctly visible. The Hermit, Macdonald, and also Sir Donald, form the chief attractions. We passed between the two former through a narrow split in the rocks, caused by some convulsion in nature, and barely sufficiently wide for the railway. Between these two enormous precipices, about 6,000 feet high, there are bare rocks, without a sign of vegetation. Crossing mountain torrents on tressel bridges caused some excitement of nerve feeling, one especially, which is 295 feet above the water, and said to be the highest in the world. Regaining the valley, we came again to the banks of our old friend the Columbia River, which had wound round the feet of the Selkirks for about 400 miles.

Passing through Bear Creek and Six Mile Creek, with

the river in view, we came to Donald, an important place, being the headquarters of a section of the railway, with workshops, storerooms, etc. The servants, conductors, and engine-drivers changed, also the time one hour, from 15 hrs. 20 mins. to 16 hrs. 20 mins., the 24-hour system of clocks being used all through this line.

A steamer starts from this place once a week up the Columbia to the lakes at the head of the river 100 miles distant, calling at many mining villages, where gold and silver are found in great quantities. From these lakes are roads and trails through Findlay Creek, and to the Kootenay Valley.

Soon after leaving Donald we entered the Kicking Horse Cañon, through which rushes the Beaverfoot River, the mountain sides becoming vertical, rising straight up for thousands of feet within a stone's throw from wall to wall. Through this vast chasm go the river and railway, the latter crossing from side to side, and running along ledges cut out of the solid wall, twisting and turning in every direction, and frequently plunging through projecting angles of rock which seem to close the way. The towering cliffs almost shut out the sunlight, and the roar of the river and train, increased by the echoing rocks, produce a noise never to be forgotten.

The only signal for starting is the cry of "All aboard?" so one has to be on the *qui vive*.

The form of the train was quite changed, one engine being in front, one in the middle, and another at the back, to distribute the weight of these monster pieces of machinery, on account of the tressel bridges. The distance to the next station, 10 miles away, has a gradient of 1,140 feet, equal to 1 in 46 for the whole distance, and we were informed that part of the way it is 1 in 30.

The line is along the edge of a mountain for some distance, with the Kicking Horse River far below. The scenery is sublime and almost terrible. Looking to the north, one of the grandest mountain valleys in the world stretches to an unknown distance, with large white glacier-bound peaks on either side, on the left Mount Stephen, 8,000 feet above the valley, and opposite, Cathedral Mount, with its immense glacier.

Arriving at Hector Station, we passed a most beautiful lake with reflections of the surrounding mountains. Here our extra engine power was removed, and the train prepared for a start down the other side of the mountain. This is said to be the most stupendous railway work in the world, and much the most difficult in this Canadian-Pacific undertaking. The 10 miles were accomplished in 33 minutes, with 8 cars, each 50 feet long, and 2 luggage cars. To see the whole train, and the incline, it looked impossible for such a railway performance.

Continuing through wild mountainous country, we arrived at Banff, our destination, about 22 o'clock, and were glad to rest after seeing so much.

June 23rd, Thursday.—A pouring wet day until 5 o'clock, with snow and wind, confined us to the "Canadian-Pacific Hotel." This is heated with hot-water pipes, but has in the hall a huge log fire, which was most attractive. However, we found our boxes were more so, requiring, as they did, a thorough turn out.

At 5 o'clock the clouds rolled up, like the drop-scene in a theatre, and disclosed one of the finest mountain panoramas it is possible to conceive. This hotel is built upon the knoll of a hill overhanging the river, and in the centre of a plateau entirely surrounded by snow-clad mountains. The plateau is 4,500 feet above the sea

level, and the snow commences very little above the valley. Whichever window we looked out of we saw a huge mountain covered with snow, and, as it was fresh that day, the whiteness was remarkable, except where it was tinged with the rosy colour of the setting sun. Such was the wonderful beauty of this scene that it made one ask whether it was reality, or only the illusion of a distorted mind.

June 24th, Friday.—A magnificent morning, with cloudless sky, and the mountains standing out in all their grandeur. After breakfast we walked 3 miles uphill to "Grand View" and the hot springs, and there found a nice little hotel with an unmatched prospect and a most polite proprietor, who invited us to see the wonders of the place. Adjoining the house is a natural hot spring of sulphur water, issuing from the rock, and up 72 steps is the Sanitorium. These steps present quite a comical appearance, for affixed to the banisters are a number of crutches, to each of which is fastened a piece of wood bearing an inscription. We noted two or three as follows: "The man who used these crutches was cured of sciatica in six weeks." "Peter Mackenzie went home and left his crutches behind, being cured of lumbago in two weeks." "These crutches were left by a man who was cured of gout in three weeks," and so on.

After resting and enjoying the view we returned to lunch, and then started in a carriage for a lake 9 miles distant. It is called "Minniewonka," or the Devil Lake, and is 18 miles long.

On arriving at the lake we found it surrounded with snow-clad mountains, and also saw a comfortable little hotel. There were plenty of boats for fishing, and a small steam launch with steam up. We saw two trout

that had been caught in the morning. One weighed 9, and the other 5 pounds. They were very much like those found in the Norwegian lakes.

The catcher of these fish said that there were many in the lake over 30 pounds, and that he frequently caught such fish, but even that did not tempt us to try our hands, as we did not wish to lose our prestige as fishermen. The sun was bright and hot, and the lake like a mirror, so we preferred to admire the reflections, and then quietly return to Banff.

June 25th, Saturday.—Another brilliant morning, with the mountains illuminated to perfection, and the whole panorama glorious, as viewed from the six sides of this hotel, which is designed with balconies on each side, commanding views of these wonderful mountains.

After breakfast we strolled to the bridge over the Bow, from which wonderful views are seen, also mirror effects, reflecting the mountains and trees.

A walk near the river for half an hour brought us to the lower sulphur springs and the cave pool. In a pretty cottage we found the caretaker and his wife, and soon learnt that he came from Bayswater, London, where he had been a coachman to a gentleman. A greater contrast with regard to any one's position in life could not well be imagined; in London, living in Mews, probably in a back street with little fresh air, then to be located here without a neighbour for 2 miles, and surrounded with snow mountains and rivers. The sulphur spring is just like the New Zealand geyser, on a milder scale, the water springing from the bottom of a pool about 30 feet in diameter in a cave, at a temperature of about 80°, whereas in New Zealand the temperature is 212°. This place is the property of the Government, and reserved for

the use of invalids, or others who wish for sulphur water. The charge for a bath is 35 cents, but you may drink as much as you wish free. We only tried the drinking, and although it was warm, it was grateful after our walk.

The six or seven years this place has been known is too little time to fill up the catalogue of names, and more especially as the Government has set aside 21 square miles for a National Park, providing mountains to climb until the end of time, many of which have never had a human foot on the top, and a retreat where hard-worked brains may admire the wonders of Nature, and have any amount of both pure and sulphur water, and fresh air. It is said that thunderstorms and snakes are not known at this altitude, 1,000 feet higher than Ben Nevis.

June 26th, Sunday.—A brilliant day in this wonderful valley, where there is much more to be seen than a passer through can possibly pretend to compass.

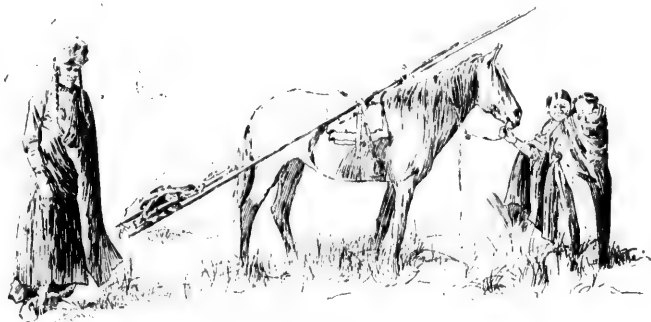
Instead of going to bed we prepared to start at 10 o'clock for a ride of 2 nights and 2 days, which will not afford any great amusement.

About 9 o'clock there was a good sunset effect. The sun had left the valley, a sombre light remaining, but the mountains, with their snowy ridges, were illuminated with the most brilliant tints and the many-coloured rays of the departing day. As a telegram announced that the train was an hour late, we enjoyed the time in looking at the view with the moon shining on the rivers.

June 27th, Monday.—We awoke to find the mountains all gone, and the train plodding over a vast plain, and having something of the effect of being on a ship in mid ocean, the grey-looking grass meeting the horizon in a purple mist. This vast expanse is 200 miles square,

without either bush or tree, and as flat as a billiard table, being quite uninhabited except for railway purposes.

Soon after 10 we came to the improving town of Medicine Hat, on the banks of the fine river South Saskatchewan, which is crossed by a stout bridge. A large number of Indians, mostly of the Blackfeet tribe, inhabit this district, and on pulling up at the station there were many of these interesting and doomed people, dressed in wild-looking and dirty costumes, and their ugly faces



INDIANS.

covered with paint. The children had yellow; we presume that "yell oh!" was more suitable to their tender age.

At the end of the platform was a wooden cage containing two bears, and hung on the cage is a neat frame with the following inscription:—

"This grizzly bear is the property of the Medicine Hat General Hospital, and is on exhibition for the benefit of that Institution. Any donation made by the travelling public in the box, or otherwise, will be fully appreciated."

The country gradually improved; and although one could

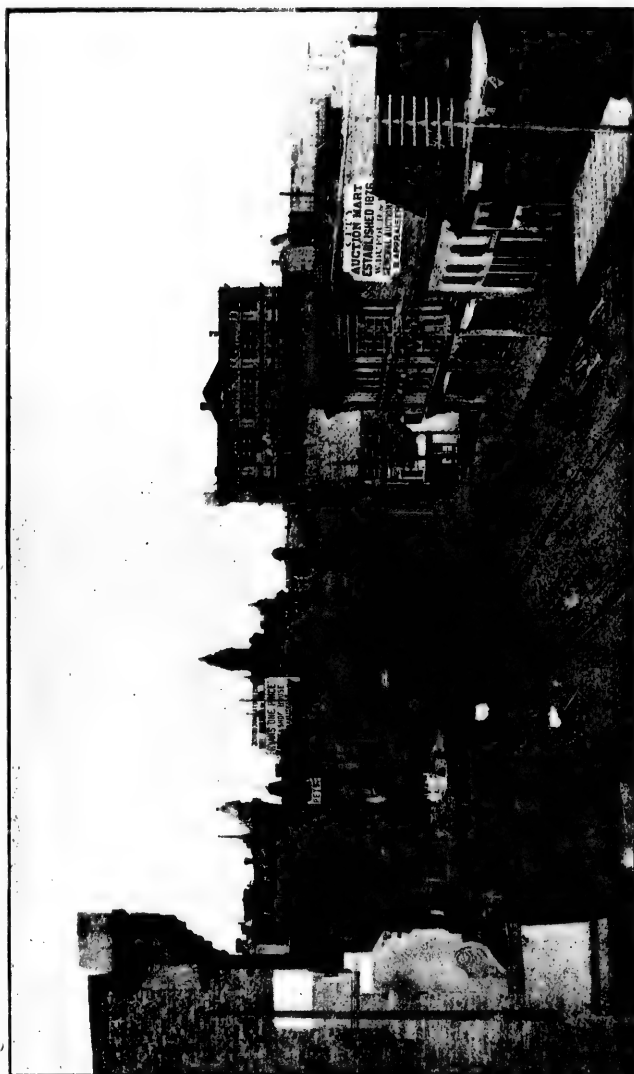
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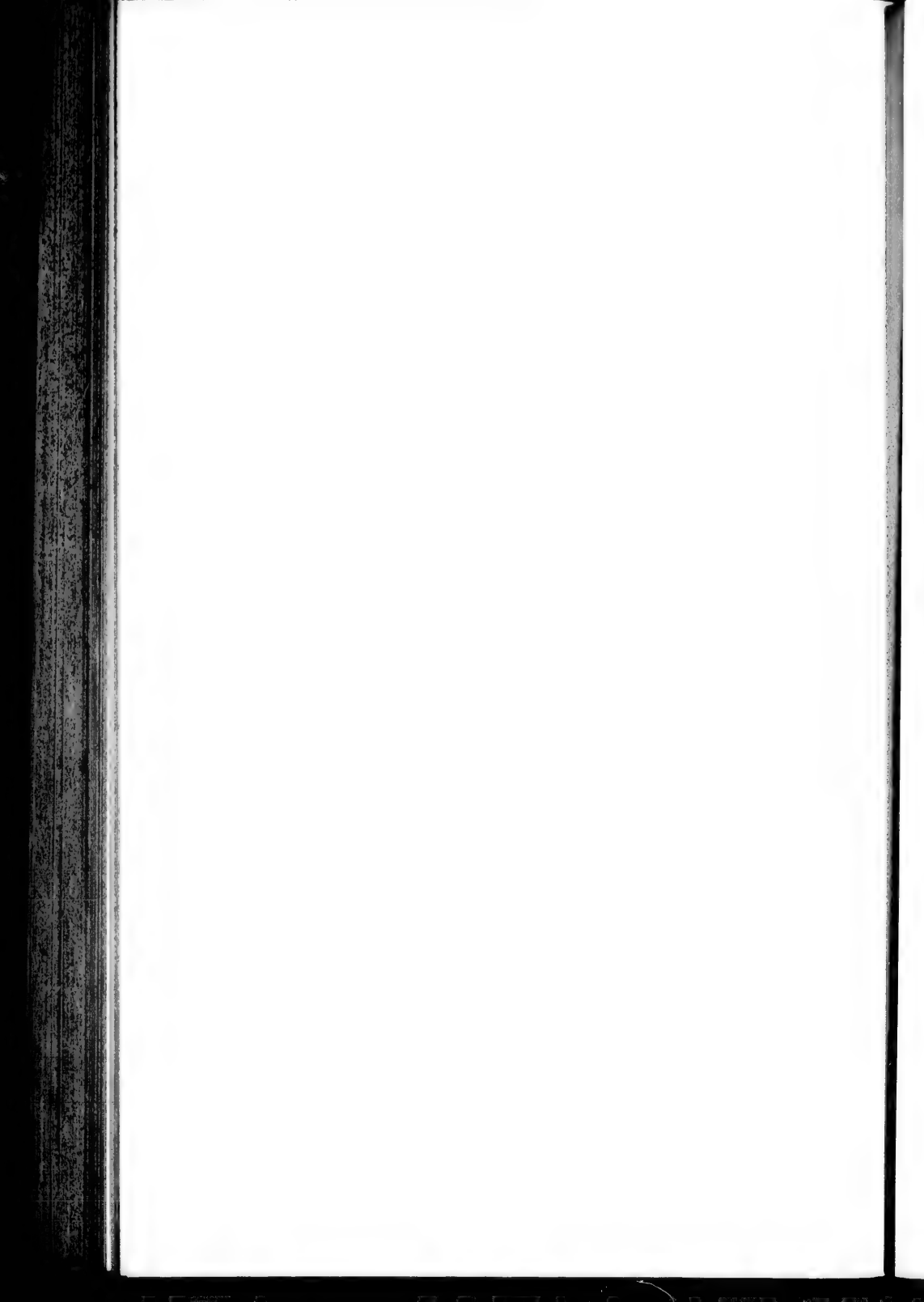
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WINNIPEG (CANADA).



not say that cattle could be seen upon a thousand hills, at all events it would be correct to say that "thousands of cattle were in the plains," for some of the ranches, both for cattle and horses, were immense, miles and miles in extent, with here and there a farmstead.

We came to a station called Dunmore, near which are most extensive coal mines, supplying thousands of miles with fuel in the absence of wood. At 10 o'clock we reached Moosegaw, a lively little place, where there were a number of people on the platform seeing off a lot of girls from a boarding school, whom we dropped at various stations on the road.

Mosquitoes were plentiful, and we had a slaughtering before retiring to bed.

June 28th, Tuesday.—Again a splendid morning. We continued our journey through another kind of country, where the land is used for corn-growing, as is evidenced by the number of "grain-elevators" and flour mills by the side of the railway. We passed through one celebrated farm, known as the Bell Farm. It is 100 miles square, with wheat fields 4 miles square. These are ploughed in 4 mile furrows, and a man and horses go 3 times backwards and forwards in a day, thus covering 24 miles. As well as these cornfields there are numbers of cattle and horses, giving the country an appearance of wealth.

We arrived in Winnipeg at 4 o'clock, and took up our quarters at the "Queen's Hotel," a large and comfortable place, with all the newest inventions and latest notions.

The main street is very wide, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, with double tram lines, and splendid buildings—banks, shops, hotels, wholesale warehouses, etc.

Halfway along is a large square containing the City Hall, in which are the courts and offices for the state of

Manitoba, and the City Council and Municipal Offices. This building is of terra-cotta brick with stone facings, and a spire, and is altogether a fine specimen of architecture. On the other side of the square is a massive stone building erected for the purpose of a covered market.

June 29th, Wednesday.—At 11 o'clock we again started for another railway trip, and soon came to the Red River Valley, celebrated for its corn-growing. The soil looks quite black, and is said never to require any refreshment beyond turning over.

About 2 o'clock a hungry-looking mortal came into the carriage, and announced that as we were going into the U.S.A., he wished to examine our small luggage first. When this was completed, and nothing found to help Mr. McKinley, he invited us to visit the luggage van, or, as it is called here, the baggage car.

June 30th, Thursday.—Eating and sleeping in the train we arrived at the city of "Flouropolis," now known as Minneapolis, at 6 in the morning. After a good breakfast at the railway station, we started upon a tour of inspection, and as usual got into a tram, and were soon surprised to find such a beautiful place, immensely wide streets, and roads with avenues of trees leading through small parks, and past handsome and well-kept villas, with such grass that it made one covet the secret or climate. Then the roses in full bloom, as well as other flowers, called to mind an improvement upon Cheltenham or Leamington.

The next ride was to some lakes on high ground, the first one being Lake Harriet, a beautiful round piece of water about 4 miles in circumference, the banks covered with trees and studded with villas, and with a fine drive round the lake, quite a place you see described, but never expect to meet the reality. Lake Calhoren was very

similar. On a hill between the two is Lake Wood Cemetery, a delightful and poetic place to leave one's remains covered with a cold stone.

Regaining the centre of the town or city, we admired the shops and fine buildings, notably the West Hotel, and in the same street the Masonic Temple, Free Library, Club House, etc. We then conceived the idea of a visit to the city of St. Paul, 6 or 7 miles distant, and took our seats in the electric tram, called Interburan, paying 10 cents each for the ride.

We crossed the Mississippi, and had our first view of the giant river which divides these two cities. There might be one, if it were not for the river, as there are houses, schools, hospitals, etc., all the way along.

St. Paul's is an older place, consequently the streets are narrower, and the buildings not so fine, with the exception of the City Hall, which is quite as fine as the Leeds Town Hall. We had a walk through the building, and found lifts to take us to any part. The free library in the same building seemed to be well patronised, both for taking books away, as well as reading in the room.

St. Paul's is on a hill 200 feet above the Mississippi, which skirts half the town. There are several bridges to the hills opposite. We crossed one of these, and had fine views. We then dined at a restaurant, where the waiter indicated to us another route by which to return to Minneapolis, passing some fine mansions. We also saw the racecourse belonging to the twin cities. The grand stand is a wonderful building, with a spire in the centre, and as large as those at Gosport, Doncaster, and half a dozen others rolled into one. We finished our peregrinations by visiting the Minnehaha Falls, a very pretty place, with a deep gorge, and a well-laid-out park for the use of

the people. We had some tea, and took our places in a sleeper bound for Chicago, well tired out. Our journey was most interesting as long as the light lasted, first a fine sunset, and then moonlight reflections on the Mississippi. The line runs along its banks for over 200 miles, the river continually increasing in size, until it is more like a long lake than a river, being in some places 5 miles wide.

July 1st, Friday.—We arrived in Chicago at 9 o'clock, after a comfortable night, having become by this time used to a railway life, as we had slept in sleepers four nights out of five that week.

Securing a room at the huge "Auditorium Hotel," facing Lake Michigan, we found, after ascending in one of the lifts, the said room, number 828, on the eighth floor, with a lake view, and looking down the promenade for miles. Unfortunately the people, horses, and carriages looked small from this height, and as for the lake, it does not look like a lake at all, but a sea. There are breakwaters with lighthouses, and waves dashing over, as well as large steamers, ships, and steamtugs, and any quantity of other craft. It was here where Herbert Ingram, M.P. for Boston, England, and originator of the *Illustrated London News*, was shipwrecked and drowned.

We had to ring the bell to inquire about the bed, such a bell, with a sound disc, on which is printed all sorts of wants, from ice-water to a doctor, but nothing about a bed. We waited the issue until the bell-boy came—a nigger, of course—and, in answer to our inquiry, pulled down the wardrobe, when out came the bed with two legs, the mirror, which had reflected our human forms divine, going underneath, so it was a case of sleeping upon mirrors. So much for Yankee ingenuity.

The dining-room occupies, with kitchens, the upper floor, and is a splendid hall with a domed roof and coloured glass. A finer room could not be desired, with views over the lake, plenty of fresh air, and not any smells of cooking. Although this room is in the tenth storey, the floor is of marble, and the staircases of the same material, or iron—as the hotel is advertised—fireproof.

Chicago claims to be the second white-man city in the world, and after what we have seen to-day we are quite prepared to accept the assertion. Everything seems so immense—streets said to be twenty miles long, and buildings fifteen to twenty-seven storeys high,—the Masonic, the Venetian, etc.—to say nothing of the manufactories and provision dealers, and the go-ahead style of the people.

The science of sightseeing is to visit everything, and then regret what you do not admire; so we obtained an order, through the politeness of the Armour Canning Co., to visit the stockyards, and their large establishment, which sounds simple enough: to transpose our bodies about eight miles to the southern portion of the city; but any attempt at a full description of what we saw is so difficult, that we must be content to give a simple outline.

The stockyards are where cattle and pigs arrive every day from the West. They are sent by farmers on consignment to "commission men," who negotiate their sale. Immediately upon arrival they are fed and supplied with fresh water.

The principal buyers are four houses, who have earned the soubriquet of the "Big Four," who slaughter and sell to purveyors of meat (for the name butcher is quite ignored), or prepare "tin meat" of all descriptions, such as can be found in most parts of the world. The Armour Canning Co.

is the best known in England, where its name can be seen in most grocers' shops.

The numbers of cattle and pigs are the most startling, and each day are quoted in English newspapers, attracting little attention except to those interested. The numbers range daily from eight to fifteen thousand splendid-looking bullocks, and from ten to twenty thousand pigs, all black when alive. The arrivals are in the morning, and before four in the afternoon the whole are converted into beef and pork.

As pork concerns Christians more than Jews, we will describe piggy's end first.

The poor piggies, in batches of one hundred, were driven up an inclined plane to the first storey—we going by another route to the place of execution, and directed to take a stand—from which we saw two men with leather boots and breeches among the pigs, placing a chain noose on the hind leg, which hauled the pig (by steam) over a wooden partition so quickly, there was not time for a "scream" before another man inserted a long knife, and the bleeding pig travelled on a few yards, was dropped into a long trough of boiling water, and pushed to the end of the trough, where it was thrown out by machinery on to a board, when another man put a double hook through its nose, fast to a chain, which pulled the dead pig into a machine with numbers of quickly revolving wheels and brushes, scraping the black pig into a white one in a few seconds. Emerging from the machine, it travelled along a counter, where four men made a *post-mortem*, sending the "inwards" to other men who prepare sausage skins, hearts, livers, etc., etc.

The carcase was passed on to other men, who hung it up, and then split it down the back, each half of poor

piggy travelling by itself to the cool chamber to remain until the next day, when it would be examined by the Government inspector, and if sound, passed, to be afterwards cut up into loins, legs, etc., and packed into zinc cases, which are again packed in wooden boxes with ice, and then sent to the purveyors of meat, either in Chicago or other towns, even as far as New York.

For a moment think that one set of men and machinery dispose of a hundred large live pigs about every fifteen minutes, and there are many duplicates of these.

Now for the bullocks, and their end. Fifty are released from a pen where they have been quietly feeding, and are then driven to an inclined plane, where is standing a sedate-looking handsome bullock, wearing a leather head dress, and his business is to be a "Judas," and betray his brethren into following him into a long passage, where he walks through, but the followers are stopped by divisions being dropped down, inclosing two or three in each place, when they are immediately "poleaxed," and thrown out asphyxiated on to the floor. Then chains are placed on the hind legs, and the carcass hauled up by machinery, the blood let out, the skin removed, the "inwards" disposed of, and the back divided, the whole occupying about seven minutes, when the carcass starts on its journey to a cold store. This store is a wonderful sight to see, seven or eight thousand half bullocks hanging up in rows, all fine beef. The appliances are scientific, and every operation is carried out with such rapidity, that there is not time to get up sympathy with any animal, all these operations being carried out with great cleanliness, precision, and order, so that the repulsiveness of witnessing such an amount of extinguishing animal life is greatly removed.

A visit to the World's Fair park has given us a good idea

of what the exhibition will be in size ; but after hearing so much from American people as to its vastness, and having seen Paris, London, etc., we must confess to some disappointment, perhaps through expecting too much. The buildings are large, with imposing architecture, and for the most part designed for special purposes.

The frontage of the park is on the lake, which has piers, lighthouses, and some imitation ironclads.

About eight miles north, from the centre of the city, is Lincoln Park. On the banks of the lake there are miles of well-wooded drives, also a large equestrian statue of General Grant, and a monument to commemorate a battle with Indians, and an excellent collection of wild animals and birds. Wherever you go there are parks—a wise provision for this large city, which is $24\frac{1}{2}$ miles from north to south, and $14\frac{1}{2}$ from east to west.

Libby's Prison is interesting to Americans. It was removed from Richmond, Virginia, after having played an important part in the war between North and South. Whether, like the "Virgin's house" at Loretto, it came on wings as it now stands, is not stated, it being only notified "Libby's Prison, removed from Richmond, V." It is now used as a museum, containing all sorts of war implements and pictures of various engagements.

We unfortunately came here just before July 4th, which prevented our visiting many manufactories—to wit, Pullman's Car Works—for every place is closed on the celebration of American Independence.

The longer your stay the more impressive is the greatness of the place, everything being on such a large scale. Even doctors go in for quantities. In one building eighty-eight doctors and dentists have their offices, observing office hours. There is a proverb as old as the hills,

"Doctors differ"; consequently in this building there must be many differences, with the advantage of being able to call in the dentist, to "extract" the points in difference, and "stop" the contentions.

July 5th, Tuesday.—We left Chicago by the afternoon express, and stopped at Pullman Town, a most wonderful-looking place, much like a college, with all the grounds laid down in grass, and carpet beddings, plants and flowers, churches, chapels, schools, public free library, shops, and semi-detached houses of red brick, with terra-cotta embellishments, etc.

About 12 o'clock we arrived at Detroit, where the whole train, sleepers, human and otherwise, were shipped on a ferry steamer, and conveyed across the straits to Windsor in Canada. Being awake, we saw the Custom officers come on board and examine the train.

About 4.30 all the Niagara passengers got up; and at 5 o'clock the train stopped in full view of the falls, fifteen minutes being allowed to get your fill of the view. The effect was quite startling in so suddenly coming upon this world's wonder, which everybody is familiar with, through books and pictures, and the first-rate panorama lately exhibited in London. All these are like seeing a dead man; and the reality is the man with his life, his soul, his action, making an impression on your mind as voluminous as the waters.

The fifteen minutes in the cool grey morning light passed like five, yet quite sufficient to produce its effect, and make you feel that every moment must be used in compassing the vastness of the scene. In 5 minutes the train stopped again, and our journey was ended by a short ride in the omnibus, transferring us to Clifton House, a noble structure, placed in front of the falls on the Canada side.

We saw them under most favourable circumstances, a clear sky with bright sunshine, and not any wind to operate upon the large extra quantity of water coming from the much-flooded rivers and lakes, consequent upon a fortnight's rain.

The first, or American Fall, is quite brown, while the middle, or Horseshoe Fall, is of fine emerald green, and the Canadian fall is brown, producing the effect of a fine emerald green in a garnet setting.

The ever-changing lights during the day had given fresh interest. This evening the setting sun gave wonderful colours, and produced on the spray volumes of prismatic effects. One, most striking, was a rainbow, from the centre of the Horseshoe to the nearly full moon. Gradually the colour died out, leaving the moon in full possession, to convert from golden hues into pure silver ones this vast expanse of troubled waters. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," hardly obtains here.

After breakfast we chartered a carriage to visit the various points of interest, first coming to the Suspension Bridge connecting V.R. with U.S.A., and, paying the toll, went to the centre, from which there is a wonderful view, both of the falls and the rapids. Entering the national park—both countries, having purchased all the property surrounding the falls, and converted it into public parks, have done a good work, for formerly all kinds of exactions were practised at vantage points,—we wended our way to America Falls, where, at the point protected by rails, you can stand on the very edge and look down, also look up the rapids as the water comes tearing along.

Wending our way by the side of these rapids, we came to a suspension bridge, which took us to Goat Island, dividing the river, and forming two falls. Here are also

found vantage points for seeing the Horseshoe Falls and the rapids rushing towards the brink. The effect was indescribable.

The rapids are a wonderful sight, the water rushing past in large waves, boiling and surging, about 30 miles an hour, and the place where Captain Webb finished his earthly career. How a man could presume to swim such a place is past comprehension. However, he paid the penalty for his foolhardy venture.

Again crossing to the Canadian side, we visited the Queen Victoria Park, in which is a house with a tower opposite the falls, but the view is little superior to the one from this window. Continuing the drive, we crossed several suspension bridges and various islands, on the side of the Niagara river, round which the water dashed in a wonderful way, then ascended a hill, from which there is a fine view of the river, with its waters rushing to the falls already white with foam. On this hill is an extraordinary freak of nature, a burning sulphur spring, with flames hot enough to consume anything coming in its way. Watts' lines, with slight alteration, might describe the effect:—

“I have been there, and still would go,
It is like a little *hell* below.”

Not far from here, and commanding fine views, is a Roman Catholic convent.

Returning to the hotel, we decided to visit the remaining sights on foot, as more time would be consumed; and also took the advice which “Mr. Middlewick” gave to his son — “to see everything.”

A small steamer, *Maid of the Mist*, specially adapted for the purpose, makes tours to the Falls, sailing as near as possible. Presenting ourselves on board, a young man invited us into the cabin, and dressed us in a full suit of

"oils," finishing up with a large waterproof cowl, having an opening for the eyes and mouth. What objects we looked—something like the pearl divers in the coral sea! The signal for starting was given, and in a few minutes we were under the American Falls, sufficiently near to receive deluges of water; then went to the Horseshoe, which required some little time, as the stream was so strong. The mighty rush of water, blinding spray, and roar, impressed one with the immensity of this, the largest fall in the world.

Our next visit was to the Cave of the Winds, where the following notice is exhibited on the side of the office:—

"The Cave of the Winds is the only natural opening behind the great sheet of falling water. It is 150 feet wide, 100 feet high, and 75 feet in width between the water and the rock.

"The path through the cave is on the natural rock; and after passing through the cave, the visitor is conducted over bridges and platforms, between and in front of the central and American falls, thus obtaining views, both behind and in front, of the great body of falling water.

"No pen can describe the sublimity and grandeur of the scene, nor tongue can give expression, to the awe-inspiring sensations produced by this wonderful work of nature.

"It must be seen to be understood and appreciated.

"It is the only place on the globe where rainbows form an entire circle, sometimes three at once, the visitor passing through them.

"Experienced guides are in attendance to show visitors every attention.

"Charge for admission 1 dollar, which includes dress and guide."

Reading this twice carefully suggested the question, —Where could such an opportunity be found in the world, for 1 dollar, to experience these wonders and excitements, sublimity and grandeur?

At first we decided not to spend the dollar in what might be a sell, but the voice of a visitor said: "Can't see anything like that in the living world, I guess; no sham." Our minds were made up. The nimble dollar slipped through the hand on to the counter, demanding a ticket. "No. 9," was the reply. Going in search of No. 9, we were soon in the clutches of a queer-looking old man, who in reply to the remark, "There is a lady in No. 2," at once replied, "Git her fit up sharp, as a party is about to start. Now, hurry up." Then, turning, hurried us into a dressing-box, with the peremptory order, "Strip off every rag; I will be back in a minute." This rather hurt our feelings; for, although our clothes were threadbare, rags had not come yet. The energetic old man returned with woollen pantaloons, and a jacket, which he adjusted and tied round the waist with a cord so tightly, that we informed him of our sex; then a pair of felt shoes, also tied on with cord; a waterproof jacket and cowl of oilskin completed our toilet. Then came the command, "Hurry up, and go down the stairway." A nice staircase, circular, with about 250 steps, took us down about 150 feet of perpendicular cliff on to a landing, where several guys like ourselves were waiting. Others dropped out, until a dozen were standing. We ventured to ask if we were waiting for the young lady, when a good loud Yankee female voice said, "No; I am here." This emanated from a form as straight as a poker, and like a late Emperor—a Bonaparte.

The guide now turned up, no other than the queer-looking old man, but with a costume. Taking the young

lady by the hand, he descended a flight of wooden steps, amidst showers of spray, we following, until a rock was reached in front of the fall, when the guide announced something which could not be heard, and walked on with his charge through the thin edge of the fall, where the water battered us until we were deluged and could hardly breathe. Probably this was one of the circular rainbows ; for we had to hold on to the rails, while the water battered our heads, making our eyes strike fire. Circular rainbows are exciting, and things "no pen can describe" ; but where the sublimity came in never occurred to us. Perhaps our minds were abstracted and unobservant.

Getting behind the falls in the cave, we could see the mighty rush of water, and feel it too. The thickness of the wall of water is said to be 12 feet. Certainly some daylight came through it, but before there was much chance for observations, some of the wind from which the cave takes its name disturbed the course of the stream, deluging the dozen admirers with tons of water. To prevent being washed off the floor we affectionately took hold of hands. Our stay was short, for a little of this went a long way. The next performance was getting to another edge of the fall by holding on to a pole, this being considered the climax, probably constituting the part which "must be seen to be understood and appreciated." The rush, battering, and weight of water inspired sensations making you wish to be somewhere else.

Regaining the platform, and shaking off the water like dogs, gave an opportunity for inspecting fellow-voyagers, who all looked like drowned rats. The old guide suggested we never had such a dollar's worth before. We agreed it was a cheap bath, having included in one a spray, shower douche, and waterfall, as well as massage. The next ques-

tion was what we thought of it? Our answer, that it was like the Marriage Service, finishing up with "wonder and amazement." This wakened up the young lady, who said, "You kaan't do a show like that for a dollar, I guess." We replied, "No ; but could drown you quite dead for nothing, either dressed or undressed."

The following are official particulars of the Niagara Falls :—

"The Niagara River, flowing from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, is 32 miles long, and the falls are 20 miles from Lake Erie. The width of the river is 1,294 feet ; depth below the falls 250 feet ; height of Canadian falls 164 feet, across 1,881 feet ; height of American falls 150 feet, across 924 feet. Water passing over the falls estimated at over 100,000,000 tons per hour."

On the American side, just under the suspension bridge, a tunnel is being made through the rocks to the river 2 miles away, to utilise the power for paper-mills, flour-mills, etc. ; and on the Canadian side a similar arrangement is being made for grinding electricity, to send away in accumulators.

In a few years there is every probability that the pretty surroundings of Niagara Falls will be much changed, for on the American side efforts are being made to utilise the at present wasted power.

July 7th, Thursday.—We started at 8 o'clock by rail for Niagara, the original town, on Lake Ontario, 12 miles from the falls, going through a well-cultivated and very English-looking country. The train took us to the pier, where we embarked on a fine steamer, and sailed on the calmest possible lake for Toronto, where we landed soon after 10.30, and adopted our usual plan of a tram ride. Consulting a police officer, he indicated the belt tram, which took us

round the city, covering a distance of 8 miles, first through streets of handsome brick buildings, with splendid shops, banks, insurance offices, post-office, public buildings, wide streets, well kept; then through the suburbs, with wide roads and avenues of trees. The villa residences are particularly fine, having well-kept gardens, some of these going beyond villas, being palatial residences.

There is a fine park. The Lieutenant-Governor's residence, law-courts, the university, and many other fine buildings are built in stone. The whole place has an air of prosperity, and is very English in appearance.

After spending a pleasant day, we embarked on a steamer for Kingston, sailing all night. The sunset over the lake was rich in colour, making everything look very pretty. After supper we retired to our berths, and had a good sleep.

July 8th, Friday.—Arrived at Kingston about 5 o'clock, and breakfasted at 6. Kingston is a thriving town, with a population of about 20,000, and has the strongest fortification in Canada. Fancy being invaded by the Americans, who would bring a few Chicago fire-extinguishing machines, and wipe the place out of existence! None of the places, either in America or Canada, look to have much fight in their arrangements.

We sailed away on the finest possible morning for Thousand Island Lake, which is American territory, and one of the prettiest combinations of water, rock, trees, and houses. These 1,000 islands are of all conceivable sizes—some mere rocks, with a flagstaff bearing the stars and stripes, while others are of many acres, covered with fine trees and shrubs, and all that are large enough having cottages, villas, or mansions, where the wealthy of New York and other cities retire for the summer, to bask in the sunshine, to boat, fish, and shoot.

This extends for 30 miles, and looks like a fancy picture ; for these residences seem to fit the islands, and great architectural taste and skill have been displayed.

These "every man his own island" seem to rejoice in names selected from Paradise to the infernal regions, and from Eve to Diana, stuck on boards, on boathouses, or at the landing-places.

One called the Royal, with the stars and stripes flying over, appeared waggish. It seemed quite a fairy-land trip, the steamer going so close we could see into the windows of these island-houses, while others were perched upon high rocks towering far above us. On one or two of the larger islands are immense summer hotels, with fine gardens. In fact, all the islands have well-kept gardens.

We regretted when the steamer suddenly turned a corner into the St. Lawrence River, taking us back to solid business-looking little Canadian towns, and magnificent bridges, 2 miles in length, crossing this splendid river.

The great object of our visit was to see the Rapids, and undergo some sensations of awe. At Coteau—for all this part of Canada is still French in manner and language, never having changed since we took it from the French—we took on board the celebrated Indian pilot, *Big John*, who is said to have been a chief, and pictures represent him in a gaudy costume of skins, with a headdress of feathers. Being anxious to see the individual who was to have our lives in his hands, we kept a sharp look-out, and, to our minds, started without him, because there was not any one answering the description came on board ; so made inquiries of a little fat steward, who is a fine advertisement, "Good eating done here." He replied, in good Lancashire, "Summut mun ha' 'appened, then. Kum this wa-a-y," when he indicated the Indian, Big John, in an old straw

hat, which had probably belonged to one of the lost tribes. He did not look burdened with any amount of responsibility. Yet he took the ship to Montreal in good style. Never judge by appearances!

The Rapids are thus described in a pamphlet given to us by the Navigation Company :—

“Coteau Rapids, a very fine rapid, 2 miles in length. In some portions the current is very swift. Seven miles lower down we enter the Cedar Rapids. At first sight this rapid has the appearance of the ordinary rapids ; but when once the steamer has entered it, the turbulent waters and pitching about render the passage very exciting. There is also a peculiar motion of the vessel, which seems like settling down, as she glides from one ledge to another.

“Farther on we enter the Split Rock, so called from the enormous boulders at the entrance. A person unacquainted with the navigation of these rapids will always involuntarily hold his breath until this ledge has been passed, which is distinctly seen from the deck of the steamer.

“At one time the steamer seems to be running directly upon it : the full torrent rushes with frightful force and volume against it, and you are borne as if to certain destruction ; but just when you might expect to feel the crash of rending timbers the dividing current catches the vessel under her fore foot ; a skilful hand at the helm watches ; she keels down under the shock ; in an instant her bow is swept in a new direction, and the island is passed in safety,” —but not without shipping a great quantity of water on both sides, as the rolling is fearful.

“The next rapids are called the Cascade Rapids, which are remarkable on account of the numerous white crests foaming on the top of the dark waters, through which the vessel passes ; and as the shortness of the waves has the

effect of pitching the steamer as if at sea, the sensation is very enjoyable.

"This series of 4 rapids is 11 miles in extent, and has a descent of 82 feet 6 inches.

"The last rapid is called the Lachine, a name given by the first settlers, who thought they had discovered the passage leading to China.

"The steamer glides down the rapid stream with increasing swiftness, denoting that a formidable rapid is ahead. Stillness reigns on board, as the steam has been turned off. Away goes the steamer, driven by an irresistible current, carrying her to the first pitch of the most formidable and most difficult navigation.

"The steamer, after emerging from its first pitch, rises firmly on the surging billows flanked by rocks on each side, steers straight in the swift current guided by the steady eye of 'Big John,' who is at the helm.

"Conversation is impossible ; the grandeur and magnitude of the scenes around on all sides inspire silence."

We can describe in a few words the opinion and feelings of some of these tourists, who have been frightened and sick, ejaculating, when the danger was past, "Thank God ; I won't come again !"

We enjoyed seeing this triumph of mind over matter in conveying three hundred human souls through such troubled waters.

The excitement was no sooner over than we came in full view of the Victoria Bridge spanning the St. Lawrence, 2 miles in length, at a great height, and built at an immense cost, and, passing under, Montreal came in full view, with the prominent towers of Notre Dame and other churches and fine buildings. We were soon landed, and commenced a promenade of the city ; but were somewhat

surprised to find ourselves in a much more French than English city, with its French-named streets, signs, and French-speaking people, newspapers in French, and the familiar French street cries.

We visited Notre Dame, which is said to be like its parent in Paris, only smaller. We sympathise with the smallness, but it may, like "Topsy," grow. The child, however, is much plainer than its parent, and will require decorating. A service was going on, with a fairly good attendance for a week-day.

Some of the old town is very quaint, while the new is imposing, with wide streets and splendid buildings, commanding fine views of the mountains behind, and across one of the rivers, for Montreal is an island. The "Hotel Windsor" is the largest in the Dominion, and is a most imposing building. St. Lawrence Hall is also very large, with many others.

July 9th, Saturday.—We started early by the Grand Trunk Railway, and remember, some years ago, when much speculation was going on in this line, how the question used to be asked, "How's Trunks to-day?" as though "Trunks" were a sick man.

Crossing the St. Lawrence by the wonderful Victoria Bridge, our journey was, for the most part, on the shores of Lakes Champlain and George, both very pretty, and much frequented by Americans in summer. Arriving about noon at the head of the Lake, dinner was announced, when we left the train, and adjourned to a steamer on the Lake, where a good dinner was served; rather a novel proceeding, but useful under the circumstances.

Early in the afternoon we arrived at Saratoga, a place well known some way or other to most people,—noted for its mineral waters; noted for its trunks; noted for being

a great resort of pleasure and idleness, being a regular garden of Eden, where Eves come to tempt Adams; noted for its monster hotels and fine shops, wherein are sold the noted Saratoga perfumes, which will even make Dinah a fragrant creature.

Alighting from the cars, we inquired for the largest and best hotel, and were told the two largest—not much difference in the size—were the “United States” and “Grand Union,” each capable of providing for 1,500 people, sufficient for our small selves; but the responsibility rested with us which to choose, so we selected the nearest—the “United States”—being conducted to this establishment by a handsomely dressed nigger, who looked, we imagined, at our travel-stained and threadbare costumes, and little luggage, not having any Saratoga trunks wherein to carry wardrobes.

Arriving at the hotel, to use a sporting phrase, “it rather knocked the wind out of us” to see such a place, standing on about four acres, three sides covered with most elaborate buildings, and the centre with forest trees, shrubs, and Italian gardening—a perfect paradise.

When signing the register, we observed the last arrival was a marquise, family, and six servants, consequently felt assured of being in the right place.

The country is hilly, with trees and small lakes, the city partaking of this, for the principal road or street has an avenue of trees wide apart, both sides lined with monster hotels, shops, etc. Half a mile down on the left-hand side is Congress Park—a pretty enclosure, with covered promenades, *café*, bandstand, and pump-houses, wherein are the natural water-springs. The water people come here to drink before breakfast to cure all sorts of complaints. Vichy, Carlsbad, etc., are all represented, as though Nature

had provided this place with the advantages of France, Germany, etc.

Opposite the Congress Park is a drinking bar, with a notice, "You can drink as much Congress water, or any other sort you please, for 5 cents"; but the tempting price failed to draw, for the place seemed empty.

A little further up the hill is a garden with fountains, seats, etc., and a notice board: "Tonsorial College from Albany. Professor Neck performs Tonsal Osculations. You are invited." We did not accept the invitation, calculating what might happen if our collars were changed in fit; so walked on, passing more hotels and houses, until the road led us into a cemetery, which explained at once the effect of all these springs and tonsorial evolutions.

So this is the end of Saratoga, where many remain covered with tall obelisks of great cost, to be in keeping with a place where dollars flow like milk and honey.

Retracing our steps, we arrived at the "United States Hotel" for dinner. It was a sight worth seeing, for the dining-room is over 200 feet long and 40 feet wide, seating over 800 people at small tables; and to wait upon these dressed-up guests are 170 black waiters, all with huge white collars and extensive white shirt-fronts—a nigger display worth seeing to study the facial freaks of nature; some with protruding mouths and big ears, others all eyes and high cheekbones, and most of them with white teeth, to be envied and coveted by many a fair one.

July 10th, Sunday.—When the ladies turned out for church it was like going to a flower show or *fête*. Such loud costumes are seldom seen, or such elegance in the streets.

There was one feature struck us much—that is, all the shop windows were decorated with their respective wares,

and many were open for business, also newspaper boys were driving a good trade, and newspapers were openly taken into church. Even young girls purchased their paper.

We have only seen one Saratoga with its pleasures, and should commend some of our English caterers to make a trip. The lesson would pay, to pick up a few notions.

Afterwards we started for New York, and had a pleasant trip on the banks of the Hudson River, taking up our quarters at the "Fifth Avenue Hotel."

The weather was very hot; but we braved the sun, and visited many places—Wall Street and the Exchange, Brooklyn, and its wonderful bridge, the Central Park, etc., etc. We returned on the *City of New York*, bound for Liverpool, then rail to Scarborough, thus ending a successful trip to many countries in going round the world.

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